

Collier's

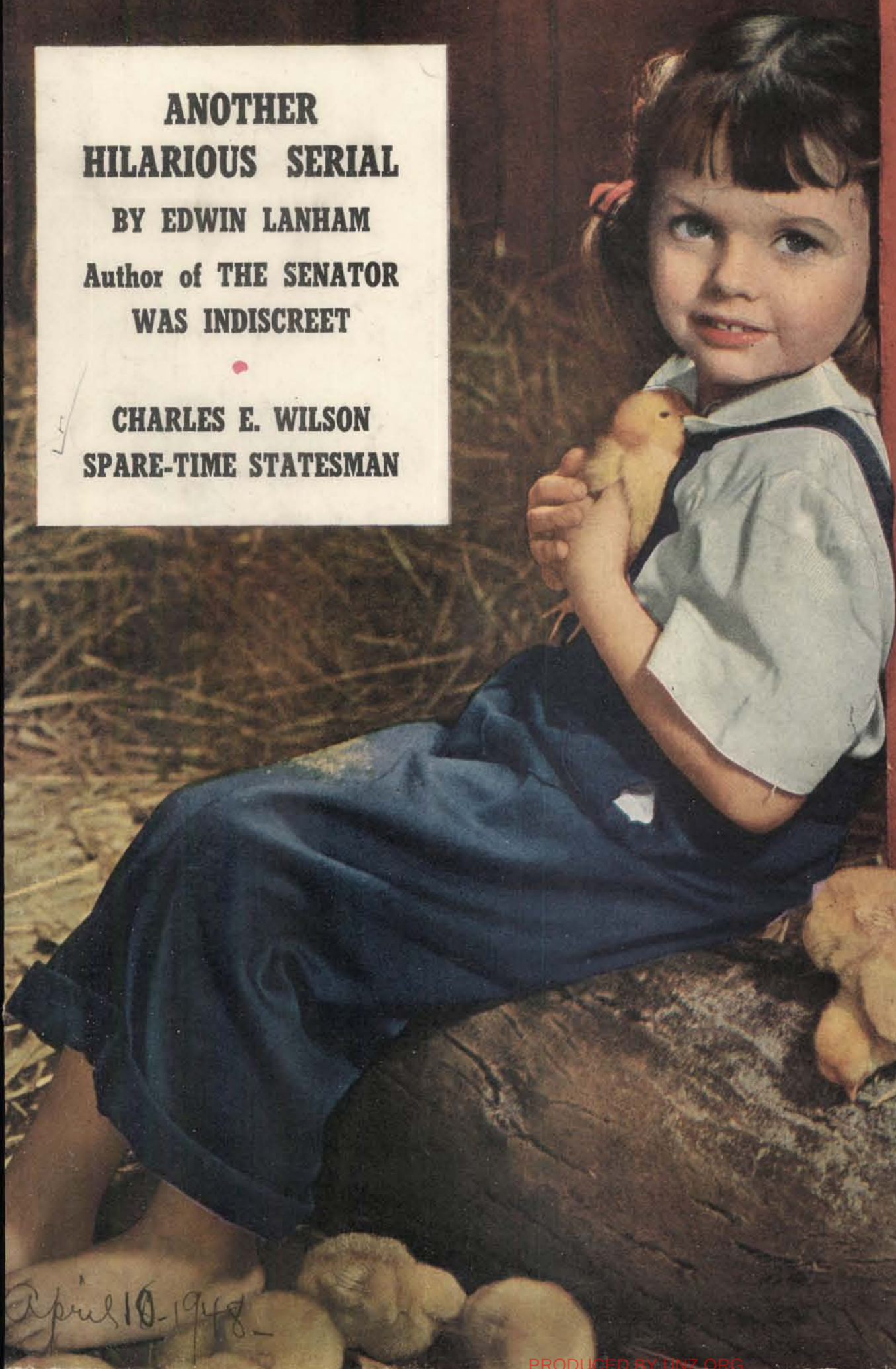
APRIL 10, 1948 TEN CENTS

ANOTHER HILARIOUS SERIAL

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Author of **THE SENATOR
WAS INDISCREET**

CHARLES E. WILSON
SPARE-TIME STATESMAN



April 10-1948

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Now the world's most wanted pen comes in 2 sizes...



Parker "51"

THEY'RE both true Parker 51's . . . identical in styling, in performance, in fine precision craftsmanship. So take your choice. Both are ideal gifts for birthdays and anniversaries.

If you prefer a shorter, more compact writing instrument, then the new *demi-size* "51" is just the pen for you. It's less than 5 inches in length, so that it clips neatly to a woman's handbag in an upright position. Fits even a man's shallow shirt pocket.

Like the famous regular Parker "51," the jewel-like *demi-size* offers a wide range of individualized custom points. You choose the point that fits your needs—and helps you write your best.

Remember: for these pens alone, new Parker *Superchrome* Ink

has been created. This remarkable new ink—the most brilliant permanent writing fluid ever created—actually *dries as it writes!* And only the "51" is designed to use it satisfactorily.

Your Parker dealer will gladly show you both the regular and the new *demi-size* Parker "51." Choice of distinctive colors. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. Parker V-S Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada.

NEW! Parker *Superchrome* Ink
FOR THE PARKER "51" ONLY

Super-brilliant, super-permanent—"dries as it writes!" Choice of 5 tropic-bright colors. Year's supply . . . only 50 cents.



Marjorie Groat's winning smile turns an idea into a career—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Marjorie Groat, Career-Wife, is first to wear the latest fashions in Madison, Wisconsin—it's her job! Marjorie was a freshman at the University of Minnesota when her smile made her first big conquest. For there she met Bill . . . and wedding bells ended her school days. When they settled in Madison, Marjorie decided that "Manchester's," one of the leading department stores, needed a fashion modeling staff. The store management agreed. Now Marjorie's winning smile is very much in evidence as she trains new models, plans and appears in fashion shows. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I always use Pepsodent," Marjorie says. "It's the best tooth paste I've found for brightening teeth!"



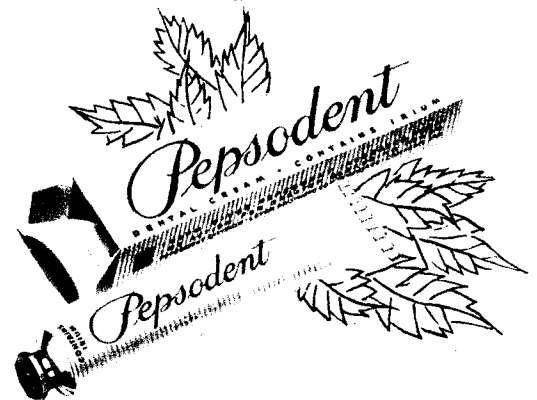
Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. If used in our advertising you will receive regular professional model fees.



Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with Marjorie Groat. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, and making teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"The Bride Goes Wild" this month. Cooling off period much later.

The little mix-up between Van Johnson and June Allyson is guaranteed (a) to make an audience go as wild as the bride, (b) to make you happy again, after all the killers and dillers, to share the hysterical laughter in a movie theatre.

There are c's and d's about this picture—in fact, all the way to z's. It is hearty, it is merry, it is clever, it is fun. As they said of Jackson, it's solid.



Van Johnson is breezy and a little forward and the preview audience adds "irresistible."

June plays a slip from the hinterland, governessy, prissy, but, again to quote that preview audience, "irresistible."

The picture is a prescription job—should be put in a bottle with an Rx on it, certain to make you lose the blues. You will shake well after using.

We think the word the preview audience used for M-G-M's picture was "irresistible."

Credit where credit is due—an unusual technique. To round out the cast we must mention Butch Jenkins, Hume Cronyn and Una Merkel.

Albert Beich has turned out an original screen play which is original. Norman Taurog, expert farceur, has directed at his best. In fact, the whole production is Wright. Irresistible joke about the producer whose name begins with William H.

Come and see what happens to the bride, June Allyson, when she goes wild with Van Johnson. —Leo



COLLIER'S

April 10, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

POWER PROBLEM

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In my opinion and that of other state officials, vast harm can be caused to Maine's economy as a result of statements in the article Our Lights Are Going Out (Feb. 28th), by A. G. Mezerik. I will quote several of Mr. Mezerik's statements:

1. "Forest fires, topping a basic shortage of electricity, destroyed a good part of Maine's electrical distribution system, including poles and lines." I am informed by our Maine Public Utilities Commission that out of slightly more than 11,000 miles of distribution, only 53 miles were affected by fire.

2. "But Maine's troubles are far from over, and electricity is still rationed—two hours on and two hours off." This is grossly misleading. Rationing was only in Aroostook, Maine's northernmost county. Ninety-two per cent of the state's electrical customers were not affected.

3. "Up in Maine the streets are dark . . . by official edict." Again this applies only to Aroostook County, and for a period of only three weeks there.

Here in Maine, we have experienced the worst drought on record, but we have gone through it in immeasurably better shape than your article implies.

HORACE HILDRETH, Governor,
Augusta, Me.

. . . My reaction is that the article will give Collier's readers the impression that private utility management needs to be policed in order to do its job. I admit that here and there throughout the article some reference is made to how hard we worked during the war, and that some of the present situation is due to causes beyond our control, but there is a weakness to the effect of these.

I do not believe that there is a private industry in America that is more concerned with the problem of serving this nation adequately with electric power.

ROBERT E. GINNA, Vice-President,
Rochester Gas & Electric Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

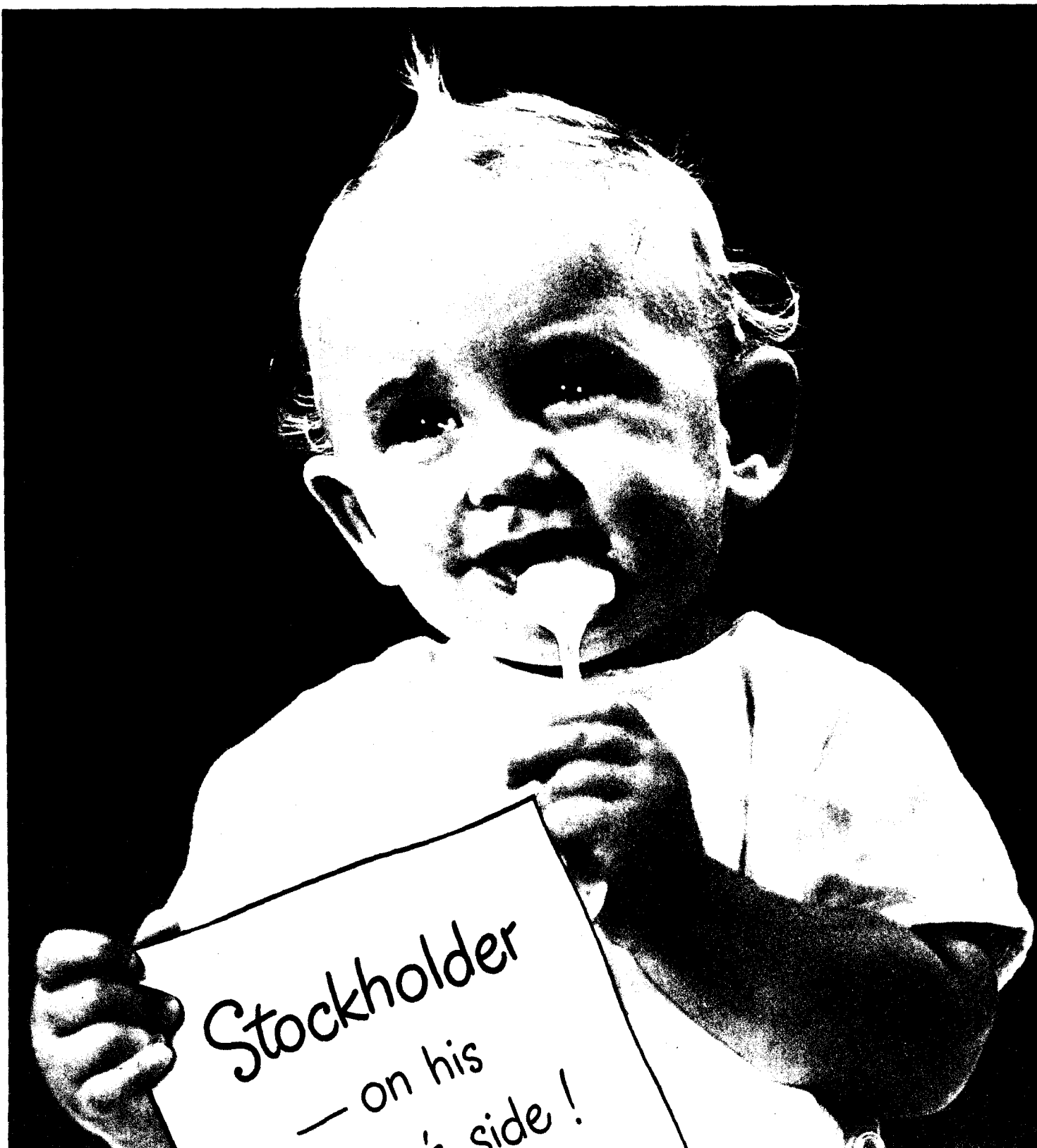
. . . I assure you that the Edison Electric Institute has facilities for knowing and evaluating the power situation in this country, and that my information is widely at variance with Mr. Mezerik's. Unquestionably the margin of reserve generating capacity is uncomfortably narrow. In December, 1947, it was 5 per cent, but the (Continued on page 59)

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Stockholder
— on his
mother's side!



THIS cute little fellow wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth but his mother is a stockholder just the same.

For she's one of the thousands and thousands of mothers—young and old—among the 390,000 women who are stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. They outnumber the men!

They are women in all walks of life. The majority give their occupation as "housewife." Many others are teachers, nurses, stenographers, clerks and sales people.

Tens of thousands of girls and women who work for the Telephone Companies either own A. T. & T. stock or are buying it out of wages.

No other stock is so widely held by so many people all over America—and there are more stockholders now than ever before. The total exceeds 723,000.

So you can see that this is a business that is owned by the people. It was built by the savings of the many, rather than the wealth of the few.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



BOWLING'S TALKING MACHINE **BY BILL FAY**

ANDY VARIPAPA discovered that he was the world's greatest bowler during a match game with Joe Falcara in New York in 1930. Surprisingly, the knowledge made Andy unhappy.

"Falcara and I rolled against Jim Murgie and Charley Riley, a couple of the Philadelphia boys, at Fifty-third and Broadway," Andy recalls. "Nobody knows Varipapa then because I am just a Saturday-night bowler—an unknown toolmaker from Brooklyn. But I threw three straight 279 games and averaged 260 for the match. All of a sudden everybody knows Varipapa, and I get offers for exhibitions from all over the country. It was very sad."

The sad part was that Andy spoke broken Brooklynese—adequate for toolmaking, but scarcely understandable in Philadelphia and other cities even farther west which were clamoring for his bowling services. Andy had been busy working and bowling since his arrival from Calabria, Italy, in 1903, at the age of nine. He had wasted no time on syntax and pronunciation.

"I had no diction. I knew the words but I couldn't say them and you got to be able to lecture to make money in

exhibitions. You got to give the fans a show. So I started to learn diction and now—18 years later—Varipapa is called The Talking Machine."

The Talking Machine learned diction—as it has learned everything else—by hard work. Andy bought a secondhand car in 1934 and embarked on a series of winter exhibitions in the small Middle Western towns around Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis. In most of the small towns, the bowling alleys were close to the movie house, and Varipapa saw at least one picture in each town.

Learning Diction from Movies

"Westerns, comedies, love stories, I saw them all. I didn't care about the stories—I wanted to hear the words. Then I practiced the words as I drove to the next town. Maybe I'd drive 200 miles talking all the way—five or six hours straight. As a result, I now speak with perfect diction—like a Hollywood actor."

That is an understatement. The Talking Machine really speaks like a number of Hollywood actors. When it mentions "my old partner, Falcara," the "podner" has a drawled quality somewhere in between Hopalong Cas-

sidy and Gene Autry. When it mentions "baby" (Andy's attractive daughter), baby comes out clipped Clark Gable. This transition from broken Brooklynese to pure Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did not occur overnight. Andy covered the Middle Western circuit for 10 years on a September-through-May schedule, bowling, driving and talking 18 hours per day.

Varipapa is a smart bowler and he learned plenty on back-country alleys. The extent of Andy's knowledge has become uncomfortably evident to his tournaments rivals who—as late as 1940—looked down upon The Talking Machine as an itinerant trick-shot artist. Andy won the All Star Individual Match Game championship for the second straight year last December. It was the first time any bowler retained the All Star title.

Andy also holds the National Doubles crown with Lou Campi, but he is prouder of his 204.65 average for 90 games in the last ten American Bowling Congress tournaments—the highest mark among contemporary keggers. However, Andy never has won the A.B.C., and he probably never will.

"The A.B.C. is a short nine-game tournament. The fellow who has the hottest streak and the most luck wins. In short matches, any good bowler can win. But in long matches—held under neutral, standardized conditions—Varipapa will win. I have the endurance, the knowledge and the skill."

The subject of neutral, standardized conditions is a touchy one with Varipapa. Andy's amazing trick shots have been exploited thoroughly in movie shorts. Consequently, when Andy shoots a low score—he rolled an inglorious 130 in Peoria several years ago—skeptical spectators make derisive noises through pursed lips.

"Such people do not understand how conditions affect scores. Champion bowlers cannot score consistently on old alleys. An alley is like a lawn. You wear paths in it from constant use—what we call 'scorching'—and the paths keep the ball from rolling true. Some alleys are oiled too much and the ball won't hook. Other alleys are too dry and the ball hooks too much. That's why scores and averages never mean a thing to me until I see the bowler and his alley. Some bowlers average 50 points higher at home because their deliveries fit the grooves of their favorite alleys."

Varipapa insists that a 40-game match under neutral conditions is the minimum test of bowling skill. His definition of neutral conditions includes new or well-conditioned alleys and new 3-pound 6-ounce pins. Regulation pins vary in weight from 3 pounds 3 ounces to 3 pounds 8 ounces, and bowling-alley operators often make use of this five-ounce differential to send scores up—or down.

"Old light pins fall easily. I know because I see my ball hit every pin—Varipapa has good eyes even though he is fifty-four years old. But new heavy pins are hard to knock down. You have to hit the one-three strike pocket on the nose—and Varipapa hits it 95 per cent of the time on a true alley. You have to throw a fast hook to knock down new 3-pound 6-ounce



pins, but I like that—Varipapa has the arm!"

No doubt about it. Varipapa has the arm. When we visited The Talking Machine, Andy was playing catch with a 16-pound bowling ball in his hotel room. He was swinging the ball forward with his right arm as though shooting for the head pin. Then, at the moment of release, his wrist flipped the ball up and over his head. There was no effort in the motion.

"This is how I develop my hook. Watch the spin. Nobody spins the ball like Varipapa. This callus on the thumb—it comes from spinning the ball. You want a good note? Take this down. Varipapa spins the ball so fast his thumb swells up and wears out the thumb hole in his ball. Varipapa cannot use a ball longer than forty games."

A Brooklyn Success Story

The Talking Machine's earliest ambition was to become a major-league baseball player. Andy started to bowl after both legs were broken in a boyhood accident (his bicycle crashed into a brewery wagon). Andy worked as a streetcar switchman on Brooklyn Bridge for \$9 a week before graduating to toolmaking. He's proud of his family in Hempstead, New York, his 14-alley Hempstead Recreation Center and his bowling record. He says his wife, Alice, is the world's best cook ("You can prove it by looking at the Varipapas").

The Varipapas have three children, Connie, Lorraine and Frank. Connie is married and has a son ("which makes Varipapa the only grandfather champion in sports"). Lorraine is an excellent bowler and has appeared in several bowling movies. Frank, twenty-eight years old and a graduate of Lehigh, will compete in the A.B.C. tournament this year.

Critics have called Varipapa arrogant because he refuses to quarrel with statistics that prove he is the finest bowler extant. It would be more accurate to say that Andy is candid rather than conceited. He's also pleasant, co-operative and popular with the other bowlers. He has no illusions about being invincible.

"They tell me I ought to retire now that I have won the All Star twice in a row. They say I ought to retire undefeated. What does that mean? That you can't be beaten? No! It means that you quit before somebody beat you. Varipapa will keep on bowling."

On the way to the door, Andy presented his card:

ANDY VARIPAPA
Hempstead Recreation Center
"Home of the World's Most Sensational Bowler"

"I had to put something on it," Andy explained, "and I thought I might as well tell the truth."

● Most ominous quote of the year: I am going to be my own natural self—Leo Durocher. ★★★

Andy Varipapa modestly calls himself the world's most sensational bowler. And his tournament record over the years will bear him out

COLLIER'S
SPORTS



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Don't let them whisper behind your back!



Lifebuoy Health Soap is the *only* soap
especially made to stop "B.O." (*body odor*)

Remember, **LIFEBUOY CONTAINS AN
EXCLUSIVE PURIFYING INGREDIENT.**

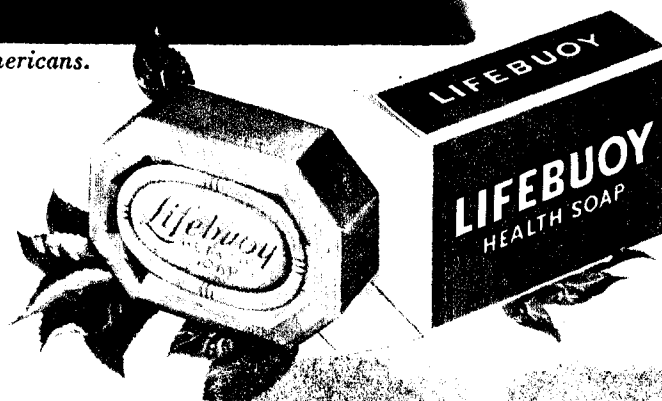
A daily Lifebuoy bath gives you such
lasting all-over protection!

And Lifebuoy is amazingly mild and
refreshing. You'll be delighted with your
exhilarating **LIFEBUOY** bath. Use Lifebuoy
for a week and you'll use it *for life!*

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

We'll Step Out
when you use
MENNEN
skin bracer



It's He-Man Aroma
"WOWS" the Ladies!

Helps Heal Tiny Razor Nicks, Too!

MORE DOCTORS
Who Specialize in Care of The Skin
USE MENNEN LATHER SHAVE



Than Any Other Brand*

Helps Make Beards Up to
47% Softer for Shaving

* According to
Nationwide Surveys



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Authorities proved long ago there is no truth in the story that the bad men of the Old West cut a notch in their revolver handles every time they killed a person. Yet this tale is as prevalent today as it was 75 years ago and many Western curio shops still sell guns, liberally notched, that are reputed to have belonged originally to certain notorious outlaws.

America's worst excursion boat disaster was the burning of the S.S. General Slocum in New York's East River on the morning of June 15, 1904. Although its fire hose and life preservers were too rotted to be used and the fire was well under way when discovered, the captain decided to beach the vessel on an island 20 minutes away instead of on the near-by mud banks. This strange decision brought about the death of 1,021 of the 1,358 passengers, mostly women and children, who were on their annual outing. Later this Captain W. H. Van Schaick was tried for manslaughter, convicted and given a sentence of ten years, eight of which he served before receiving a pardon.

Bridge Birch, a Holstein-Friesian cow owned by the Moortown Farm in Hampshire, England, now holds the world's milk-producing record. For almost a year, her average yield has been 59.3 quarts a day, which is 4.3 quarts more than that produced by the previous record holder, an American animal of the same breed, and 53.2 quarts more than the daily average for all U.S. cows.

At the celebration "Days of '76" held every August in Deadwood, South Dakota, several of the town's historical events are always re-enacted, the most famous and dramatic being the murder of Wild Bill Hickok and the capture, trial and hanging of his killer, Jack McCall.

Safe-deposit companies in this country spend nearly \$1,000,000 a year in employing outside specialists to break open about 65,000 safe-deposit boxes whose holders either lose their keys or fail to pay their rent for two years.

Since 1793, United States mints have issued for general circulation 108 coins of different designs, ranging from copper half cents to \$20 gold pieces. Of this number, which excludes commemorative coins, only five have ever borne the portrait of a celebrated person. With date of first minting, they are: the Lincoln penny—1909; Washington quarter—1932; Jefferson nickel—1938; Roosevelt dime—1946; and the Benjamin Franklin half dollar—1948.

A new machine that cuts out metal parts, ranging in size from ash trays to locomotive driving rods, is able "to read and follow a blueprint." An electronic eye in a small arm traces the outlines of the blueprint, and the movements are reproduced, on a pre-determined scale, by a large arm wielding the cutting torch.

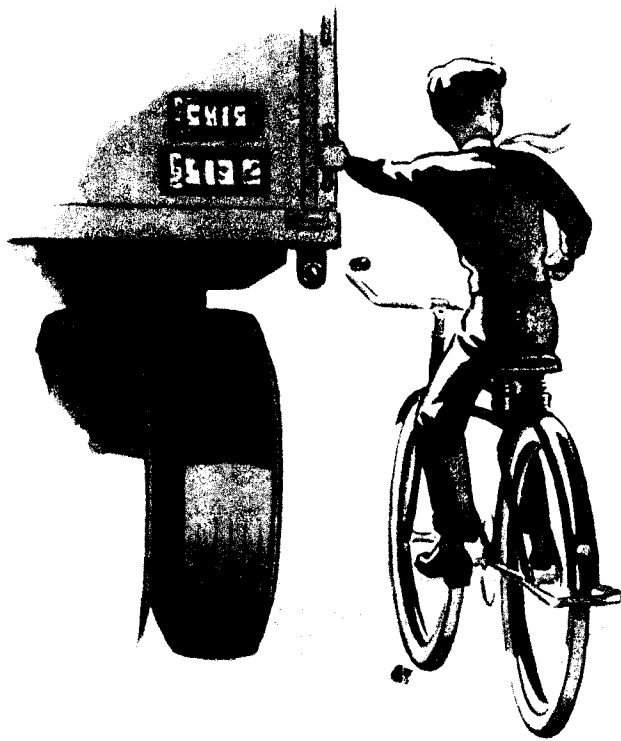
The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers collects a license fee today from all places in which its copyrighted music is played for profit, either by live musicians or from recordings on film or wax. Totalling 48,000, these places comprise 1,800 radio stations; 7,200 hotels, restaurants, dance halls and night clubs; 12,000 bars, taverns and cocktail lounges; 16,000 movie houses; and 11,000 miscellaneous establishments, including those which are served by wired-music firms.

Although "Welsh rarebit" is spelled this way in most cookbooks and on the majority of restaurant menus and labels of food manufacturers in the United States, the correct spelling of this dish, as well as the pronunciation, is "Welsh rabbit."

A recent official study of American women who are or have been married and are past their reproductive period shows that 14 in every 100 never gave birth to a child.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: A ride "hitched" on the rear of a truck, bus or car can take a child to the hospital fast! A sudden stop or turn can throw him into the path of other vehicles. Motor vehicles are the chief cause of death among school-age children according to National Safety Council records. Teach children *never* to hitch rides while on bicycles, sleds, roller skates or scooters. Teach them to play safe!

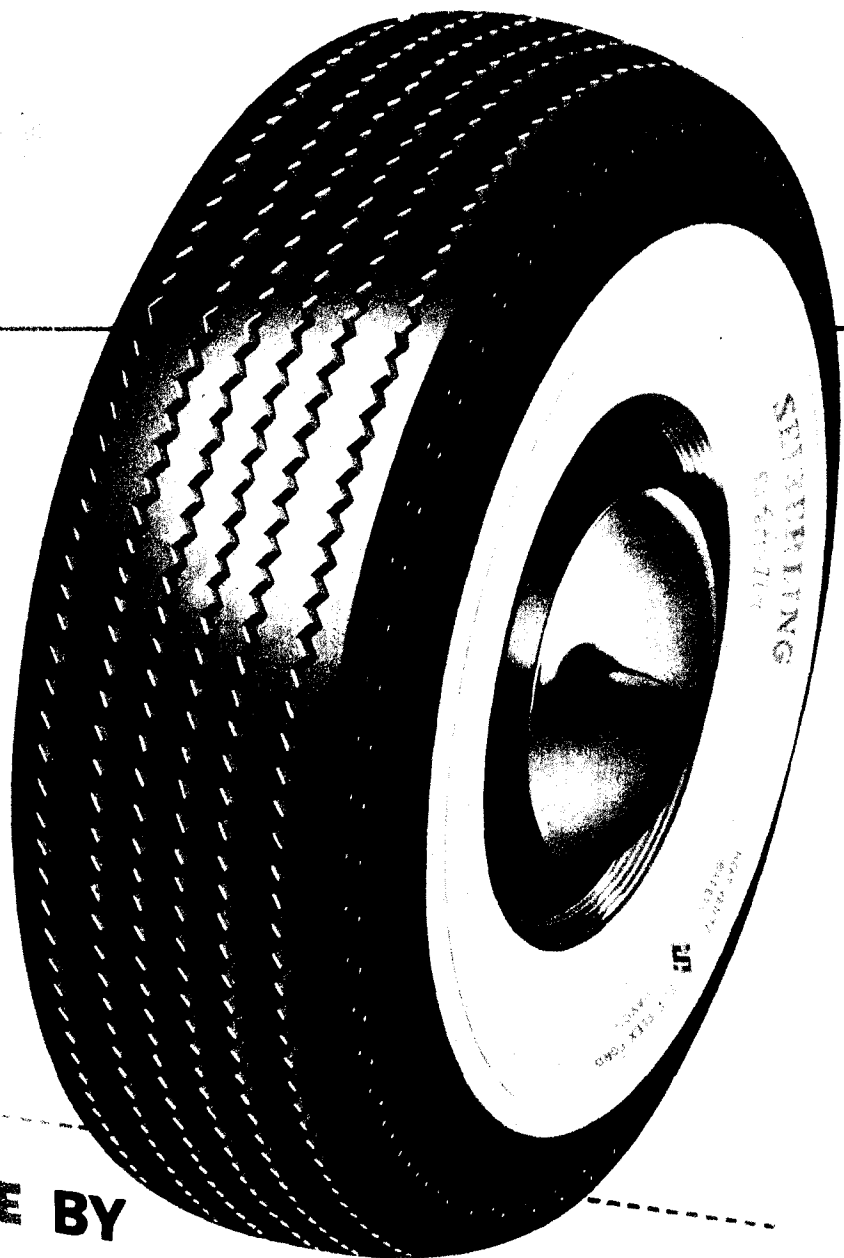
SAFE: There's nothing safer between you and the road than four new postwar Seiberling SAFETY TIRES, the only tires that give you the combined protection of:

SAW TOOTH TREAD for safe, sure stops in any weather...

RAYON SAF-FLEX CORD for extra blowout and bruise resistance...

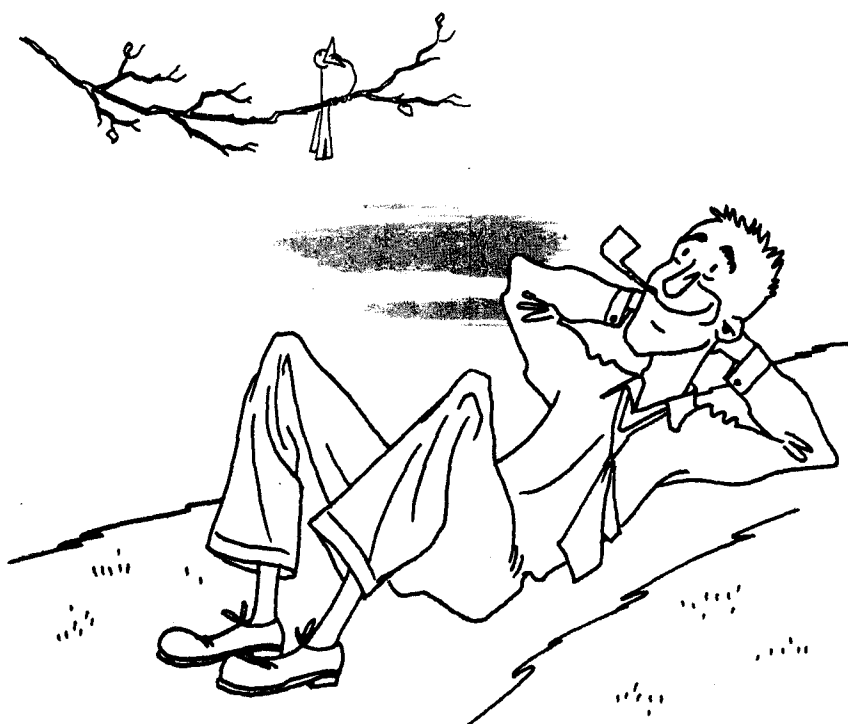
EXCLUSIVE HEAT-VENTS that protect against internal friction heat, worst enemy of tire safety!

Put Seiberling SAFETY TIRES "all around" on your present car... insist upon them for your new car... because SAFETY is your best investment! (Your Seiberling Dealer offers liberal trade-in allowances for your present tires.)

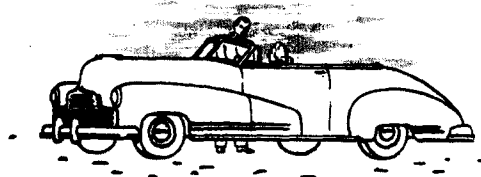


THE SAFETY TIRE BY
SEIBERLING
 A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO; TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA



Ah! it's Spring!



... so wake up, tune up, your car
at your neighborhood

United Motors Service station

Who knows . . . it may cure *your* spring fever to find your car so alert, lively and responsive after a Spring Tune-up at your nearby United Motors Service station. There's the radiator to drain and flush . . . winter lubricants to replace with summer grade . . . carburetor, ignition points and spark plugs to check . . . and several other adjustments to make in preparation for the pleasant months ahead. Drive in today at the sign of United Motors for *friendly* service with original-equipment parts.



Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by
UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges
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SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings

DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE
Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats

DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting,
Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



Jan Dennis and Joe Bianco, show people, assume a model pose for Walt Kuhn

THE supplier of both words and pictures for Sketches in Sawdust (p. 26), Mr. Walt Kuhn is known as the Show Business Rembrandt. Always crazy for the theater, especially the tanbark and carnival side, he started his life in art as a cartoonist in San Francisco, then shifted his easels to Europe. He was forty at the time. When he found long-hair painting didn't pay, he went back to being what was known in pre-Gurney Williams days as a "comic artist."

For a time Mr. Kuhn wrote, designed and produced stage pantomimes and satirical ballets; and for years he has been painting the big and little of the theater. His numerous products are precious collector's items. Born in New York in 1880, he says, "I love show people and would rather sit in a dingy dressing room with a 'hoke' comic than share caviar with Mrs. Van der Plush."

A RESERVE officer since 1934. Donald Robinson wrote Does the Army Want the Reserves? (p. 24) when he noted the sorry state of training in a New York City unit in which he is a lieutenant colonel.

Mr. Robinson, who is thirty-four, and a NYU man, left reporting for a New York paper to serve with the Army for almost six years during the war as labor-morale and labor-policy expert. He landed in southern France on D-Day, helped in the rebirth of the French government, and later joined Eisenhower's staff at SHAEF. He was then made chief historian for the U.S. military government in Germany.

Since his release, Mr. Robinson has been writing and lecturing, an article on industrial preparedness drawing the fire of Andrei Vishinsky, during the first famed warmongering speech at the U.N. More recently the Pravda of the Russian zone in Germany worked Mr. Robinson over for another piece. "I have also been bitterly assailed by some of our rightist friends," he adds. His new book, Spotlight on a Union, has recently been published.

GREAT stories need great experiences, hence The Half-Shot Hereford (p. 18) springs from Nord Riley's colorful life as a bullfighter. Back when Nord was being domesticated in Minnesota, he was chased up an elm by a crochety gentleman Guernsey, who kept him there till a small boy with a collie sauntered by.

"While the dog drove off the bull," our fearless matador-author recalls, "the boy asked me what I was looking for up there and bet me a thousand million dollars I couldn't climb the cottonwood in his back yard."

Another time Riley was scouting a duck slough in North Dakota, when he was forced to race a genuine Holstein to a barbed-wire fence. "It wasn't close," says Riley. "Flames shot from my nose as I ran."

Nord Riley's third and last taste of Death in the Afternoon took place when, mounted in a small car, he came on a young Hereford blocking a narrow, high-topped North Dakota grade. "Honking made him feel nasty," Riley says. "I put her in low, eased up to him; he put his head down and breathed hard. So I backed up a half mile to the next section line. He could have licked that car."

PRACTICING the psychological thinning processes he outlines in The Fat of the Land (p. 50), Russell Maloney lost 60 pounds. He says that he wrote the piece because everyone of his friends asked, "How did you do it?"

Now that he's a svelte thinsie, Mr. Maloney's biggest enjoyment comes from being able to buy ready-made clothes. "I gloat over a men's clothing store," he chortles, "the way a glutton gloats over smörgåsbord."

Also in recalling his life as a Fat Man Anonymous, Mr. Maloney sadly reminds that fat folks have feelings. They are constantly being wounded because normal people think it okay to discuss fatness if they use circumlocutions like "stout" or "fleshy" or "heavy" or "obese." Unlike the drinker, with whom people often sympathize, nobody sympathizes with the overeater, Maloney points out. As for a song like She's Too Fat for Me, it is hardly a delightfully funny thing to the fat young girl whom love passes by. "Whoever wrote the song would have a wonderful time writing a song about a surgical boot or a pair of crutches," Mr. Maloney says sadly.

This week's cover: Cute Chick. The team of Mead-Maddick have known little Barbara McMillan of Hollywood since babyhood. Barbara is five, traveled over 10,000 miles before her third birthday, never "poses," likes to "play pictures" for Mead-Maddick, loves to use big words. I'm told "hal-lucinations" scared her; she wanted to know if it bit! . . . TED SHANE

No defrosting



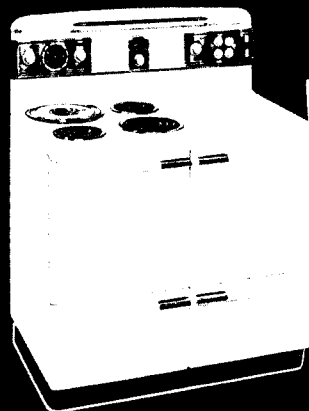
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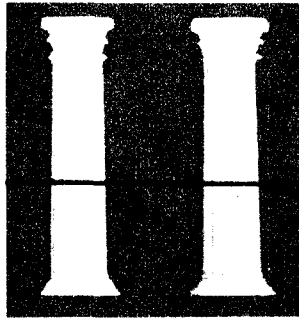
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IN A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Ten dollars for a room and a few dollars for incidentals should have added up to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But five dollars' worth of blackmail changed the total to miscellaneous trouble—heart trouble included

Barton Duff turned. "Mr. Vincent, what's the meaning of this?"

I
THE Terwilliger boy stood beside his desk, gazing with glassy eyes at a spot on the blackboard somewhere above Martin Vincent's head, apparently hoping to find there the date of the Battle of Actium. Martin saw a happy expression light up the boy's eyes, then he realized that the emotion was relief, because there had been an interruption. Bob Hanson, the mathematics instructor, had entered the classroom. Martin said, "Sit down, Terwilliger," and the boy dropped into his seat like a spent baseball.

Hanson leaned across Martin's desk and whispered, "Bullfrog wants to see you right away."

Martin nodded. "After class, you mean."

"He said immediately, Martin. He said drop everything," Hanson explained. "He looked stirred up about something."

Martin got uneasily to his feet, and groped for his pipe. He was tall, and had the slight stoop that some tall men have, but in his case it seemed that the weight of his baggy tweed suit had affected his center of gravity. He began nervously rummaging through the papers on his desk, and Hanson said, "Looking for your pipe, Martin?"

"Yes. I know I had it here." Martin ran his hand through his black hair, and left it slightly more rumpled than it had been. He was sure that Dr. Fisher, headmaster of Porthaven School for Boys, had learned of the party the night before in young Terwilliger's room. He should have stopped those kids before they got so noisy.

Bob Hanson said patiently, "It's there in your drawer, Martin. Right on top."

"What's that?"

"Your pipe."

"Oh." Martin reached for it, slipped it into his already bulging coat pocket. He dismissed the class, and walked along the hall with the mathematics instructor. As they went down the steps to the quadrangle, Hanson said, "You in trouble again, Martin?"

"I think I know what it is," Martin said. "The Terwilliger kid received a package from home yesterday afternoon. I knew there was an after-lights feed coming up, and I meant to stop it after they'd had a little fun, but I forgot. I was working on my biography and I really didn't notice the noise they were making. Then



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM PACHNER



Hutchins broke it up. He must have made a report."

"He would!" Hanson said.

Martin was worried. He needed his job at Porthaven, at least until he had finished his biography, and it was only a few weeks until time for contract renewals.

At the door of the administration building Hanson put out his hand and said, "Good luck."

"I think I'm going to need it," Martin said.

He went up the steps and along a corridor to Dr. James G. Fisher's office. In the four years he had been an instructor in History at the Porthaven School for Boys, Martin had followed this path as frequently as the most truant student. Dr. Fisher believed in dressing down his faculty members on the least provocation, and it seemed to afford him an additional gram of pleasure in Martin's case.

THE setting today was the usual. Dr. Fisher sat behind his big, orderly desk, with his back to the window, and waited until Martin had perched himself uneasily on a straight chair facing the desk. There was a moment of oppressive silence; it was an unnerving tactic characteristic of

Dr. Fisher's dealings with students or masters, boys or men.

"Vincent," Dr. Fisher said at last. "I want to have a little talk with you about a matter of importance. It may surprise you to know that I did not ask you here to discuss that incident of last night, or your general laxness with the boys. I'm going to give you another chance, and I might say I don't give many chances."

"I know that, Dr. Fisher," Martin said, keeping his tone even.

"I hope I'm not making a mistake," the headmaster said, "but I've picked you for a very confidential assignment, Vincent. If you can bring it off, needless to say I'll forget your past inadequacies, including the incident last night. I must say, however, . . . Well, another time for that."

Martin felt tension stiffening his muscles. The unexpected had a way of throwing him off balance, and he had been prepared for a blistering lecture. He had already worked out what he was going to say. Now he stared blankly at the headmaster.

"Vincent," Dr. Fisher said, "I regret to inform you that things are in a bad way at Porthaven. Financially, that is. Fifty years ago, when the endowment was made, the funds ap-

peared to be sufficient, but as you know, over a third of the corpus of the trust was spent to erect the school plant, and well spent."

"Yes, sir," Martin said, and moistened his lips. He was leaning forward slightly and his stoop was pronounced.

"I'm sure you know that we've been operating at a loss for some years," the headmaster continued, "—that the endowment shrank markedly in the depression years, and that the school enrollment has dwindled from two hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five boys, while costs are rising all the time."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said. It was no secret that Porthaven needed money. Each year there had been a deficit to be made up somehow.

"I must now tell you," said Dr. Fisher, "that the trustees feel that unless more funds are forthcoming the school will have to be closed and the endowment will revert, as provided in the original trust, to various charities stipulated by the founder." He leaned forward, fixing his eyes on Martin's face. "Vincent, we've got to have a quarter of a million dollars."

The look in James G. Fisher's eye almost set Martin to looking through

the pockets of his baggy suit. The headmaster settled back in his chair and said mournfully, "Otherwise, the trustees plan to sell the school to a foreign interest which has expressed a desire to buy."

"A foreign interest?"

"Some sort of factory project," said the headmaster. "Foreign to education, I mean. Not alien. Certainly we can't allow that to happen, can we?"

"No, sir."

DR. FISHER swung his chair around and gazed at the rows of photographs on the wall—fifty photographs of fifty graduating classes of the Porthaven School for Boys. The first photograph in the group showed a rather bare hilltop site. The trees had been saplings then, and there had been no ivy on the buildings. Seated on the lawn, in skullcaps and blazers, were seven boys, the first seven Porthaven had sent out into the world.

James G. Fisher said softly, "The lucky seven. Our First Boys, Vincent. Only two of us are left now. Myself, there on the end, and of course . . ."

He paused and glanced at Martin. "Barton Duff," Martin said dutifully.

"Precisely," said Dr. Fisher. "Bar-

Collier's for April 10, 1948

Not until he was at the lectern did he become aware of his terrible oversight. He had left his speech in room 1207!



ton Duff." His eyes turned reverently to an oil painting above the fireplace, showing a big, bald man with small, alert eyes set under bushy eyebrows, and a solid, square-jawed face. The Duff portrait faced the portrait of the founder of the school, on the opposite wall.

There had been a day when the founder's portrait had held the place of honor above the fireplace, but Barton Duff had looked down for ten years now from above the hearth. Every faculty member knew why.

"Porthaven is proud of Barton Duff," Dr. Fisher said. "I think I can safely say that no other Old Boy has made quite the mark in life that Mr. Duff has. Why, he has eighteen lines in Who's Who, and Mr. Justice Semple, Class of '13, has only fifteen! And as you know, Mr. Duff never went to college. His formal education was completed here at Porthaven. I think we can all be proud of how well the old school prepared Barton Duff for the world."

Martin's palms were slick with sweat, and he rubbed them together. There was a nervous lump in his stomach, and he wished the headmaster would come to the point.

Dr. Fisher's voice became muted.

"In the past, we have come to count on Barton Duff," he said. "Time and time again he has made up our deficit, when appeals to the alumni body in general have had little result. But now, when the need is greatest, Mr. Duff has found a new interest." He gave his head a doleful shake. "However, it is our hope that by working through that interest, we can persuade Mr. Duff to resume his benefactions to Porthaven. Unless he does, Vincent, the school may not reopen next fall. If we can persuade him to make a donation of a quarter of a million, the school's troubles will be over. It all depends on Barton Duff, Vincent, and on you."

"On me?" Martin gaped at the headmaster.

"We want you to go to New York and persuade Mr. Duff to interest himself again in the old school," the headmaster said.

"Me?" said Martin. "Are you sure you mean me?" He swallowed hard. "Dr. Fisher, I'm afraid that's not in my line. I wouldn't know how to go about it. I'm no good at persuasion."

"The talent we wish to draw on, Vincent, is your knowledge of history," Dr. Fisher said. "Whatever your other shortcomings, I think you

are well grounded in your subject." He gave Martin a sharp look. "Tell me, what do you know about the Historical Verification Association?"

"I never heard of it, Dr. Fisher."

"The Historical Verification Association is Barton Duff's new interest," the headmaster said. "He founded the organization. He pays its expenses. He serves as its president. He retired from his business affairs several years ago, and he has recently taken up the H.V.A., as his hobby—you might say, and you know how important hobbies can become to retired businessmen." Dr. Fisher sighed. "The association meets Thursday night at the Hotel Westbrook in New York, and I have taken the liberty of writing to Mr. Duff offering you as a speaker at the meeting." He held up his hand. "Now the reason I didn't consult you first, Vincent, is it was a last resort. I didn't know whether he would answer the letter or not. Our previous appeals have gone unanswered. However, he did reply, and by telegram! I have it here. It says: 'BE PLEASED HAVE MARTIN VINCENT ADDRESS H.V.A. THURSDAY NIGHT.'"

"That's day after tomorrow," Martin said hollowly.

THE headmaster tossed the telegram across the table to him. Martin gazed at it and felt a helpless panic, like a turtle on its back.

"So this is the plan," said James G. Fisher. "You will take the morning train to New York Thursday and go to the Hotel Westbrook. I have wired for a reservation there in your name. You will attend the meeting of the H.V.A. and make your speech. . . ."

"But it's day after tomorrow," Martin said. "I don't have time to prepare a speech."

"You have the rest of today, Vincent," said Dr. Fisher. "And all day tomorrow. You're relieved of your other duties as of this moment. Now, to continue. You will attend the meeting of the H.V.A. and make your speech. You will become acquainted with Mr. Duff, persuade him to discuss the activities of the H.V.A. with you—you know, get him up to your room, man to man—and point out to him the serious condition in which Porthaven finds itself. I think, Vincent, that if you can establish a mutual interest, you will find Barton Duff susceptible of persuasion."

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said. "I'll be glad to help Porthaven in any way I can, but what is this all about? What exactly is the H.V.A.?"

For a moment the headmaster gazed out the window, then he cleared his throat and explained, with an air of diffidence: "Why, it's a very worthy project, which Mr. Duff has fostered. The Historical Verification Association, Vincent, is designed to combat the false conception of history engendered by the drama, the motion picture, and the historical novel. Mr. Duff feels that the combined impact of the inaccuracies of these three media, particularly the motion picture, will eventually make history as lopsided as an egg. He hopes to make these media more—er—responsible. You see his point?"

"Yes," Martin said. "How is he going to do it?"

"I'm not familiar with the detailed plans of the organization, Vincent. But the point is: It might be well to dwell in your speech on historical inaccuracies you have ferreted out of motion pictures you have seen."

"I rarely go to the movies."

"Or historical novels you have read."

"I don't have time to read them," Martin said.

"I'll put my secretary to work digging up material," James G. Fisher said hastily. He leaned across the desk. "One thing I must impress upon you: Barton Duff is a big man, a very big man. The man of affairs, Vincent, the hardheaded executive type, the man of quick decisions. I think it is essential that you impress him as sober, industrious and in all respects presentable. Please be most careful in your appearance and demeanor, Vincent." He looked with distaste at the shapeless tweed suit. "Do you have a suit that will hold a press?"

"I've got a blue serge," Martin said. Dr. Fisher's face twisted. "Yes, I recall it. Well, I think it's preferable to tweeds. Please wear it."

"Dr. Fisher, I'm afraid you've picked the wrong man," Martin said. "I'm not the man for this kind of thing. I . . ."

The headmaster's face had hardened. "Of course you're at liberty to refuse the assignment," he said.

"I'll go," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher tapped his finger tips on the desk, and after a moment of hesitation, his voice became confidential: "Vincent, this is between just us. As I told you, it was a last resort, and I have not conferred with the trustees about it. If we can bring it off, well and good. If not, no harm is done. So the less we say about it, the better, don't you think?"

"Whatever you say," Martin said.

Dr. Fisher rose to his feet, an impressive figure behind the big desk. "This is your chance, Vincent. Your big chance. Bear one thing in mind: It's for the old school. Porthaven will be watching you. Porthaven will be rooting for you. Do your best for the old school, my boy!"

MARTIN left the headmaster's office like a substitute end trotting from the locker room. To do his best for the old Blue and Gold of Porthaven. To keep those colors flying. To keep his job, and the jobs of all the faculty. A mood of service sustained him all the way across the quadrangle, but subsided dismally when he reached his room.

He dropped into the chair at his desk, on which books were stacked three feet high. Martin was aware that he tended to retire into a world of the printed page, paying less and less attention to the details of daily living. His excuse to himself was that he had so much work to do on his book—an outline of education in America told through the biographies of great teachers—but he knew that it went deeper than that. Sitting alone at his desk, he became acutely aware of his inadequacies. He liked to think of himself as a self-possessed and retiring man, although a trifle absent-minded, and it was only in his worst moments that he would admit to himself that he was, in fact, simply timid. This was one of his worst moments.

He heard an eager knock on his door, and opened it. Bob Hanson, the mathematics instructor, had stopped in to learn the result of the conference, and when Martin told him what had happened, Hanson whistled softly. "You've got a hell of an assignment, Martin. This Barton Duff is a tough old apple. I guess you know that."

"I don't know much about him," Martin said glumly.

"He made umpteen millions in oil

(Continued on page 32)

THE HOUSE AT HYDE PARK

BY MILTON LEHMAN



To Roosevelt, his spacious home was The Big House. To the million visitors since his death, it is the Roosevelt shrine. Hyde Parkers view it with mixed feelings; they're proud but apprehensive of the growing influx of tourists

The Roosevelt living room (above) is impressive but comfortable, reflecting the President's taste for informality. Attendants sometimes do a little deliberate disarranging to restore the lived-in appearance. In the hemlock-hedged garden outside the home is the President's grave with its simply inscribed white stone marker (below)

HANS KNOPP

ELIOT WEST



EACH year, the peaceful village of Hyde Park, New York, marks the beginning of spring by the screech of brakes, the smell of gasoline and the echo of speech-making two miles up the road, where the country squire lies buried in his rose garden. Again this April, the villagers sit on their front stoops, watching the flood of tourists and observing the anniversary of the death of their foremost citizen, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

It is now three years since Roosevelt's death and already his home has become a mecca for visitors. In that time, more than a million people have come to see his grave. His Hyde Park estate, opened to the public two years ago by the National Park Service, already rivals Washington's Mount Vernon, Jefferson's Monticello and Lincoln's Springfield.

But in Hyde Park village, the spirit of Roosevelt sits heavily on the local conscience. In his own town, the President was a prophet without honor, and the villagers, voting Republican as their fathers had before them, never supported him in his four campaigns for President. Now in April, they gather again at Ray Hill's Drugstore—Ray is the local justice of the peace—and wonder what's happening to Hyde Park. They fear that the village may be turned into a tourist honky-tonk.

There are still no juke boxes or hot-dog stands in the village, but each season there are rumors of promoters moving in. The local stores now carry stocks of souvenirs stamped "Hyde Park, N. Y." The proprietor of the Hyde Park General Store, who was one of Roosevelt's harshest critics in the old days, now charges tourists fifty cents for a breakfast of orange juice, coffee and toast, has built two boxlike tourist cabins behind his store and is planning to put up a sign pointing to Town Hall next door that says: "Roosevelt Voted Here."

Probably no other American has

Charles Seddon owns the Hyde Park General Store. Asked if he voted for F. D. R., he replies, "Yes, once!"



been so memorialized so shortly after his death. In his will, the late President deeded his home and 33 acres of ground to the National Park Service, with the provision that his family could live here during their lives. But he also left behind a memorandum, which his widow reported when the estate was turned over to the public. "He said we had a right to live here if we wished," Mrs. Roosevelt declared, "but he thought we would be happier if we did not try to live in this house. He warned us that the people might want to come here."

Roosevelt was right. The people have come from all over—Europeans on their first trip to the country, elderly folks in their Sunday best, the farmer from Nebraska and his wife taking their first vacation in ten years, visitors from New York and Minneapolis and Paris. Some have come in organized groups, like the Convention of Democratic Lithuanian-American Organizations, the Mount Kisco Wednesday Study Club, the Pearly Gates Candle Choir, the English and Citizenship Classes of Philadelphia and the Boy Scouts of Troop 264, Brooklyn.

The estate, run by the Park Service, has been self-supporting on an admission fee of fifty cents. It has also proved profitable for commercial tourist bureaus, who run scheduled train and bus tours to "The Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt National Historic Site." For such Eastern enterprises as New York's Riverside Motor Tours and New Jersey's Trip-of-the-Month Club, Hyde Park is a featured attraction. It is also advertised by the Grand Circle Tours of Chicago, and by Roy Brown's Starlight Vacations from Birmingham, Alabama.

During the winter, there are few visitors, but early in spring the mass pilgrimage begins. By April 12th, the anniversary of the President's death, the Albany Post Road is choked by private cars and busses, coming north through Poughkeepsie or south

through Hyde Park village. In the hot summer months, the hayfield parking lot beside the home is churned into a dust bowl; the garage where Roosevelt kept his blue phaeton becomes a public rest room; the broad green lawns are trampled by thousands and the people are lined up solidly.

The Roosevelt family home, a spacious gray stucco building, is set back from the Post Road on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson River. To the approaching visitor, it looms up suddenly through groves of maples and evergreens. The President used to call it "The Big House," and to many of the people everything about it seems remarkable—the large front porch so often pictured in newsreels of election nights; the outbuildings where the family servants lived; the greenhouse, still brilliant with roses and poinsettias; the massive twenty-foot-high hemlock hedge, a century old, walling in the garden and the grave.

At the door of the home, visitors are greeted by short, husky Robert McGaughey, the President's former butler. McGaughey, who now wears the forest-green uniform of the Park Service, welcomes sightseers with the same "How do you do?" with which he once greeted guests of the family. "He used to toss his hat up here," McGaughey tells the people in his Irish brogue. "Mrs. James would wait for him on this bench and then they'd go in for lunch together."

For all its forty rooms, the Roosevelt home seems surprisingly simple to those who expect grandeur, cluttered and old-fashioned to those who remember Roosevelt as "the great innovator." Not long ago, a well-groomed lady stood silently in the great rectangular hall, studying its furnishings—the heavy antique benches, the mahogany sideboard embellished with bronze figures of turtles and crabs, the walls hung thickly with prints of sailing ships and statesmen, a display case of ninety stuffed birds which, the guide explained, were shot



ERNEST PALINKAS

Visitors are greeted by Robert McGaughey, the President's former butler, now with the Park Service. With him here are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Friedman

and mounted by Franklin when he was a boy of thirteen. "Somebody ought to *arrange* this place!" the lady suddenly exclaimed. "There's no order here!"

The home, in fact, has little of the ordered, museumlike flavor of most historic mansions. The downstairs rooms are treasure-troves of heirlooms, ancestral portraits and knick-knacks. In the drawing room, under a painted china chandelier, is a large grand piano covered with autographed photographs of kings, queens and other distinguished guests at Hyde Park. Except for the living room, most of the rooms are small and crowded.

"The Roosevelts," observes one of

the Hyde Park villagers, "they never threw anything away."

The living room, which runs the width of the house, is impressive but comfortable, and even here the visitor senses the Roosevelt taste for informality. Standing at the wooden barrier to the room, most people look for the personal things of the President—the magnifying glass on his desk, used to examine his stamps; the game table piled with sets of lotto, parcheesi and checkers; a popular mystery novel on an end table beside weightier volumes.

The bedrooms upstairs are much plainer, furnished with old brass and heavy walnut beds, straight-backed

(Continued on page 78)

In the great rectangular hall is a display case of ninety stuffed birds which, the guide explains, were shot and mounted by Franklin when he was a boy of thirteen. At the right of the case is a statue of Franklin Roosevelt as a young man

ERNEST PALINKAS



HANS KNOPF

Joe Mesuda manages Ed Curran's Hyde Park Inn and gas station while Ed is on a Florida vacation. Big selling items are Hyde Park and Roosevelt souvenirs. Popular are Roosevelt medals and banners showing "The Big House"

ERNEST PALINKAS



THE HALF-SHOT

Two girls had him in their sights—and one was aiming right at his heart



AT THIRTY years of age Fyffe Casey was still single and at times he felt that the Lord must have reached down to clasp his hand in His, and tiptoe him around the mantraps waiting for a tall, fair, blue-eyed man with a salary and inherited moneys. In a cub-bear way, Casey was kind of cuddlesome. His hair stood up in back, his nose had a dog-leg bend in it from a hockey stick and his limbs hung from him loosely, like they were basted on. Besides that he wore a bogus but lovable air of male incompetence that drove a great number of women sort of nuts with the urge to help the big dumb thing through life.

Under these circumstances, Casey's courting was peculiar, being in the nature of a buck rabbit making passes at a lady cougar. Casey also had a terrifying secret: The hug and kiss of a likely lass caused his reason to desert him like a rat from a sinking ship. It made his right leg twitch, too. How he had attained thirty years of age with nothing worse than a few frights he didn't really know; he guessed the Lord had taken a liking to him. Casey was grateful.

But one night the Lord let go His hold on Casey for a few minutes and the roof fell in. Promoted that day to the job of station manager of the Trans-Mountain Airways' Cheyenne terminal out in Wyoming, Casey was at the San Francisco airport bidding a wary farewell to Polly Andrews, a 108-pound simmering blonde with capitalistic tendencies. To Polly, who had lived all her years in San Francisco and who was sweating out her final divorce papers from an unreasonable investment named Angus MacDuff, Casey's departure had the look of a business reverse. Though his wooing had been distant and prudent, Polly sensed that in the presence of strong emotion Casey had a weak mind. So, grieving noisily, she grabbed him by both ears, hauled him down into range and kissed him with the juice on. Casey quivered fore and aft, like a stunned halibut. It was a pretty dreadful moment and Polly, knowing his secret, closed in. She whispered warmly in his ear that her love was such that the moment her divorce became final she would fly to his side to become his wife. His brain cooked silly, and his right leg twitching, Casey agreed that would be wonderful. Panting dryly, he shook loose then and loped like an agitated wading bird up into the plane.

Over Nevada, Casey cooled. No thought of renegeing on his promise occurred to Casey, for he was an honorable man. He was depressed and churlish, but he figured that to be love. Over Utah he began to cheer up. He was getting back into the country where he'd been born and raised. His father had been a rancher in western Nebraska and Casey had a great fondness for ranch life.

At midnight the plane landed at Cheyenne and Casey stepped out into the fall wind, rich and crunchy with grit from the Wyoming range. He was inhaling lovingly when a girl stepped in front of him.

"Mr. Casey?"

"Yes."

"Mr. F-y-f-e Casey?"

"Yes."

"Mercy," the girl said, "I thought it was a joke." She put out her hand. "Welcome to the range, boss. I'm Susan Dunne, your hired hand in the city ticket office."

They walked inside to wait for his luggage and Casey took a look at his employee. She was about twenty-five, he thought, and her height was average, but after that nothing else was. At first he judged she was holding her shoulders back, but no, she wasn't. Her skin was rosy; her nose tilted and had freckles like scattered nutmeg. Her wide-spaced blue eyes gazed at Casey with open admiration.

"Hey, Fyffe," she said softly.

"What?"

"You an unwed gentleman, Fyffe?"

"Blessedly so, Miss Dunne. Thank you for asking."

"Couldn't find the right female, of course," she said cheerfully. "A soft-hearted Fate has heaped us together, Fyffe."

"Marriage," Casey said moodily, "is a device for looting the male."

"Fyffe, I—now, listen here, I can't go on calling you a thing like that, it's got no sting." She pursed her lips, pondering. "I guess it'll have to be Casey, Casey." She took his hand and led him to the baggage section, where they picked up a suitcase and a cased shotgun. "Going to plug yourself a redskin, Casey?" she asked.

"I've waited seven years to hunt pheasants. Now, I'm going to. The Wyoming season opens next week."

"Isn't that fine?" Susie said. "I'll take you."

HER arm in his, she led him out to her car. She opened the door on the right side, tucked Casey in and walked around and got in the left. Casey was beginning to feel queer.

"Frontier Hotel," he said. "I have reservations."

"Casey," Susie said, "you certainly are the toothsome and charming one. It looks like I'm going to care for you."

"I hope all the employees like me," Casey said, giving her a nervous glance.

"Oh, they will, but there's one little thing."

Casey admitted he wasn't greatly surprised.

"I'm the only female and females are different, as I bet you know too danged well, huh, Casey?"

"I can truthfully report," Casey replied, "that the opposite sex—"

"Don't you call me an opposite sex. I—"

"Kindly let me finish. I can truthfully report that the opposite sex is, though second-rate, a grim riddle to me."

"My," Susie said, "but I like you." She turned into a tree-lined street and stopped beside a large frame house. "On account of your being so lovable you're spending the night with me."

Casey stiffened. "Now, hold on." He pulled himself together for a stand. "Miss Dunne, I suppose I'm being a sticky old prude about this, but the hotel is expecting me. It is gracious of you to ask me to stay with you and I'm sure you'd make me very happy, but I come of an old-fashioned, somewhat puritanical family, who—"



HERALD

BY NORD RILEY

"Oh! Why, you—" she stopped, sputtering with fury. "By golly, I got a good notion to run in and tell Pop what you said. He'll work you over like a corn shredder."

"Your father," Casey said. He shuddered and closed his eyes. He wondered if the altitude was doing things to his mind.

"You and your low city ways! A girl would get tarnished just being around you." She paused, glaring. "I think I'll bust you one."

Casey couldn't have felt lower if he'd just slugged a little curlylocks over the head with her dolly. "I may be having a delayed breakdown from the war, Miss Dunne. Don't be surprised if I start giggling and making queer noises." He took a deep breath. "I'm terribly sorry. Please take me in."

For a long cold moment she studied him, then she smiled. "Okay, Casey, leave us not start blubbering about it. If you've got loose marbles I'll get me a white jacket." She chuckled. "I wonder how it'll be, necking a crackpot."

THEY went in the back door. Michael Dunne and his wife were having a late cup of coffee in the kitchen. Dunne, a rancher moved to town, was stocky, ruddy and gray-haired. Mrs. Dunne was slim, neat and handsome.

"Dad, Mother, this is Mr. Fyffe Casey, my new boss and probably more. Casey, a couple of outstanding parents."

They shook hands.

"Let's face it," Susie said. "Casey here gives me quite a charge. It's Mother Nature working her fine tricks to get ladies and gents together."

There was no sound but Casey's sudden sucking in air.

"How nice of the old babe," Mrs. Dunne said finally.

"The big, floppy guy's pooped," Susie said. "He ought to be given milk."

"Please come into the living room, Mr. Casey," Mrs. Dunne said. "Are you sure now it's milk you want?"

"Yes, ma'am." Casey sat down and Mrs. Dunne brought him a tray with milk and a piece of spongecake. The Dunes sat down and looked at him.

"His name's Fyffe," Susie said. "Honest to God: F-y-f-f-e. So we've all got to call him Casey."

"Mr. Casey," Dunne said, "if you have any idea that you will have to see much of my daughter I suggest you switch from milk to something more like morphine." He glanced at his child and chuckled. "We didn't club her enough as a kid."

"We're going pheasant hunting together," Susie said. "He invited me at the airport. He's a fast worker, but I think it is absolutely vital that people who are going to fall in love trust each other, don't you, Casey?"

Casey opened his mouth, then closed it noiselessly on spongecake. A bright stiff smile coagulated on Mrs. Dunne's face. Mike Dunne cleared his throat. "Pheasant country," he said loudly, "is more than 60 miles north of here, up around Torrington and Wheatland. This is cattle country; some antelope; no birds." (Continued on page 52)

With a cry Susan sprinted into Casey's arms. "Golly," she whimpered, "I thought I was a goner"



Wolsky

SPARE-TIME STATESMAN

BY BILL DAVIDSON

EARLY in 1947, the president of the General Electric Company, Charles E. Wilson, was taking his ease on the fishing boat of one Gene Lowe off the coast of Florida and had just finished a personal struggle with a six-foot tarpon, when a Coast Guard cutter pulled alongside and informed Mr. Wilson that the White House wanted him on the phone. Grumbling, the six-foot two-inch Wilson repaired to the shore and got on the phone. "The President," said the White House, "wants to know if you will serve as chairman of his Committee on Civil Rights."

Wilson clapped his hand to his head, recommended several other people to fill the job, said goodbye, and put back to sea to resume his interrupted business with Mr. Lowe. But a short time later, the Coast Guard cutter was back alongside, and again Mr. Wilson was transported to the phone, muttering. This time the voice from the White House was firm. "The President," it said, "would like you to be chairman of his Committee on Civil Rights. He thinks you're the only man for the job." The next day Wilson was installed.

In addition to explaining why the Florida offshore fish population did not decrease appreciably in 1947, this incident delivers some insight into one of the phenomena of our time. For Charles Edward Wilson (not to be confused with General Motors president Charles Erwin Wilson) not only runs one of the largest manufacturing corporations in America—but he also has had a bigger hand in the government of the United States than many senators and Cabinet officers.

Currently, for instance, Wilson heads the Civil Rights Committee, is a member of the Universal Military Training Commission, and is on the industrial panel of the National Security Resources Board. He is on the National Labor-Management Panel (to help Federal Labor Conciliator Cyrus W. Ching), and on the Taft-Hartley Advisory Board (to advise Truman when the labor situation warrants putting certain provisions of the Taft-Hartley law into effect).

In 1933 President Roosevelt called Wilson to Washington to help the New Deal put the N.R.A. into business; and in 1942, when the War Production Board was shot full of holes by fussing, fighting, feuding, etc., Roosevelt again called on Wilson to become its operating head.

Many Jobs for One Man to Turn Down

In his spare time, Wilson (a registered Republican) has resisted three bids by top-level Democrats in 1944 to be Vice-President of the United States, one Roosevelt request to serve as ambassador to Russia, four Cabinet offers, and the daily clamor of a radio breakfast couple who persist in campaigning for him for President. He also runs the Atomic Energy Commission's plutonium plant at Hanford, Washington; he has advanced some concrete proposals for the reorganization of the executive branch of the government; and recently, when he became dissatisfied with the government's attempts to stop inflation, he made a sensational one-man attempt to do the job.

Some of this activity might have been in the tilting-with-windmill department, but as Clergyman-Editor Dr. Daniel A. Poling put it, "No man out of the government has spent so much time away from his own business helping to run the government. He is a follower in the footsteps of Bernard Baruch, Owen D. Young, and others of that unique American hybrid species—the industrial statesman."

But Wilson differs from these distinguished gentlemen in one important respect. Whereas the stock version of the Industrial Statesman springs from a well-to-do family and a genteel education, Wilson literally fought his way up from the gangster-spawning sidewalks of the tough Hell's Kitchen of New York. His formal education ended when he finished the seventh grade and learned the finer



points of mayhem necessary for survival on Tenth Avenue. This background has produced a surprising mixture of conservatism and primitive liberalism in the brawny Wilson, plus a brand of industrial statesmanship never observed before.

In the middle stages of the war, for example, when Wilson became executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board, he found the agency involved in a struggle with the military over who was to control the country's war production. General Brehon Somervell was the spokesman for the Army, and day by day his verbal duels with Wilson became more and more bitter. Finally, one afternoon, Wilson's Irish temper exploded. He leaped to his feet, grabbed the general by the lapels, lifted him into the air and shook him until the galaxy of stars on each shoulder jangled.

All Washington expected Wilson to be impaled on a dozen West Point sabers at nightfall, but curiously enough, from that point on, the air cleared, and Wilson ended up with all the Army co-operation he needed. Even Somervell was the model of cautious diplomacy thereafter.

When the Civil Rights Committee held its meetings in the White House last summer, Wilson, the industrialist, startled his colleagues by sometimes acting more liberal than the professional liberals on the committee. According to several of the committee members, a crisis arose during the first full business session when the question of lunch came up. There were two Negro representatives on the committee, and Washington has race segregation customs.

At first, Wilson recommended that they eat in the White House restaurant. Then James Carey of the C.I.O. said, "Mr. Chairman, this is the kind of discrimination we're supposed to be combating. Let's start combating it now by having lunch in a public dining room." And he named one of the swankiest hotels in town.

Wilson and the rest of the committee agreed, but then someone suggested phoning the hotel first, to warn them that they were coming. Wilson's face got red and he clapped his hat on his head, "No," he thundered, "we'll go right over without setting any stages!" He appeared ready to fight his way through the entire hotel staff, if necessary. But the luncheon came off completely without incident.

Perhaps the most violent exhibition of the Wilson brand of industrial statesmanship was his recent Herculean tilt with the inflationary spiral. For several days last December, many General Electric vice-presidents caught Wilson pacing up and down and staring thoughtfully out of the 45th-floor window of his New York office. Then came the blow.

He called a meeting of a small group of GE officers and, according to one of the vice-presidents, told them: "We must do something to try to shake industry loose from profit-and-loss statements, and face up to what's good for the country. It's going to bring us dangerously below our safe 6.8 per cent margin of profit, but I think we should try to start a chain reaction in business by lowering our prices on consumers' goods. I suggest cuts of from three

to ten per cent. Maybe this isn't good management, but it certainly isn't good management to let inflation knock over our economy."

More than half of the officers immediately hit the ceilings—especially those whose record depended on making the largest possible profit out of the items they manufactured. Wilson argued with them all day and by nightfall had them convinced. A few days later, the price cuts were announced, and the story hit the front page in every paper in the country. The interesting thing was that not only GE radios, heaters and refrigerators were reduced in price, but also the motors and vital parts which GE makes for dozens of other appliance manufacturers—the theory being that they would reduce their prices too.

Wilson's efforts, however, met with a mixed reaction. The New York Times and other newspapers hailed it as a valiant, patriotic move. But an investment counselor wrote to Wilson, "You are unfair to 1,500,000 investors," and the United Electrical Workers, C.I.O., contended that the reductions were mostly in hard-to-sell luxury items, and "you can't eat television sets and garbage-disposal units."

Acid Comment by Competitor's Journal

The Westinghouse News, the newspaper of a competitive company, wrote, "These reductions are somewhat like a lady making a fuss over the fact that she has lost 10 pounds this winter, and forgetting the fact that she put on 15 pounds last winter. Her sister, who avoided putting on so much to begin with, can't understand what the shouting is all about." The Washington Star, on the other hand, said, "The General Electric Company has begun the new year by setting a good example for the country at large."

The best a high-ranking Department of Commerce economist would admit was that Wilson's price reductions might neutralize increases in fuel, transportation and labor, and allow electric-appliance dealers to keep retail prices at existing levels instead of boosting them still higher. He also indicated that supply had equaled demand in many electrical items, and that someone had to start cutting prices or risk losing a lot of money.

"This type of price reduction," he said, "can work only when supply has caught up with demand in cars, clothes, food and nearly every item we use. It worked fairly well in 1920 when John Wanamaker suddenly reduced everything in their stores by 20 per cent. It didn't work at all last year when Ford cut prices, and when the bottom dropped out of the fur and costume-jewelry businesses." The very same day, however, this economist's boss, Secretary of Commerce Averell Harriman, said, "I heartily endorse the action of the General Electric Company in reducing its prices at this time." His boss, Harry S. Truman, said, "Should other industries follow your example, a real bulwark will be built against rising prices."

In the face of this diverse reaction, Wilson stood fast and maintained that much of industry would have to follow. "Once steel and copper come along," he said, "this thing will get going like an avalanche." (A few weeks later prices of some types of steel were increased.) But almost everybody agreed that Wilson had proved once again that he is one of the most spectacularly statesmanlike of the current crop of industrialists.

Wilson's entire history has been spectacular—so much so, in fact, that a Chicago editor once threw his biography out, insisting that the reporter had borrowed too liberally from Horatio Alger when he wrote it. "No one," yelled the editor, "believes this kind of stuff any more."

Charles Edward Wilson was born in New York's lower West Side slums on November 18, 1886, of Protestant Irish-English ancestry.

His father, George, a bookbinder, was just able to make ends meet. All of young Charles' brothers and

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



sisters died in infancy. The elder Wilson finally decided to emigrate with the family to Australia to make a new start. But one day before he could afford the passage, he decided to go cross-town to witness the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. After the ceremonies, there was a stampede to get across, and before the police could break up the mob, several people had been crushed. One of the casualties was George Wilson, who never fully recovered and died a few years later.

At this point, Charles' mother, an uncommonly strong-minded woman, took over the raising of her three-year-old son. Apparently she did a good job, because several of Wilson's playmates of that era currently are reposing in cells at Sing Sing. She went to work as a practical nurse, and every time she noticed young Charles getting out of hand in street fights or with the use of the beanshooter (the Hell's Kitchen version was listed by the police as a bona fide weapon), she seized him by the ear and led him forcibly to the Central Baptist Church for a protracted session of religion. As a result, Wilson grew up a powerful kid, with the reputation of being the toughest and most devout boy in the district.

When he was thirteen, Wilson left school to go to work as an office boy with the Sprague Electric Company at \$3 a week. William T. Ruete, its general manager, became a sort of synthetic stepfather to the boy, teaching him the business and pushing him along.

When the company needed a cost accountant, Ruete appointed the startled Wilson to the job, and Wilson had to go to night school to learn what accounting was, let alone the intricacies of the profession. When Wilson was a graduate accountant, Ruete transferred him to an engineering department, so Wilson had to study engineering by a correspondence course and plod to the Mechanics Institute several nights a week to do his applied-engineering work. Ruete also taught him how to talk to executives, how to dress, and about the necessity of an attractive stickpin in one's tie.

When General Electric bought out Sprague, there were only two people capable of running the plant—Ruete and Wilson. A few years later, shortly after the whole expanded operation was moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, Ruete died; and Wilson, his right-hand man, was put in charge of the entire conduit and wire section.

Building Up the Sale of Appliances

At Bridgeport, Wilson interested himself in the appliance business, which was roughly the equivalent of the dishes with which movie houses used to entice patrons into the theater. Electric appliances were made as a side show just so that people would use more electricity, thereby causing the electric companies to buy more turbines and other heavy equipment. Wilson, on the other hand, saw the appliance business as someday surpassing even the turbines in sales.

Fortunately for him, this also was the theory of Gerard Swope, the new president of the company. So, as the appliance business grew, Wilson grew along with it. He became assistant manager of the Bridgeport works, then manager of the merchandise department, then a vice-president of GE, handling all appliance activities. Finally, in 1938, he was moved to New York to be executive vice-president. One year later Swope retired and the fifty-three-year-old Wilson was the head of the largest corporation of its kind in the world.

This last promotion made Wilson the \$175,000 a year boss man of an empire which includes 125 separate factories; 18 vice-presidents; 197,000 employees; a plutonium plant; an 800-scientist atomic research laboratory; a commercial radio-television-FM broadcasting setup; the Voice of America short-wave stations; a steel company in Niles, Ohio; a foundry in Elmira, New York; a mail route between New York, Schenectady and Pittsfield, Massachusetts; a 13.3-mile railroad in Erie, Pennsylvania, fully licensed by the Public Service Commission; Dr. Irving Langmuir, one of the world's greatest physicists; the men who make rain by dropping pellets into clouds; a glass factory; a varnish, oil and rubber factory; one of the biggest printing plants in America; a realty business; a security business; and a plastics factory which in its spare time makes compacts for a famous New York beauty salon and hulls for exhibition sailboats.

The peculiar talent which enabled Wilson to rise to the top of this (Continued on page 92)



At age seventeen, Johnny had been jailed three times for disorderly conduct. At twenty, he was no longer considered a character, but a platinum-plated heel

FUNNY GUY

Mope thought he and his son were voyagers on ships that pass in the night. But the kid showed him they were really in the same boat

BY JACK SHER

A REPORTER, or maybe it was a radio columnist, once described Mope Taylor as "... a man with a body like a worn spark plug, ears like head lamps and a mouth like a running exhaust pipe." When he read this, Mope Taylor did not laugh, feel hurt or angry. He did not feel anything at all. He just read it and thumbed on toward the sports pages.

At fifty-one, for over thirty years, Mope had been encouraging, even paying people large sums of money to write or say things like that about him. The sight of Mope anywhere, at any time, always brought a grin, sometimes a laugh. The less inhibited would call to him—the half-grown, gangly boys, the giggly girls clutching tattered autograph books, the boisterous men with boys' minds, who enjoyed hearing him on the air every Friday night, who "wouldn't miss Mope for love or money."

Mope had a special face for them, comical but detached, a face that gave them a show, but somehow kept them at arm's length. It had taken him years to perfect the pleasant brush-off and he could do it automatically. He only half heard what they called to him as his thin legs moved jerkily over the pavement, getting him somewhere on time, to one of the flat-faced towers of Radio City, to an ad agency on Lexington Avenue, or to a luncheon, where he would appear for from ten to twenty minutes, not eat, go through one of his routines, make a funny excuse and exit with laughter trailing him.

Out on the street again.

"There's Mope! Hi ya, Mope! Yer ears are fallin'!"

"Hey, Mope! Make with the mouth, Mope! Mope! Mope!"

"That's him! Sure, it's Mope!"

A wave of his hand and he was out of their reach, into a waiting car or cab. But the image of him remained with them, riveted into their minds by copy writers, gag men, magazine covers, a movie a year, the voice every Friday night, thirty years of his telling them and their telling one another that here was a very funny guy.

Actually, to someone in our civilization who had not been sandbagged constantly by the frenetic, high-pressure techniques that create a personality, the face and body of Mope Taylor might not have seemed funny at all. It was true that his third wife, Regina, who was twenty years younger than he, often thought he was, physically, an amusing figure of a man. His first wife, Claire, had not thought so, but she had been dead for many years.

His only son, Johnny, now twenty-four years of age, did not think of his father as being at all funny.

Johnny Taylor, who had never been able to get along with his father, saw him exactly as he was. He saw a thin, aging man, five feet three inches tall, with a head slightly too large for his body, big ears, a round, protruding mouth, high forehead and small, clear gray eyes. It might have been because Johnny Taylor was now the only person who saw Mope Taylor exactly as he was that the father loved him so much. It might have been that, or the memory of things past, a time when the boy's mother had been alive, when he had held the child in his arms, nuzzling the soft texture of the baby's skin.

One of the things Mope Taylor had never told his son was how he happened to become a comedian. Johnny might have read any one of the innumerable stories about his father's career, but, if he had, he never mentioned them. From the age of twelve on, it had seemed to Mope Taylor that he might just as well have been a ditchdigger or a plumber for all the interest his son had shown in his profession.

It was not a story the boy would have understood, anyway, Mope often reasoned. Inquisitive writers had taken down all the facts, arranged them chronologically and cleverly. They had told about the skinny kid from the poverty-ridden streets of Chicago's South Side, about Mope Taylor, the son of a slaughterhouse worker, the youngest of eight children, the boy who dodged beer trucks in the street, got pinched by cops, almost went to reform school and was saved by a God-given talent for making others laugh.

ALL of it had been told and retold: how he'd run away from home at eleven, worked as errand boy in New York's garment district, performed in settlement houses, at smokers, rose to become a song-and-dance man in vaudeville, teamed with Red Roberts, was a hit as a single at twenty-three, a Palace headliner for ten solid years, then went into six straight musical comedy smashes, radio, Hollywood. And yet, the stories that had been written seemed to Mope as unreal, as unconnected with him as his real first name, the name his mother had called him, Jonathan.

Only Mope knew that his was not a God-given talent, nor a boyhood itch for fame, nor a desire to escape from poverty, nor any of the many reasons that had been given for his becoming a comedian. He didn't like to be

asked why he had become a comedian, because he didn't know how to explain it. Nor could he recall for them the year, the incident that had prompted one of the raggedy clan to call him "Mope." He could have been seven then or nine. It had always been "Mope." Even his family, his own mother, had finally taken it up.

He didn't know when it was that he had become funny, was able to make them laugh. He was definitely one of the lesser, shunned urchins who stole, lied, swore, fought and prowled through the gutters and alleyways of a rotting, churning section of the city. The blows rained upon him by the larger ones were less fierce simply because he could make them laugh. His stringy, frail body was not a match for theirs and his mind was not as sharp or preying. But he had, somehow, learned to make them laugh and this had made him one of the tolerated.

If you could not compete in their world, you had to create one of your own and make them understand it. And he had. He had never forgotten their voices, and often, when someone complained about tough audiences, he thought about them.

Mope could shut his eyes and still see them dancing around him, Jimmy Lindell, the O'Rourke brothers, Tiny Rocca, Chick Kamp, Jerry Leib.

"Look at dat Mope! Yeah, make a face, Mope!"

"G'wan, 'fore I punch ya one!"

"Say somethin', Mope. Wiggle da ears, too. Ya better do it, Mope!"

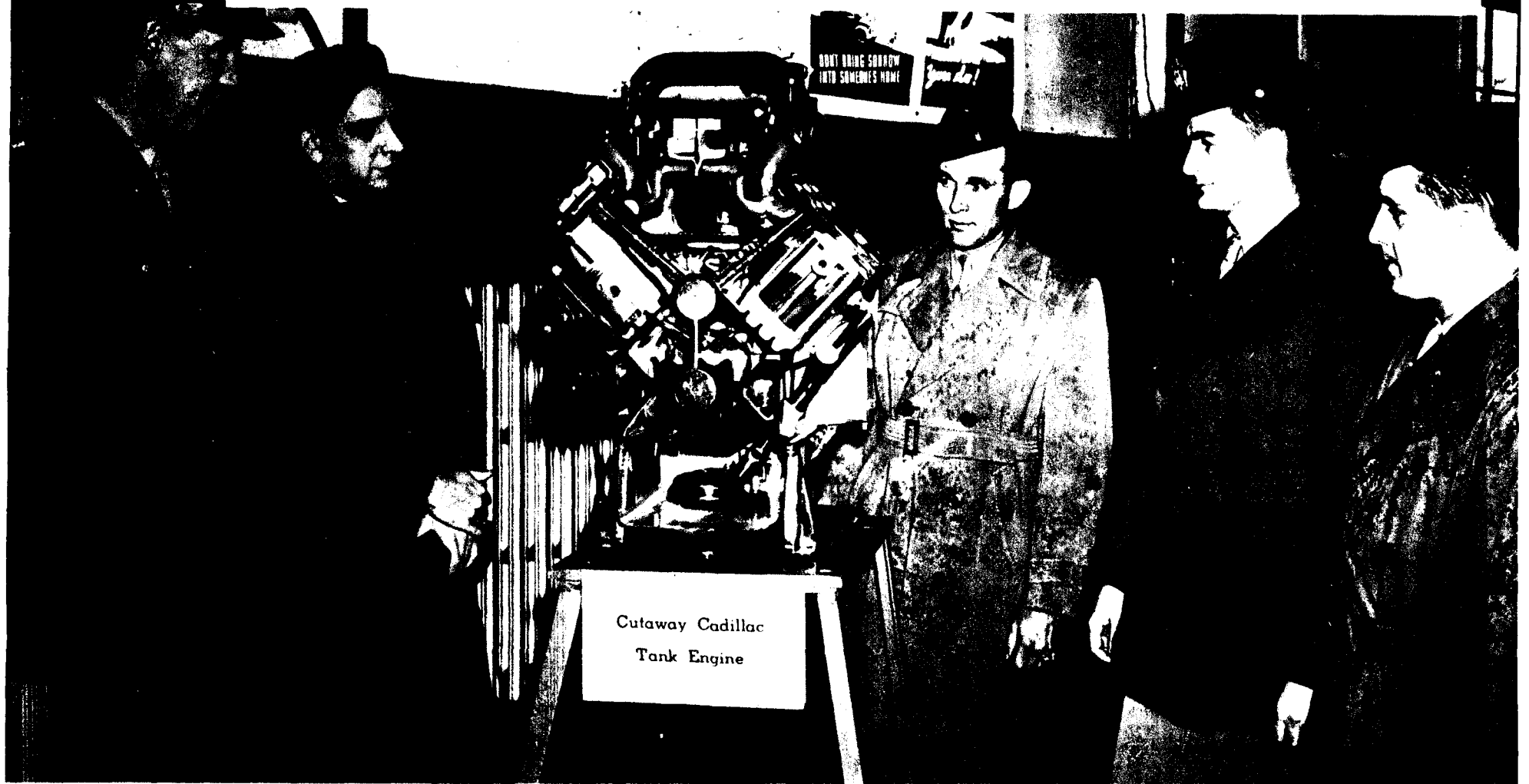
They would shout with laughter at his antics, shrieking, cruel sounds, starved, eager childish and sadistic noises that begged for more of what Mope gave them. He obeyed the law, created laughter for the stronger and, somehow, always knew what he was doing and did it a little better every time. And that was how he had become a comedian—of necessity, for survival.

He knew that he could never repay the half-starved, ill-clad, dirty, wrangling collection of adolescent hoodlums for what they had done for him, for the thousands of dollars he made every week, for the home on Madison Avenue, for the thirty-room summer place on Long Island, for all the comforts and luxuries and fame and adulation that they had made possible for him. And he had never wanted to repay them. He would have liked them to know what they had done for him. But he knew he would never tell it to anyone, least of all his son. Johnny would have laughed at it, or (Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

DOES THE ARMY WANT THE RESERVES?

The Army Reserve Corps, first line of defense on the home front, complains that it is getting rough treatment from the big brass



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

At the Armored School, Fort Knox, Kentucky, reserve officers inspect a visual aid. But many reservists feel that they are not given enough actual field training

BY DONALD ROBINSON

IF WAR should break out, high strategists in the Pentagon are counting upon the 77th Division, a reserve outfit in New York City, to be ready for combat shortly after M-Day, fully trained and equipped to resist any air, land or sea-borne invader. At the present moment, however, the 77th would have extreme difficulty in fighting off a troop of competent Boy Scouts.

At last count, the 77th Division had less than 450 enlisted reservists assigned to it, not one gun, tank or jeep to train with, and not even an armory in which to meet.

That the 77th Division is getting any training at all for its wartime mission is due solely to the initiative of its own civilian officers; they have had, they say, virtually no help from the top brass in the Army.

Almost three years have gone by since V-E Day, but investigation shows the Army has made little progress toward organizing the 1,140,000 veterans who volunteered to serve in the reserve. It has not found time to assign most of them to units. It has no over-all program for training them. It

does not even have any approved plans for keeping them in the reserve. In fact, some experts maintain that there are factions within the Department of the Army which are actually hostile to the very existence of an Organized Reserve Corps.

"The Department of the Army has revealed a minimum of interest in the reserves," says Brigadier General E. A. Evans, executive director of The Reserve Officers' Association.

Over at the White House, President Truman's close friend and military aide, Major General Harry H. Vaughan, himself a veteran reserve officer, says, "The present indications are that the Regular Army does not want a reserve."

This situation, in the opinion of some military observers, can have dire consequences. It is the reserve which, in an emergency, must supply most of the officers and N.C.O.s for any army America has to raise.

Here are a few facts:

1. As of September 30, 1947, only 189,998 of the 509,255 reserve officers had been assigned to units, and even this figure was misleadingly high. Of

the 189,998 total, over 80,000 were, according to General Evans, assigned to pools, not to real, functioning military units.

2. The 631,039 ex-G.I.s who signed up with the reserves have been even more neglected. Merely 71,668 of them have been given assignments, and, again, a large proportion of these went to pools.

3. Not one reserve unit has been given adequate equipment, although millions of rifles, artillery pieces and other material are lying idle or being shipped overseas.

4. Just 6,418 reserve officers and 1,199 enlisted reservists received any sort of field training from the Ground and Service Forces during the first quarter of the 1948 fiscal year, the last period for which figures are available. The Air Force did a little better. It gave active duty training to 18,891, of whom 1,981 were enlisted men.

5. To date, the Army has not formulated any real long-range program for reserve training. The Army Ground Forces have not even issued a directive on training policies. At the most recent muster, only 28,000 re-

servists were enrolled in the Army's correspondence courses.

6. No permanent policy has been adopted by which reserve officers can obtain promotion. The Army says officially that it sees "no urgency in the matter." Policies governing the promotion of enlisted reservists were, it is true, promulgated in December, 1946, but because of what Army spokesmen call "confusion in the field," few, if any, boosts in grade have been made. Most G.I.s who went into the reserve as privates two years ago have been unable so far to win a single chevron.

7. Despite endless requests, no identification card has been provided for the Army reserves.

As a result of this situation, authorities like General Evans declare that the morale of the reserves is now at rock-bottom ebb. Thousands of them are refusing to answer Army communications. The enlisted men, over half of whom were top-ranking N.C.O.s during the war, are described as even more fed up. Their condition, says General Evans, is "pitiful."

Typical of the feeling among re-

Collier's for April 10, 1948

servists is that of a bemedaled major in Atlanta, Georgia. "It's gotten so," he states, "that I'm actually ashamed of my reserve commission."

This major has been assigned to a unit, but it is to one located in New York City.

"I've written the Army a dozen times," he says, "asking them to transfer me to a Georgia outfit. I've never gotten a reply. All I get are notices of meetings in Manhattan."

Some reserve training is going on throughout the country, but according to The Reserve Officers' Association, it consists almost exclusively of "the same old hokum, the same dull lectures and speeches that we all have heard a thousand times before." Not a reserve unit has had any official schooling on the strategy to be employed in an atomic war. When the 77th Division wished to include this subject in its training program, it had to evolve the tactical points for itself.

Luckily, some of the veterans in the 77th had seen the effects of the Hiroshima destruction. Using their observations as a base, the staff of the 77th has improvised procedures for the division to follow in defending itself against an atomic attack. These consist largely of methods for the dispersion of personnel and the employment of caves and other natural ground features in the protection of equipment.

In addition, the 77th's staff has evolved its own plans for situations wherein the atomic bomb is used by us against an enemy. These include their ideas on how best to take advantage of the devastation wrought upon enemy troops and installations, what liaison arrangements must be made for determining when a locale is safe for the infantry to penetrate, etc. It is not certain whether such plans have any practical value. They are improvisations.

Out in San Francisco, a group of reservists was anxious to train itself, too. It called on the headquarters of

General Mark Clark's Sixth Army and asked for the loan of Signal Corps training movies.

"We can't show you those films," a high officer said. "They're restricted. They can only be seen by members of the armed services."

"But we are in the armed services," the reservists protested.

"Oh, no," they were informed. "You're just civilians."

They never received the films. Instead, they were sent a five-year-old morale picture on why it was necessary to fight the Nazis!

A Thirty-Million-Dollar Cut

Last year, the War Department allotted \$56,000,000 to the reserves, then slashed this amount to \$26,000,000 when Congress directed it to pay veterans for their war-accrued furloughs. The only catch there was that in economizing to meet these payments, the Army cut its own funds a mere ten per cent; it reduced reserve appropriations 54 per cent!

For the 1948 fiscal year, the Army initially allotted \$56,000,000 again to reserve activities—for both air and ground troops. This was just 8/10ths of one per cent of the total budget, so low that even an economy-minded Congress balked. Congress raised the reserve funds to \$67,000,000.

The Army's attitude on appropriations led one statistician to compute that an average of \$6,000 was being spent to keep organized, trained and equipped each of the 1,070,000 members of the Regular Army and Air Force but just \$48 for each reservist. It led General Vaughan to remark disgustedly, "On the basis of the Regular Army's allotments for reserve training, each reserve officer can look forward to two weeks' active duty once every 20 years."

A dearth of money, however, is not the main reason why so few reservists have been getting active duty

training. Instead of offering two-week tours of duty, as it did before the war, the Army at first insisted that reservists spend from six weeks to nine months in uniform. The usual civilian soldier, with just a fortnight's vacation each year, could not, of course, quit his job for such a long period of time. It was not until January 11, 1948, that the Army finally acceded to the widespread demand of the reservists and made two-week active duty stretches generally available. To many reservists, the Army's original insistence on the longer periods was simply obstructive tactics.

In the air reserve, conditions are said to be almost as bad. Some 60,000 World War II pilots accepted reserve commissions on the Army's pledge of enough flying time to retain their combat skills. That pledge has not been kept.

The Air Force is giving training each year to only 9,600 of these 60,000 pilots. The rest must stay on the ground.

Even these 9,600 are not getting real training. They—the men who flew the B-29s and the P-47s—are obliged to fly antiquated AT-6 and AT-11 trainers. At that, they are being allowed merely four hours or less in the air a month.

"Can you imagine my feelings," one pilot, who did 76 missions over Germany said, "when I went out to the Minneapolis airfield to put in my flying time? I found naval reserve pilots flying topnotch Corsairs out of a \$6,000,000 installation. All I could get was a couple of hours on a junky old trainer."

Air Force officials state that a lack of funds is really their trouble. They say they just do not have the money for servicing sufficient planes to provide all their reserve pilots with air time. The explanation for why they are using the trainers instead of fast bombers and pursuit ships is also an economic one. It costs much less to

fly an AT-6 than it does a P-47. The reservists' reply to this is, "Why doesn't the Air Force allot more of its funds to reserve activities?"

At the core of the whole dispute over the reserves is the relationship of the Regular Army and Air Force to their civilian components. In his last report as Chief of Staff, General Marshall urged that the United States rely for its security upon a small Regular Army, an efficient National Guard, and a well-organized, well-trained Reserve Corps. A large professional army, is, he said, "dangerous to the liberties of the nation."

Today, though the Regular Army and Air Force, with 1,070,000 men, are at their greatest peacetime strength in history, the National Guard has only a fraction of its authorized strength, and the Organized Reserve Corps is characterized by General Evans as "little more than a paper force" which is "shrinking and shrinking fast."

And this, believe it or not, is one thing for which Congress is *not* to blame!

That the National Guard now totals about 222,000 men, with small likelihood of reaching its goal of 682,796, is said to be no one's fault. The guard planners set their sights high, on the assumption that Universal Military Training would be established. But the experts do pass out blame for the impotency of the reserves. They lay the responsibility for it on the doorstep of the big brass.

Readiness for M-Day Urged

General Evans, speaking officially for The Reserve Officers' Association, charges that the Department of the Army is trying to keep the reserve as an unorganized amorphous pool from which it can draw men as it needs them. This, of course, is contrary to the reserves' wishes. They have asked that they be prepared for immediate use in time of emergency, that units of them be organized, trained and armed for action on M-Day, that each man receive his wartime assignment now.

The big battle over this issue started away back in 1944, when General Marshall began thinking about a post-war army. He directed that a study be made of the Army's civilian components, and named a committee of Regular Army, reserve and National Guard officers to do the job. After months of work, the committee recommended that an effective Organized Reserve Corps be established precisely along the lines advocated by the reserves themselves.

General Evans, who served on that committee, discloses: "The General Staff went all out in opposition to this plan. Every section of the General Staff 'nonconcurrent' in it. Luckily, General Marshall recognized the value of a good Reserve Corps and overrode the opposition of his staff."

At General Marshall's order, the War Department published a directive in 1945 providing for the development of a real, ready-to-shoot reserve. General Eisenhower later reaffirmed this stand.

(Continued on page 68)



U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

California National Guardsmen work side by side with Regular Army instructors. Reserves want more of this



SKETCHES IN SAWDUST

BY WALT KUHN

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THESE drawings were not made from models, so that they cannot be said to represent any particular performer, or to be based upon the acts of any specific show. I have tried to catch the spirit of the circus, and to get down on my drawing paper some of the marvelous fluidity of motion that every good circus act possesses. I have been following the circus and painting circus people and animals for almost fifty years, and to me it is still the most fascinating business in the world.

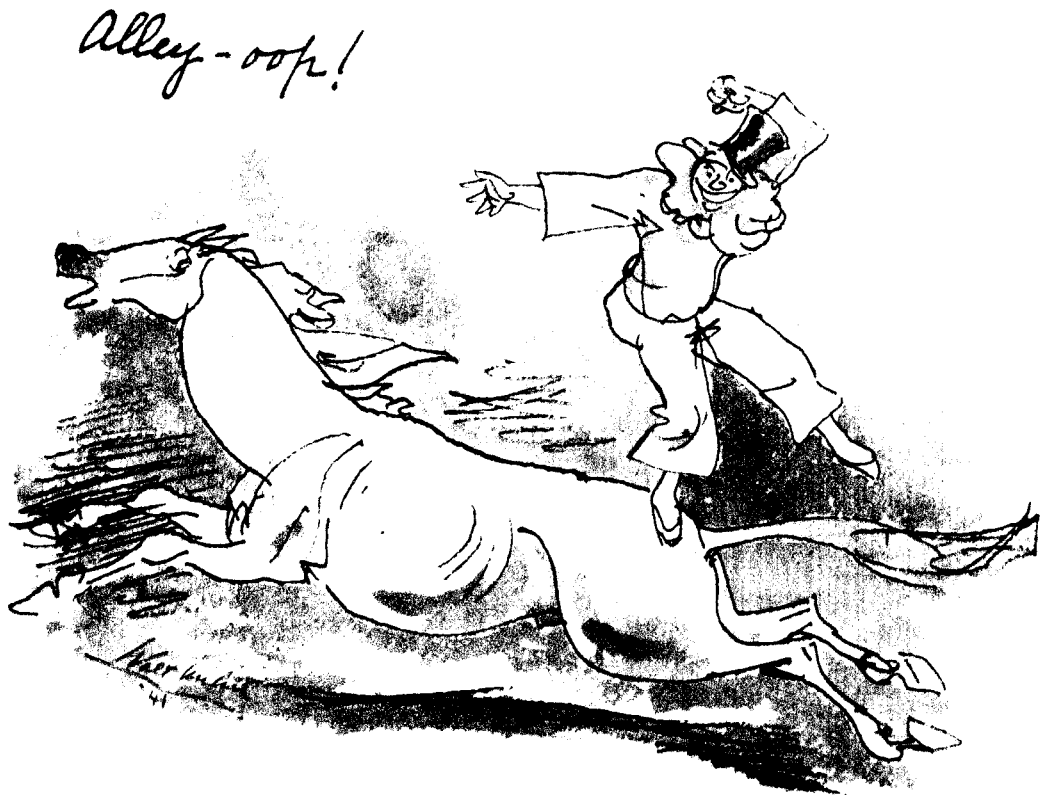
I've seen every kind of circus imaginable, from the little one-family shows to the elaborate three-ring presentations of the Ringlings. I remember a circus I saw once in France; the entire personnel consisted of a father and his son and daughter. They played only the little villages, and the father and daughter did the advance ballyhoo on the streets; he whammed a bass drum and she made terrible noises on a trumpet.

The performance consisted of clowning by the son, a bareback act by the daughter, and a strong-man act by the father, who was advertised as "The Oak of France." The girl, clad in a pair of heavily darned rose-colored tights, galumphed about the ring on a venerable old horse which doubled as a draft horse, drawing the caravan from village to village. The father climaxed his act by lifting with his teeth an upturned chair loaded with cobblestones.

I deplore the passing of the old single-ring circus, in which the clown talked back to the ringmaster, and informality prevailed.

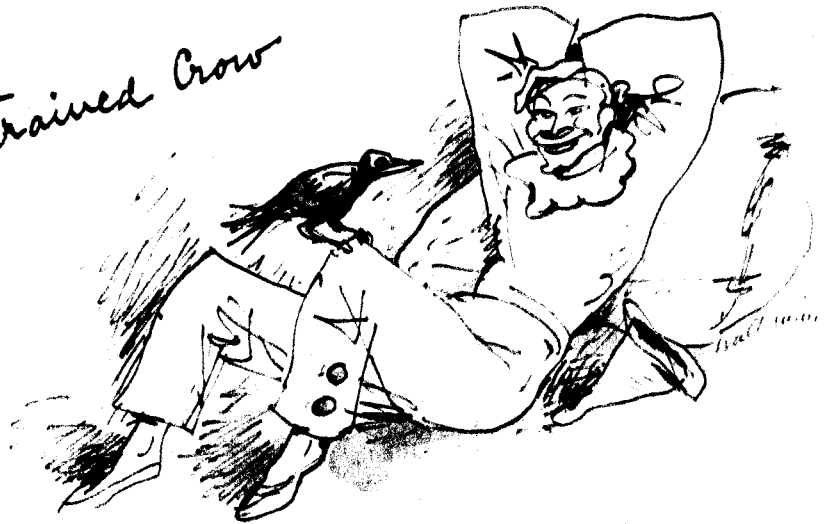
The fast-moving, beautifully organized circus of today, with everything the biggest and the best, typifies our times. It is a form of mass production. It has gained a lot, of course, as a spectacle, but in my opinion it will gain a lot more when the department of laughter—the clowns—is built up to equal the rest of the show in quantity and quality. ★★★





Here come the clowns!

Trained Crow



Dog Act



Nut Clown



Fractious Horse



I was several people behind a guy who insisted to Judy that this must be the two-dollar window because he'd just seen a horse go by

BRIDE AND RO

BY D. H. JOHNSON

MR. BILLINGS beamed as he put the lease before me. The beautiful, beautiful lease. "I trust you and your wife will be very happy in the apartment," he said. "Sign here, please."

"There's one thing you ought to know," I said. I took his pen and prepared to write *Thomas J. McCarthy* with a flourish. "I have no wife."

"Whoops!" said Mr. Billings, lurching across the desk to snatch the pen. From a Man of Distinction with a gentle glow on he suddenly became a man who tramps down daisies and barks back at small dogs. "No wife, no lease," he barked now.

"Please, Mr. Billings—"

"Sorry, young man. As rental agent for the new apartment building, I have made it my firm policy to lease only to men with families. In these times—"

I knew all about these times. From sad, personal experience. In fact, I was pretty desperate.

"But can't you make an exception, Mr. Billings? You know I'd be a perfect tenant. I've shown you my income-tax figures. I've shown you a character reference from the advertising agency I work for. I've shown you—"

"May I show you something?" Mr. Billings broke in.

It turned out to be the door. He held it open for me.

"I like you, McCarthy," he said. "I'd be glad to let you have the apartment if you were even planning to marry soon. Now, if you came in here with a marriage license—"

"But I haven't even got a girl!"

"Then," said Mr. Billings, "you haven't got a chance. Good day, McCarthy."

He slammed the door, and an idea struck me. It wasn't a new idea. It had been in my head a long time. I'd even dreamed of it, nights when my roommate would let me dream. It was a small, blond idea named Judy Walker.

I whipped around to the bank where she worked. Then I stood in line be-

hind a large lady who had let her bankbook slide too far into the top of her dress and had to retire to the ladies' room for further groping, and a small boy who persuaded Judy to pry open his piggy bank. There was nothing in it but an I.O.U. from his father.

"Yes, sir," Judy said when I finally reached her, "may I help— Oh, hello, Tom! I haven't seen you in months."

"At your request," I reminded her. "Judy, I've come here to ask you something."

"The answer is the same as last time," she said. "I won't marry a man who can't save a nickel."

"I'm not even thinking of asking you to marry me. All I want you to do is to go down to City Hall with me and get a marriage license."

When Judy's blue eyes were amazed, their blueness was amazing.

"When I've got it," I hurried, my hair curling from the blue blaze, "I show it to a certain real-estate agent and get an apartment. Then I tear up the license and fade out of your life."

"Start fading now," Judy said coldly. She turned to count a green salad of currency.

"I'm willing to pay," I said. "Would you do it for twenty-five dollars?"

"No," Judy angrily snapped a rubber band around a head of the Treasury's best lettuce. "Anyway, you haven't got twenty-five dollars."

"Today is payday," I said. "There's an even hundred in my pocket."

"Tomorrow, as usual," Judy said, "you'll be broke. I've told you before, Tom, that I'll never marry a man who can't save."

"And I've told you before," I pointed out, "that I'm not asking you to marry me. All I want is a little teamwork on the license. Will you do it for fifty?"

"Never," Judy said, piling pennies into a tower. But all at once her hands slipped, and the tower crashed, and she looked up at me.

"I suppose," she suggested, "you'll be spending that money anyway."

"Soberly," I said, "but still like a

drunken sailor with six months' pay and a six-hour pass. Will you do it for seventy-five dollars?"

"Definitely not," Judy said. She resumed piling up the pennies and they fell over again. "At least," she said, "not until my lunch hour."

At one o'clock, I was back in Mr. Billings' office, holding the license under his reddish nose.

"Well, McCarthy." He beamed. "You said you didn't have a girl."

"This one slipped my mind."

The benignity hardened abruptly, like quick-setting cement. "No young man's mind is that slippery, McCarthy. Can you produce the girl?"

"Not right now. She's working."

"Then bring her around to the apartment at seven this evening. I'll be there to make sure this is no fake."

"She'll be glad to come," I said, hoping. "I'll go ask her now."

THIS time, I was behind a guy who looked like an absconding cashier and made a prolonged inquiry about cashing traveler's checks in Canada, a nearsighted clergyman who wanted Judy's help in counting a collection consisting mostly of buttons, and a wavering man who insisted that this must be the two-dollar window because he'd just seen a horse go by. It took me fifteen minutes to get face to face with Judy. Still, a face like hers was worth it.

"Yes," she said, when I explained about Mr. Billings, "I'll come. But it will cost extra. Shall we say ten dollars?"

"Shall we remember," I said, "that with the taxi to City Hall and back, the license and the lunch, a ten-spot is all I've got to my name?"

"That's exactly what I figured," Judy said. "Pass it over."

I gave her the ten and a hard look. "I'm glad I'm not marrying you," I told her. "Inside that beautiful blond head, there is a Scrooge loose."

Mr. Billings and I were waiting in the apartment when Judy arrived. It was wonderful what her mere pres-

ence did to those bare rooms. It filled them with flowers. It moved in furniture. It hung pictures on the walls. There was only one thing it didn't do. It didn't convince Mr. Billings.

"It seems to me," he said, the frost gathering fast on his graciousness, "that a young man and his bride to be would do more than nod to each other."

"Come here," I said to Judy.

For a girl who hadn't been practicing lately, she fitted very neatly into my embrace. "This will cost five dollars more," she whispered in my ear.

"Charge it," I whispered back. "And shut up."

Mr. Billings circled us contemplatively, looking like an art critic appraising a statue. "It lacks something," he said finally. "Wouldn't you be kissing her?"

It seemed as if I would. I did. "Ten dollars more," Judy whispered tenderly.

I'm no tightwad. I spent thirty more dollars before Mr. Billings pried one of my hands off Judy's shoulder and put his pen in it.

"I'm sold," he said. "You don't need to overdo it. Sign here, McCarthy."

I used Judy's shoulder as a writing desk. Mr. Billings went out, glowing gently again. Still, somehow, it didn't occur to me and Judy to unwind.

"Are you still glad you aren't going to marry me?" she asked.

"No," I said, "but you still don't want a guy who can't save a dime."

"Ah," Judy said, "but you have money in the bank now."

"Eh?" I said brilliantly.

"I took every cent you paid me," Judy said, "and used it to start a savings account. And if you draw a penny out of it, Tom McCarthy, I'll break every bone in your head."

"Of course," I said a little later, "I'll have to take out some money. I must owe you about a hundred bucks in extra charges by now."

"Forget it," Judy said. "It's all in the family."

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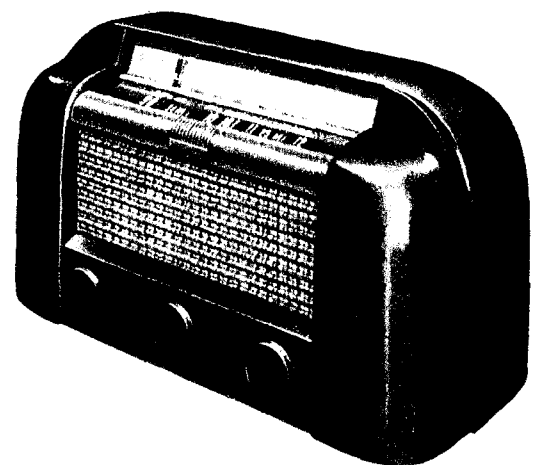
saves records, too. In the newly designed, extra-light tone arm is RCA Victor's "Silent Sapphire" pickup, a permanent jewel-point—no needles to change! Try some of the new RCA Victor releases, like Tony Martin's *You and the Night and the Music* to hear Victrola 77U at its best! It plays on AC and it's ready—now—at your RCA Victor dealer's, a finer than ever value with the rich, true tone of the "Golden Throat."

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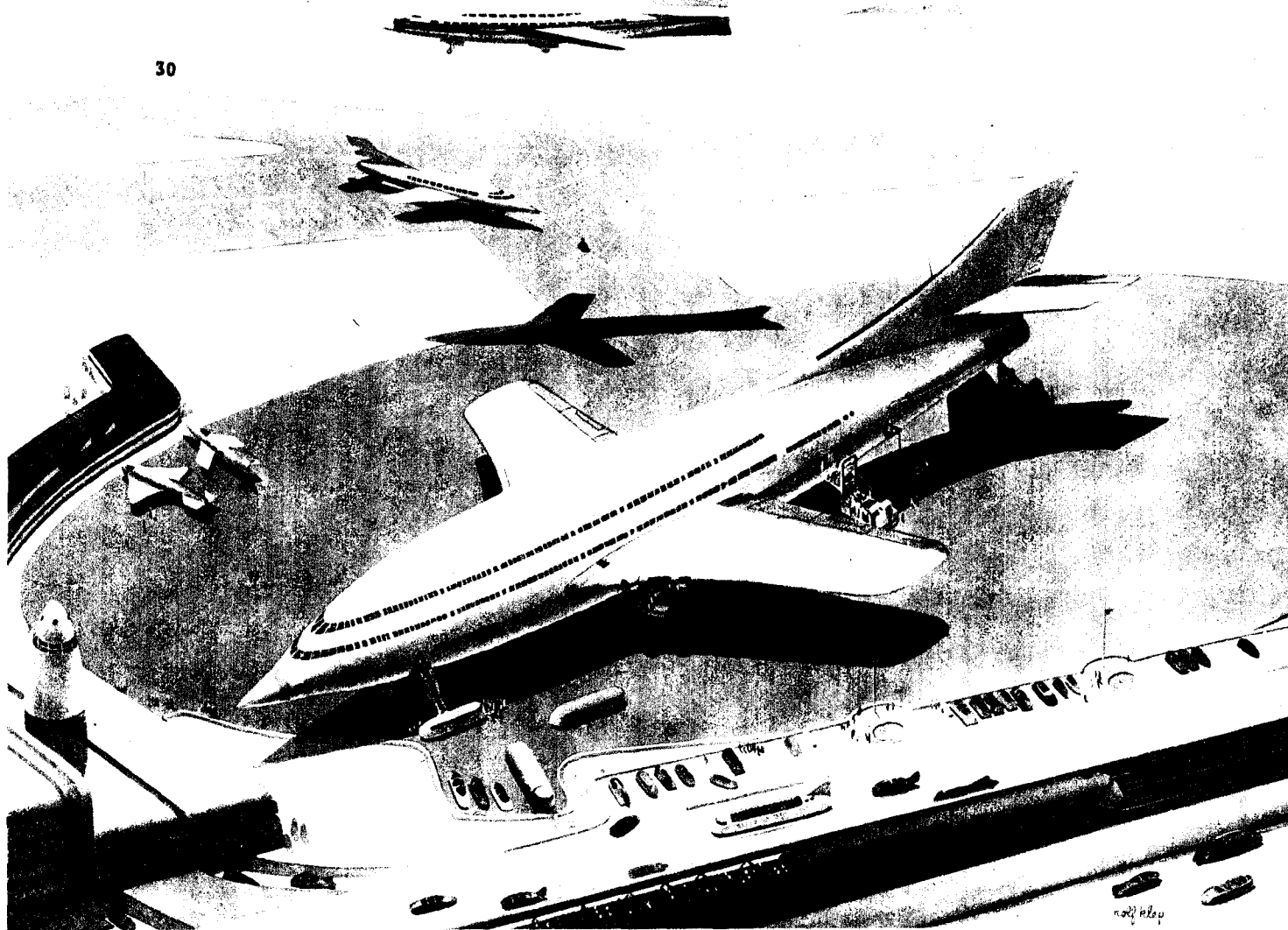
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WHEN ATOMS DON'T FLY

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

A GAIN we draw the unpleasant assignment of having to report that another panacea for aviation's ills and, simultaneously, a short cut to everlasting success, just isn't so or is a long way from becoming so. This time it's atomic engines for aircraft.

It all sounded so simple. Trains and automobiles and ships and planes would move about the globe on power produced from a handful of these magic atoms. Plans to build some of these vehicles were announced. The press agents gave their favorite words—"may" and "soon"—an exceptionally heavy workout.

It was thrilling to contemplate that hereafter all the annoyances attending the operation of our family car would come to a permanent end. Like dropping a nickel in a pay telephone, once a year, or once in a lifetime, we'd slip a slug of stuff in a slot on the dash and there'd be no more trips to the filling station. Hot dog!

Yet, if we don't get atomic power plants for automobiles and locomotives in the next decade or two or even three, it won't matter too much. Speed on the highways and tracks is limited by the contour of the earth, regardless of the power available. Only if we rip up all our tracks and highways and put them underground or in elevated tubes, can we take advantage of the power and the speed

produced by atomic energy—maybe.

Of all the vehicles that could use atomic power to advantage, the airplane needs it most; and would yield the greatest return on the vast cost in time and money to bring it into being. Atomic propulsion for aircraft is also the most challenging. For many years to come our conventional aircraft, military and civil, will be held back, particularly as to duration of flight without refueling in mid-air, by the limited energy in aviation gasoline and chemical fuels. As of now, there is no gasoline-powered conventional airplane capable of flying 25,000 miles—or circumnavigating the globe at the equator—without refueling in flight. Nor is there likely to be one so long as the airplane is dependent upon chemical fuels.

Our biggest bomber, the Convair B-36, can carry an atom bomb (or 10,000 pounds of the old-style explosives) to any inhabited region in the world and return to a home base without refueling, says the U.S. Air Force. Its radius is 5,000 miles out and 5,000 back or a straight-line flight (range) of 10,000 miles.

To carry this five-ton bomb load and fly 10,000 miles nonstop, the mighty B-36 has to weigh in at 139 tons. (The B-29s went into combat weighing 68 tons.) More than half of this 139 tons gross weight—or 86 tons—is definitely allocated to the

power system. When the plane lands back home it will have used up 60 tons or more of gasoline and will be minus its 10,000-pound bomb load.

The point is that the relatively low energy content of gasoline alone is responsible for the limited range of this bomber. It can stay aloft, cruising at 300 miles an hour for only 33 hours.

We can build bombers even bigger than the B-36 to carry more gasoline but there is the matter of strength and length of runways. At 139 tons, the B-36 must have special runways at strategic points on American-controlled soil and that's an expensive and difficult job, particularly in time of peace. If bombers are doubled or quadrupled in size, the efficiency will drop. So the B-36 may be the biggest conventional bomber we'll ever build so long as we have to depend on the heat units in chemical fuels.

In a pound of gasoline (one sixth of a gallon), there are 18,700 B.T.U. (the internationally accepted British thermal units). Locked in the B-36's 63 tons or 21,000 gallons of gasoline are nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion B.T.U. That sounds like a lot of heat.

But in one pound of uranium, properly stirred into action, there are 35 billion B.T.U. As aircraft power is derived from heat, you can see why famous scientists say atomic energy is the key to aircraft of unprecedented

performance—and then walk away.

If only they could drop a pound of that wonderful stuff in an atomic engine mounted in the B-36, they could throw away the 86 tons of weight garnered by the very necessary conventional aircraft engines and fuel. Ah, but to protect the crew from the death-dealing radiation which accompanies the splitting or fission of uranium, an atomic power generator must be enclosed in a radiation-proof shield in the way that doctors enclose X-ray tubes in lead boxes, and even though the weight of the atomic engine were negligible, they would have to surround it with about 75 tons of shielding.

Engine Shield Is a Problem

Well, that seems to even things up. You get rid of 86 tons of old-style engines, propellers and gasoline that generate a total of 18,000 horsepower and you substitute a small atomic engine that might give out as much as 25,000 horsepower, but you have to build 75 tons of lead or some other heavy shield around it. That throws the entire design out of line. Suppose they straighten that out, what have you then?

On the credit side you have the power to send the B-36 around the world at the equator nonstop at far higher speeds than its present 300-mph cruising, and with that atom bomb aboard. That would be its *minimum* range, more than enough for a bombing mission, anywhere.

Offsetting this radiant picture is the very delicate matter of operating and maintaining the atomic engine. Though heavily shielded, after an atomic engine is turned off, it continues to give out tremendous quantities of radiation for a long time. This characteristic adds to the problem of servicing the power plant. If one of the pipes in the atomic engine were to spring a leak, the entire engine would have to undergo a thorough process of radioactive decontamination before it could be repaired.

The foregoing applies to automobiles and locomotives, too. The family car is not substantial enough to support the many tons of shielding required, and although locomotives could, the nation-wide standard width of railroad tracks, bridges and tunnels limits the design of the locomotive so it would be difficult to carry a thick enough shield for safety.

Momentarily, the application of atomic-energy propulsion for ships seems the least difficult. Sea water is held to be a good shield, so the thing to do is tow the atomic engine submerged behind the vessel. Flexible pipes could carry heated water from the atomic engine to an ordinary steam turbine in the ship and convey cooled water back again. That's favored over installing the atomic engine on board with its necessary heavy shielding.

Progress on matters of this magnitude is painfully slow in times of peace, and the perfection of many war-born devices of speed and power and transportation for civilian use is proceeding at a crawl.

But it won't if Congress follows the recent recommendation of its Congressional Aviation Policy Board that nuclear energy for propulsion of aircraft should be accorded "the highest priority in atomic-energy research and development, and that every needed resource and facility should be devoted to its early accomplishment." ★★

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP



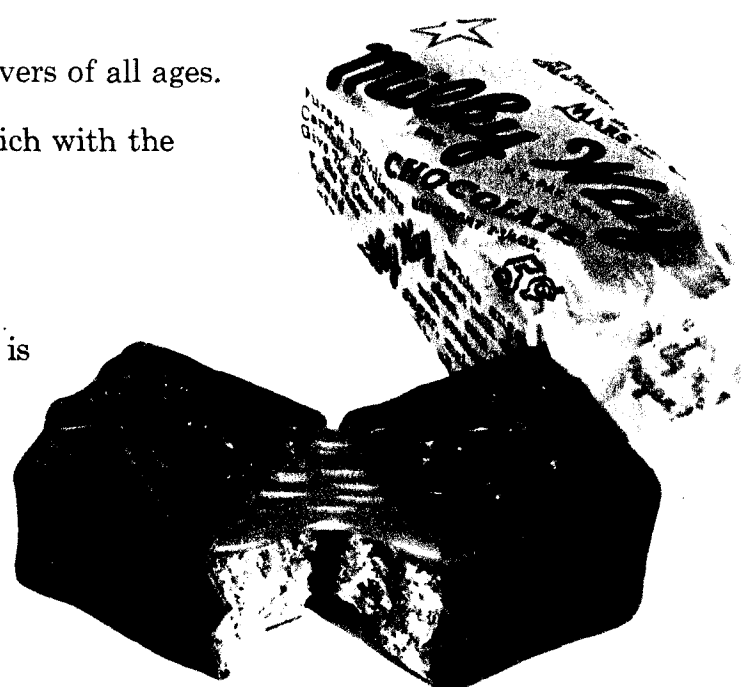
TASTE THRILL AT EVERY AGE...

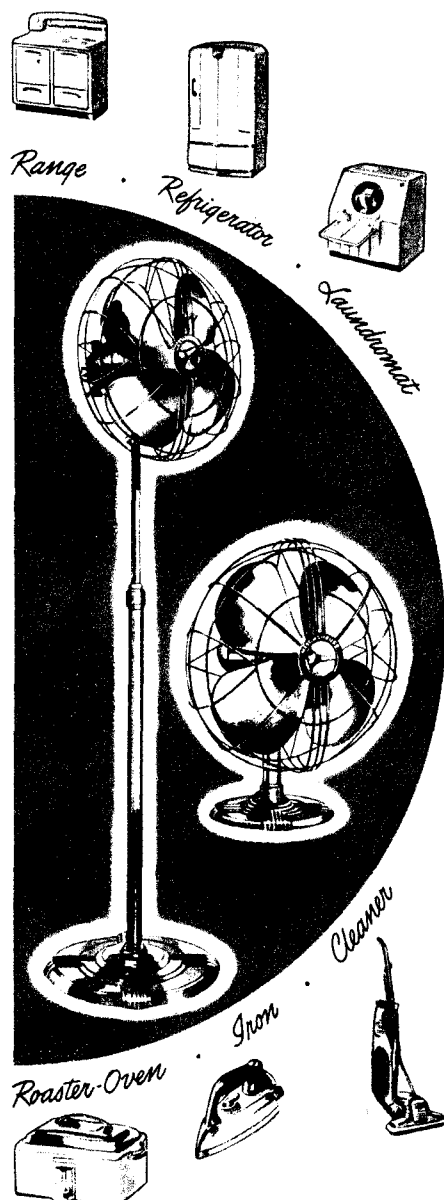
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I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

Continued from page 15

after a knockdown, drag-out fight with the major companies, and now he has a stake in every big corporation you can think of. He's got the idea everybody wants to take his dough away from him, and he stays holed up in his house in New York. He never sees anybody, never gives an interview to the newspapers, never even has his photograph taken. Martin, you're in a spot."

"But why me?" Martin said. "I don't get it. Bullfrog used to teach history. Why doesn't he go?"

"Just as well you didn't bring that up, Martin," Hanson said, and grinned.

"Why?"

"Duff and Bullfrog never got on too well. As a matter of fact, I hear Duff didn't want him elected headmaster, and he put a padlock on his pocketbook as soon as Bullfrog got the job. You see, they were in the same class, and they're the only members of that class still living. And, as you know, Bullfrog has only got five lines in Who's Who. He'd give his eyeteeth to enlarge that puddle by another fourteen lines, to get one ahead of Duff's eighteen, and he's always writing some treatise or other to crowd his list of publications. And you notice he always puts long titles on them, to take up more space. They've been that way ever since they were in school together. One of them was out of bounds, or something, in their last year, and the other one snatched on him. I don't know which was which."

Martin said hopelessly, "He likes 'em sober, industrious and neat."

"Well, you are," said Hanson. "All except neat. Look, we can fix that up. Of course you can't wear that suit you've got on."

"I have a blue serge," Martin said.

"Blue serge? Lord, no!" Hanson snapped his fingers. "Martin, I've got it. We're about the same size. Want to try on that new blue pin-stripe suit of mine? I'm sure it will fit."

Martin shook his head. "It's double-breasted."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I've never worn a double-breasted suit," Martin said, as if that settled it.

"Did you ever try one on?"

"No."

"Well, you're going to," Hanson said. "And I'll lend you my tuxedo, too. Say, got any starched collars?"

"No."

"Better get some, Martin. And a new hat. You can't wear that beat-up gray job. Better get a black Homburg. And I know what—I'll borrow that Malacca stick from Hutchins. Got gloves?"

"Of course," Martin said.

"I suppose you mean those fur-lined gauntlets?"

"Yes," Martin said. "They're good gloves."

Hanson groaned. "You'll have to get some decent gloves." He picked up Martin's pipe from the desk. "And you certainly can't take this along."

"Bob, I've got to smoke!" Martin said indignantly.

"Smoke cigarettes."

"I don't like cigarettes. I like a pipe."

"You're not going to pack this pipe around in the pocket of my suit," Hanson said firmly. He stood back and studied Martin. "I don't think even bear grease will keep that hair in place. It always looks like you just had a shampoo."

"I've got a cowlick," Martin said defensively.

Hanson put his head on one side. "Come here a minute."

Martin approached the bureau, and Hanson picked up a comb. "Stand still," he said. He drew the comb through Martin's hair, pursing his lips as he made a part and combed the hair away from Martin's forehead.

"Why, you dope," Hanson said. "All you have to do is part your hair on the side instead of in the middle. The cowlick falls right into place, and look, you've got a wave."

Martin gazed with surprise into the mirror. The change in part, which had brought out the latent wave, had allowed his hair to fall almost glossily into place. It was becoming. Martin looked at his face with rather astonished approval.

Hanson slapped his shoulder. "Cheer up, Martin. You'll do all right. Stop worrying. You know, I think you could use a little snifter. I have something tucked away in my room."

Martin wryly shook his head. "I've got to be sober."

"You?" said Hanson. "You never took more than one drink in a week in your life, did you?"

"I used to tinkle a little," Martin said, defiantly. "But I don't have the time any more." He sat down at his desk. "Anyhow, I have a speech to write and I'd better get busy on it, Bob." He pulled his portable toward him.

Hanson nodded sympathetically. "All right. I'll round up your wardrobe for you." He went to the door, turned, and said softly, "One last thing, Martin. When you get to New York, don't let anybody sell you the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Beat it, Bob. I'm busy."

Hanson grinned, and said, "It probably belongs to Barton Duff, anyhow." He closed the door.

BOB HANSON put Martin on the Thursday morning train, and James G. Fisher was on hand to see him off. Martin's thoroughly documented speech was stowed in his bag, his tickets and expense money were tucked in his wallet; the parting blessing of the headmaster was his oppressive companion as he started the journey.

By the time he reached New York, Martin's spirits had risen. He had attended college in the Middle West, and he had visited Chicago several times, but this was his first trip to New York. He looked forward to seeing the Empire State Building, and even the Brooklyn Bridge, and he had no particular timidity about venturing into a strange city, even the biggest in the country. He had al-

ways had great faith in the nation's well-ordered institutions of travel. All a man had to do was place himself in the hands of a railroad and he would be delivered to his destination, where a taxicab would convey him to his hotel and an elevator to his room, all without the need of exchanging more than a word or two. The simplicities of travel Martin had always taken on faith, but this faith was terribly shattered when he arrived at the Hotel Westbrook late that afternoon.

The lobby of the hotel had the look that day of an old lady's parlor up for auction, crowded with intruders. The austere, old-fashioned chairs were all occupied, and here and there men sat on upended suitcases and flicked cigar ashes on the rugs. Two conventions were booked in the hotel, and at the registration desk two clerks and an assistant manager were shaking their heads almost in unison. There was not a room to be had in the Hotel Westbrook; there was probably not a vacant room without iron bars in the entire city of New York. Definitely there was no room for Martin.

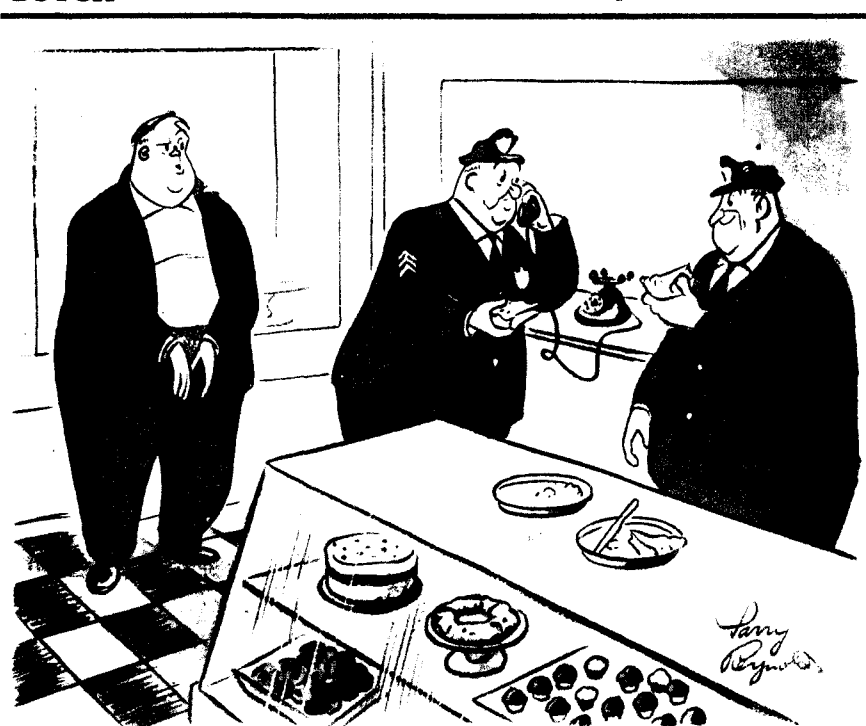
"Why, yes," the clerk told him. "We got your wire, but we couldn't fill your reservation, Mr. Vincent. We don't have a thing."

Martin felt lost. He stood by an ornamental pillar, watching the milling crowd at the registration desk. Lack of a hotel room would not have upset him under ordinary circumstances, he assured himself without much conviction, but now the blow seemed overwhelming. He was a man with a mission and he had to find a room. He stood stiffly by the pillar, in Bob Hanson's well-tailored pin-stripe suit, his starched collar and tightly knotted gray tie, his black Homburg and gloves and stick, and felt the lump of tension pressing on his stomach like a ten-pound weight.

He glanced at the ornate gilt clock on the wall. Five o'clock. He had to get settled somewhere and polish up his speech. He had only three hours until the meeting of the Historical Verification Association at eight o'clock. He jammed his cigarette into a sand-filled urn and walked across to the telephone booths. Six nickels went into the coin box and were housed there for the night, but Martin still had not found a place to sleep. He

BUTCH

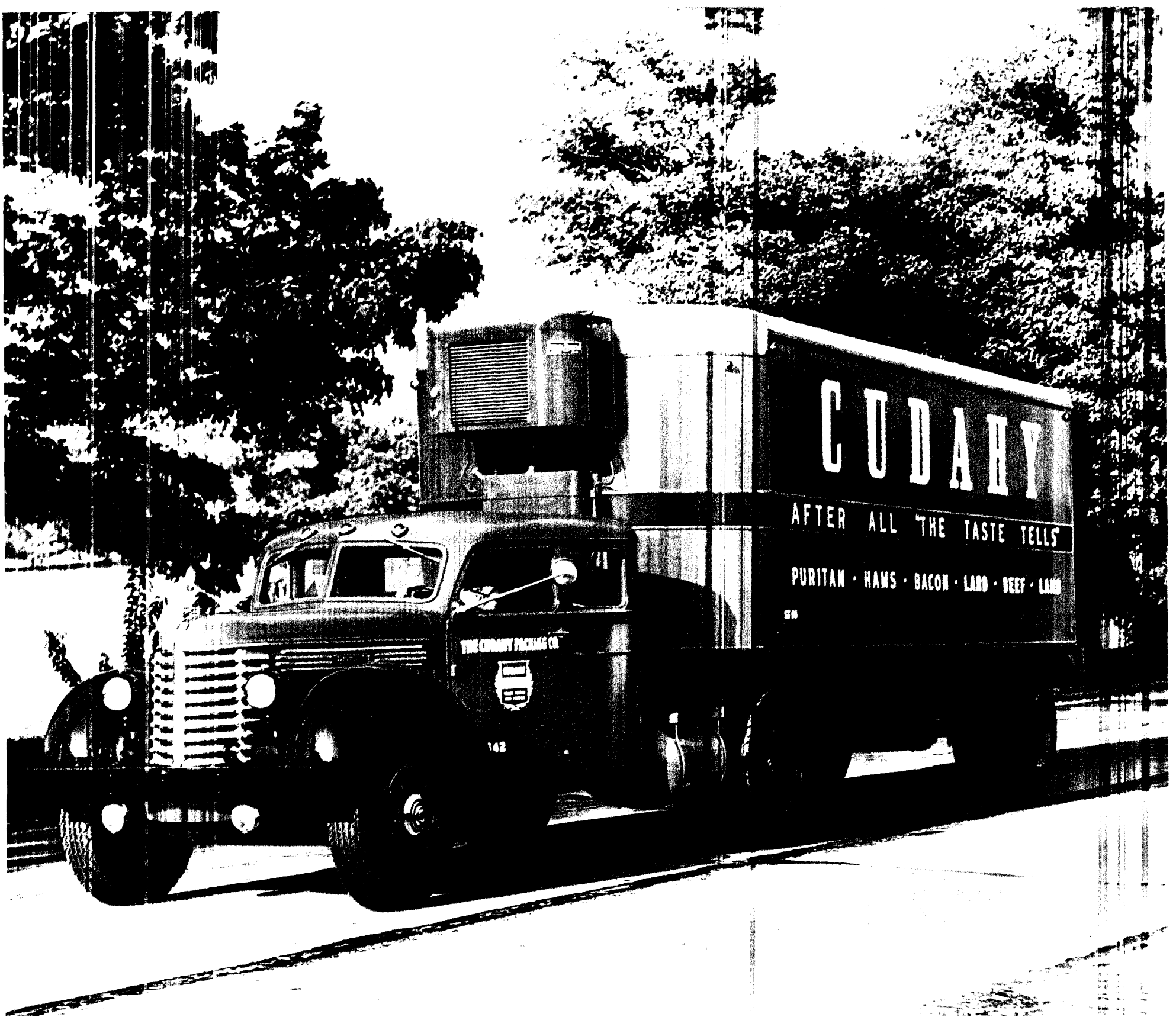
by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"I'll admit I was at th' cash register, but I ain't gonna take th' rap for them lemon pies!"

Collier's for April 10, 1948



“An enviable record for over 25 years”

... that's reliability

THIS latest Diamond T 614 is well worth a second look. It is really something rather special. The 2½-ton tractor has a new 339 cubic-inch heavy-duty Super-Service engine—130 truck horsepower. It handles 40,000 lbs. gross weight with speed, ease and safety beyond all former standards.

But, as in every Diamond T, this outstanding performance involves no sacrifice of reliability. Cudahy Packing Company has operated Diamond T's for more than 25 years. They have more than a hundred in service now. Here's what they say:

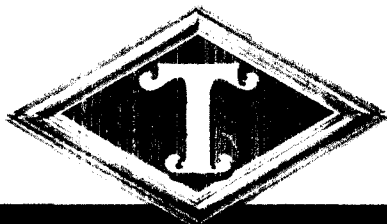
“For over 25 years the Cudahy fleet of Diamond T trucks has

run up an enviable record for reliability. Our Diamond T's came through last summer, one of the hottest on record, without losing a single pound of meat by spoiling. It's the same in any weather. Cudahy meats are delivered fresh . . . on schedule . . . with Diamond T.”

See your dealer. Let him show you the evidence of top-quality construction and top-efficiency in performance. Check with Diamond T owners that you know. Then remember—the new 1948 models are the finest Diamond T's we have ever built.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY CHICAGO

Established 1905



DIAMOND T TRUCKS



Did you hear something in the ATTIC?

WHEN IT'S WAY PAST MIDNIGHT, and you're *still* unable to get to sleep—it's hard to make your nerves behave.

Any unexplained sound can set fire to your imagination.

"What ails me?" you ask yourself. "Why am I so jumpy and on edge—and what kept me from getting to sleep in the first place?"

Perhaps it was the coffee you drank. Maybe you're one of those coffee lovers who are made nervous and sleepless by caffeine.

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Just drink Sanka Coffee!

Sanka Coffee is 97% caffeine-free! It can't possibly make you jittery or prevent you from getting to sleep!

And Sanka Coffee is so fragrant, so rich and full-bodied, you'll drink cup after cup! For Sanka is all coffee, real coffee, grand, flavorful coffee . . .

So start enjoying Sanka Coffee tonight!

TUNE IN! The Hilarious NEW Sanka Coffee Show—starring funster Danny Thomas! CBS, Fridays, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

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*YOU CAN
DRINK IT
AND SLEEP!*



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left the booth and returned to the directory to look up more hotels, and as he was writing the numbers on the envelope a low voice said, "You looking for a room, mister?"

Martin turned, and saw the shiny number 15 on a bellboy's uniform, then he looked into bright, unwinking eyes.

"Who isn't?" Martin said.

"A guy can always get a room," the bellhop said. He was small and natty, with blond hair and pinched eyes in a white face. "You want a room, mister?"

"Of course, I want a room."

THE bellhop took in Martin's immaculate pin-stripe suit, the black Homburg and the stick and gloves, and said out of the side of his mouth, "What's it worth to you?"

"It's very important," Martin began then stopped and met the bellhop's eyes. "Oh, you mean money?"

"Yeah, money. Is it worth a sawbuck to you?"

"A sawbuck?" Martin said. "That's ten dollars, isn't it?" His thumb carressed the cleft in his chin. He *had* to have a room, he thought, and, after all, his expenses were paid. "Yes," he said, "it's worth ten dollars."

"Okay," the bellboy said. "Walk over to the desk and ask for the key to room 1207."

Martin's eyebrows went up. "What is this, some sort of rib?"

"Go ahead. Ask for the key. That your bag over there?"

"Yes."

"I'll get it and meet you at the elevator," the bellhop told him. "You go get the key."

Martin shook his head. "I don't understand. You mean the hotel has a vacant room all the time?"

"It's vacant all right," the bellboy said. "You want it or don't you?"

"Yes," Martin said. "Don't I register first?"

"All you do is ask the clerk for the key," the bellhop said. "I'll take care of the rest of it."

"Oh, I see," Martin said. "It's between you and the clerk."

"It's between you and me, mister, and nobody else. If the clerk says anything you tell him Barney Driscoll sent you."

"Are you Barney Driscoll?"

"I'm Charlie Savage," the bellhop said. "Number fifteen. Look here, if you don't want the room, okay. I'll put one of them jokers out there in it." He gestured toward the crowded lobby.

Martin put on his hat, clutched his gloves and stick, and walked resolutely across to the room clerk. He had to force his steps. He did not like it, and his muscles pulled his abdomen tight. The room clerk was talking on a house telephone. He raised one eyebrow, indicating that Martin had his attention.

Martin sucked in his breath, raised his chin and said, "Twelve-oh-seven, please."

"Twelve-oh-seven," the clerk said, and backed away the length of the telephone cord. He tossed a key on the counter in front of Martin and went on talking into the telephone.

It was only when he reached for the key that Martin noticed the man standing a few feet away, watching him. He was thin and his unpressed gray coat hung loosely from his shoulders. He had bright, rather haunted blue eyes, shining in a sad, gray face. For an instant Martin met the bright gaze, then he turned away, clutching the key, and walked toward the elevators. The man did not fit Martin's conception of a house detective, but he could not remember ever having encountered a house detective outside of bad jokes. He had no way of knowing, and he felt a contraction of his shoulder blades where the bright eyes probably were watching him.

The bellhop was waiting by the elevator with Martin's suitcase. He mo-

tioned Martin into the elevator, and followed. Martin's stomach readjusted itself somewhat on the trip to the twelfth floor, but sank again when the bellhop opened the door of room 1207 and said, "Here you are." It was a suite. Not only a suite. At least a bridal suite, Martin thought. He gave the bellhop a shocked look and the boy said, "Not bad, huh? Worth a sawbuck, ain't it?"

"Listen," Martin said. "I can't stay here. This is somebody's room. Look, there's a photograph. And a private bar! That's not hotel furniture. Somebody lives here!"

"Relax," Charlie Savage said. "You want the room, or don't you? Guy who rents it is out on the Coast, but he don't want it to go to waste. Somebody sleeps here most every night. They just stop at the desk and say Barney Driscoll sent 'em and get the key and come on up. He left orders they could do it."

"Yes," Martin said. "But suppose somebody comes tonight?"

"You got the key, ain't you?" The bellhop thrust the key into Martin's hand. "Just hang onto it. Now, how about that sawbuck?"

Martin swallowed, hesitated. Finally he asked, "Have you done this before?"

"All the time," the bellhop said. "Two-three nights a week."

Martin took out his wallet, extracted a ten-dollar bill, and gave it to the bellhop. Charlie went to the door, turned, and grinned. "When you want to go, let me know. Just phone down for Charlie Savage. Number fifteen."

"When I want to go where?" Martin said.

"When you want to check out," the bellhop said. "After all, chum, you ain't registered. You try and walk out of here with your bag, and the house dick will stop you. See?"

Martin saw. He nodded and sank into a chair.

"He'll want to know where you was," Charlie said. "He'll want to know what you got in that bag and how come you ain't registered. They'll have you into the manager's office, and the manager is a tough little pickle." Charlie winked. "But you just call me and I'll get you out," he said, and showed a happy grin. "It'll cost you another ten, though."

The bellhop closed the door, but instantly Martin had it open again, and called, "Come back here!" Charlie Savage turned his head as he retreated along the corridor.

"Can't. You'll be okay."

"Listen," Martin said. "Who is Barney Driscoll?"

A COUPLE had turned into the corridor from the direction of the elevators. Charlie shrugged his shoulders and walked on. Martin stepped into the room and closed the door.

He felt trapped, but he tried to reassure himself. It was a vacant room, wasn't it? Why shouldn't he sleep here? A representative of the hotel had put him here, if it came down to cases. Of course he ought to telephone down to the manager and explain the whole thing and have that thieving bellhop tossed out on his ear, but he hesitated to do so, and not from regard for Charlie Savage. A call to the manager would probably mean a call from the house detective.

Martin squared his shoulders and drew in a deep breath. What the hell, he told himself, he had a room and why couldn't he use it without any nonsense. Lots of guys would think nothing of it. They'd settle in and sleep like kittens. They'd tell the manager where to get off, and they'd probably wring that bellhop's neck. Why couldn't he do the same?

He looked around the room. In the corner was a small bar, well stocked. On a table was the photograph he had noticed when he first entered the room. He picked it up. A beautiful, raven-haired

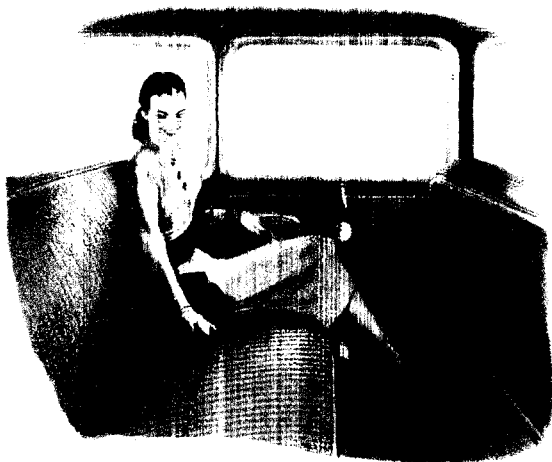
Collier's for April 10, 1948

WILLYS-OVERLAND *Presents...*

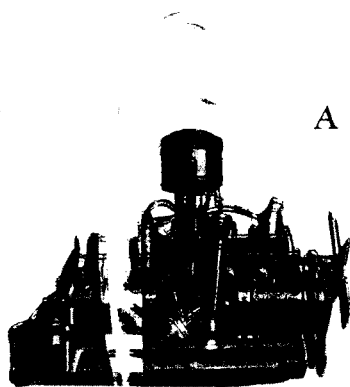


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with hair like this, "hello handsome"



Want handsome hair? Listen. You can get your hair so darn good-looking, so well-groomed that gals will gather like geese going North. Just take...

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils evenly distributed over hair and scalp.

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Vitalis and the
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to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.



Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

woman smiled out at him. On her shoulder she wore an inked scrawl that said: *To dear old Barney, with Hedy's love.* He put the photograph hastily back in place.

He went through into the bedroom, and was startled by a glimpse of a tall, pale man, beautifully turned out, a man who belonged in this handsomely appointed suite. It was his own reflection in the mirror, as he realized instantly, and he paused to inspect it. He was so impressed by his own appearance that he felt better.

But he saw more photographs in the bedroom, and he recognized more of the faces. He opened a closet door; there were clothes on the hangers, shoes in the rack. He hastily pushed the door shut. To a man who had never owned more than three pairs of shoes at a time, the sight of a half-dozen pairs left behind on a trip to the Coast was disturbing. A man with such a wealth of shoes would not deal easily with an intruder, Martin felt.

He reminded himself that the bellhop had told him friends of Barney Driscoll often stayed here, and he remembered how the clerk had passed him the key without question. Still, he felt himself an intruder. He returned to the living room, saw his suitcase by the door, and carried it into the bedroom, then he got out of the suite as fast as he could. What he needed was a drink. For years he had contented himself with a highball a week, but that was in Porthaven. He hadn't needed a drink in Porthaven.

IN THE lobby once more, he felt more sure of himself, although he was constantly aware of the bulk of the key to room 1207 in his pocket. But at least he was in a position to explain his business; he was not an intruder in another man's room. He decided that he would telephone every hotel in the directory until he found a room, and get his bag out of room 1207, even if it cost him another ten. But first, a drink!

In the Westbrook's oak-paneled bar, Martin settled himself at a table and or-

dered Scotch and water. He poured the substantial jigger of whisky into the water, stirred it and raised the glass to his lips, but he did not drink. His eyes met again the bright gaze of the shabby man he had seen at the registration desk when he asked for the key to room 1207. The man was at the bar, drinking a beer, and had adjusted his body on one elbow so that he could stare at Martin.

Martin was disturbed. Was the man following him. Certainly he acted like a house detective checking up. For a moment Martin thought of walking over to the bar and explaining just what the circumstances were, but he discarded the idea. After all, the man had not approached him. He yet had time to get his bag out of the room and find another hotel, if possible. He lifted his glass and swallowed the whisky, then left money on the table and moved out to the lobby.

First he would get hold of Charlie Savage and have him bring the bag down, then he would try his luck at the telephone. He looked around the lobby, and saw the bellhop sitting on a bench near the bell captain's desk. He beckoned to him, and they met by a potted palm, where Charlie listened unwinking to Martin's urgent whisper, "I've got to get my bag out of there. The house officer is following me."

"Sam is?" The bellhop shrugged. "Look, don't worry about it. I can take care of Sam. It may cost you something, though."

Panic rose in Martin. "No!" he said. "Just get my bag!" Through the fronds of the palm he could see the entrance to the bar and he recognized the baggy knees of a gray, unpressed suit. "There he is now, Charlie. He's watching everything I do."

Charlie turned his head. "Where?" he asked.

"There. Standing at the door to the bar."

Charlie shook his head. "That ain't the house dick. The house dick is a big, fat guy."

Martin looked again. "Then who is he?"



"Could you have someone carry me outside? I'd like to see it in the daylight"

COLLIER'S

JARO FABRY



What does your garden grow?

Some men cultivate flowers . . . some would rather grow vegetables, and some don't care for gardening at all!

In a whiskey, as in a hobby, personal tastes determine what seems "best." That's why you

alone can decide whether the subtle *difference* in Hunter's flavor will make it *your* favorite.

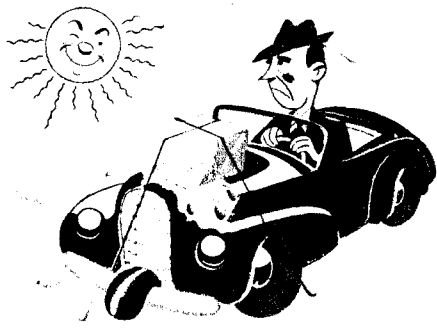
So try Hunter! For thousands of men who have tried it once, have liked it instantly . . . and today prefer Hunter to all others.

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... keeps your car
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Winter accumulations of rust, scale and oil muck in the cooling system means lowered cooling efficiency and possible serious engine damage. Now's the time to drain out anti-freeze . . . and give your car a Warner 1-2 Treatment.

Avoid expense and delay of engine repairs

The Warner 1-2 Treatment puts your car's cooling system in top shape for carefree warm-weather driving. It's simple, fast and sure . . . Warner Cleaner, to thoroughly clean the cooling system—Warner Protector, to keep it clean. Ask your service man today.

Here's what the Warner 1-2 Treatment does for your car

- 1 Warner Cleaner—Quickly and thoroughly cleans cooling system of rust, scale, oil muck and dirt.
- 2 Warner Protector—Places a thin protective film throughout cooling system to prevent rust and corrosion.

—And for leaks, don't forget famous Warner Liquid Solder (Non-metallic) deposits tiny fibers where leaks occur.



Warner-Patterson Co., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5

The bellhop shrugged. "I don't know him. I've seen him, though, hanging around."

"I guess I'm jittery," Martin said apologetically. "I was sure he was following me."

Charlie gave Martin a long look, said, "You want I should find out who he is?"

"Yes," Martin said. "Can you?"

"Sure. You wait here."

"I'll wait in the bar," Martin said.

He returned to his table and ordered another Scotch. He turned his head frequently toward the door, but saw no sign of Charlie Savage. But as he looked, his eyes for an instant met long-lashed gray eyes. He turned his head away, then looked again, and once more gray eyes met his. They belonged to a girl at the table next to his, sitting alone with a Martini and a copy of Variety.

Martin hastily turned away, but he had seen enough to know that she was a very pretty girl and that she looked troubled. Possibly, he thought, he imagined that part of it. Perhaps his own pressing anxiety made him think that she looked anxious also. It was incredible how much the incident of room 1207 had upset him.

THE waiter brought his drink. As he stirred it Martin turned his head a little so that the next table came into the corner of his vision. The girl wore her blond hair drawn back to show her small ears. Her mouth was wide, but nicely shaped, and her nose was straight and rather prominent. The nose gave her a vaguely foreign look, Martin thought, possibly French. She had that self-contained, knowing confidence of a Frenchwoman. You saw it in American girls who had been around too much, but Parisians seemed to acquire it by birthright. Either type gave Martin a timid sense of inadequacy. He was always at a loss with confident women.

He had almost forgotten the drab little man with the hungry blue eyes. Then he glanced up and saw him, standing again at the bar. The man turned his head quickly away, and Martin frowned. The Scotches had done their work and anger possessed him. He'd get up, he decided, and walk up to the bar and ask this fellow why he was following him around. He started to rise, but dropped back again. He had no proof that the man was following him, none at all. He had been at the registration desk when Martin asked for the room key; he had been in the bar when Martin was there, and now he had returned to the bar. That was all. Martin had caught his eye a couple of times, but then he had also caught the eye of the girl at the table next to his.

"Excuse me," a low voice said. "Will you lend me five dollars?"

Martin jerked his head around. The girl at the next table was leaning toward him, and he met her calm eyes. He said, "I beg your pardon?"

"I said, will you lend me five dollars, please." The voice was low, but matter-of-fact. She looked at him with a certain unperturbed confidence, as if there were nothing unusual in the request.

"Five dollars?" Martin said, and stared into the gray eyes. Even in the moment of surprise he noticed that he had been right; she had a slight accent.

She made an impatient gesture with one hand. "I find I have come away without my pocketbook," she said. "Without my wallet, that is. You understand, I carry with me my money in a little alligator-skins wallet, and I forget to put it in my pocketbook. So I have not one sou with me." She pointed at her opened pocketbook and smiled. "In this countree, I am told, you must wash the dishes when you cannot pay. It is so?"

"Why, I guess so," Martin said.

"So." She spread her hands. "I do not wish to wash the dishes, so I look at you and I say to myself, 'Here is a nice fellow,

and I will ask him for the money.' You see?"

It was Martin who was embarrassed, not she. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and there was an instant of excruciating silence. He saw her draw back, and the gray eyes became cloudy. She said quietly, "Excuse me, I am so sorry," and turned her head away.

"Wait," Martin said. "I'll let you have the five dollars." He reached for his wallet.

She shook her head. "To wash dishes is not so bad, I think."

His face reddened. "You took me by surprise, you know. I'll be glad to lend it to you." He had his wallet open, took out a bill.

Her low voice said, "Thank you, it is not necessary," and she sat half turned away. Martin became aware that the man at the bar was watching them, and it was an embarrassing scene as he sat holding out a five-dollar bill to the girl at the next table. Thank Heaven, he thought, the man was not a house detective. He said urgently, "Please take it. Here." He dropped it on the table at her elbow.

She turned quickly, with a wide, friendly smile. "You are *gentil*," she said. "I know when I look at you that you will not mind. I think it is an audacious thing to do, but you see, I do not wish to wash the dishes." She picked up the money. "I will return it at once. Almost at once. You are staying in the hotel?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Then give me the number of your room, please."

"Twelve-oh-seven."

She took an envelope from her pocket-book and wrote down the number with eyebrow pencil, then looked up at him and smiled again. "And your name?"

Martin hesitated. He was not registered. The room was not his. He said quickly, "Please don't think of paying it back."

Her eyebrows went up. "But I must!" She looked hurt, and her cheeks were flushed. "Of course I pay it back."

Martin thought fast. "Just put it in an envelope and give it to bellboy number fifteen. Tell him to take it up to room 1207."

"But may I not leave it at the desk for you?"

"The bellboy will . . ."

"But how do I find this bellboy? Is it not more convenient to leave it at the desk?"

Martin shrugged and said, "All right."

"And the name, please?"

"The room number is enough."

"Oh," she said, and blushed again. "I assure you, sir, I . . . Well, I should introduce myself. I am Madeleine Petit, and I also am stay here in the hotel. I have just come from Europe."

MARTIN thought that if she were staying in the hotel, she could have signed the bar check. But perhaps, being French, she did not know this. He said, "Driscoll."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just put the name Driscoll on the envelope."

"Oh, to be sure, your name." She wrote Driscoll above the room number, then raised her hand and signaled to the waiter. "I am much embarrassed, Meester Driscoll. Such a thing will not happen to me again." She pushed the bill into the waiter's hand, and rose to her feet as he made change.

Martin also rose and, glancing toward the bar, saw a grin on the lean face of the blue-eyed man.

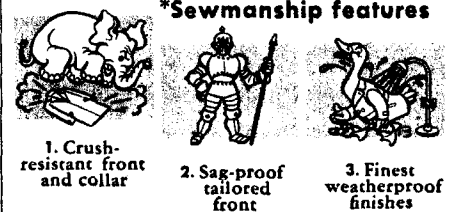
A moment later he was alone. She had walked quickly from the bar without a backward glance. Martin sat down and thoughtfully picked up his glass. He remembered her gray eyes, her low, exciting voice. Her perfume still lingered in his nostrils. He had been pretty slow

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Collier's for April 10, 1948

on the uptake, he thought. He had embarrassed the girl. But other girls he knew would not have borrowed money from a stranger in a bar, he thought; they'd have washed a ceiling-high stack of dishes first.

His next thought was to wonder whether this was a new sort of confidence trick that had been played on him. If so, very small stakes were involved. A girl like that, with a figure like that, could do better than cadging five-dollar bills in bars. Still, he felt uncomfortable. Like most conventional people, he hated to think that anyone had got the best of him. It made him feel like a sucker, and already he wished he had refused to lend her the money. After all, if she were really living in the hotel, she could have signed the check. And now that he thought of it, that French accent seemed unconvincing. Definitely, Martin decided, he had been taken for five dollars, like any trusting stranger in the big city. Next he'd be bidding for the Brooklyn Bridge.

Not until he saw Charlie Savage at the entrance to the bar did Martin realize that the girl had made him forget the complications of room 1207. The bellhop met Martin's eyes, spread his hands, shrugged his shoulders, then slowly shook his head. Meaning, Martin supposed, that he had not found out who the man was. Martin nodded, and the bellhop went away.

Martin paid his check and returned to the lobby. The drinks had fortified him, and for the time being the matter of the hotel room was unimportant. He had his speech to think about, and he went to the bulletin board to look up special events for the day. He found it on the fifth line: *Historical Verification Association: Parakeet Room: 8 P.M.* Hearing his name called, he swung around. A bellboy was paging Mr. Martin Vincent. Martin called, "Here, boy."

"Mr. Vincent?"

"Yes."

"There's a young lady wants to talk to you. Please follow me."

Martin followed the bellboy across the lobby. It could not be Madeleine Petit; he had not given her his name. He didn't know any girls in New York. He was a stranger in town. Who could be paging him? He gripped the Latin instructor's Malacca stick a little more tightly.

SHE was sitting by a tall window, where two chairs were arranged close together, and she glanced up as Martin approached with the bellboy. He saw quick movement of a silken knee as she uncrossed her legs, then he looked into bored blue eyes. She got to her feet and held out her hand. "Mr. Vincent?" she said. "I'm Mary Edmonds."

He took her hand uncertainly, said, "Edmonds?"

"Didn't you get my letter?"

He shook his head.

She smiled, and the smile enlivened her face and hid the boredom in her eyes. She had a high, smooth forehead, very white under black hair, and a straight nose.

"I sent you a letter yesterday," she said. "Air-mail and special. I suppose it missed you. You *are* Mr. Vincent of the Porthaven School, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Barton Duff's secretary."

"Oh," Martin said. "How do you do?"

"I was worried about you. I telephoned, and they said you weren't registered, so I came down. I took a chance and paged you. Dr. Fisher telegraphed that you would be staying at the Westbrook."

"I'm not registered," Martin said. "I'm—er—staying in a friend's room. Twelve-oh-seven."

She took a memorandum book from

Wife puts engineer on right track



7 A.M. "Oh! Oh!" said the engineer. "I'll never be in shape for that 9 o'clock run! I need a laxative. My head's pounding, I feel logy."

"It's speedy Sal Hepatica for you! It will give you the green light in a jiffy!" said his wife. "Here it is, all mixed and sparkling for you!"



9 A.M. Everything's under control... even the man at the throttle! Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it

usually acts within an hour.

It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. So always keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy!

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try speedy Sal Hepatica next time you need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a fluid bulk laxative, soft pressure is exerted to stimulate gentle, speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, speedy
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: { "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network



CARL ROSE

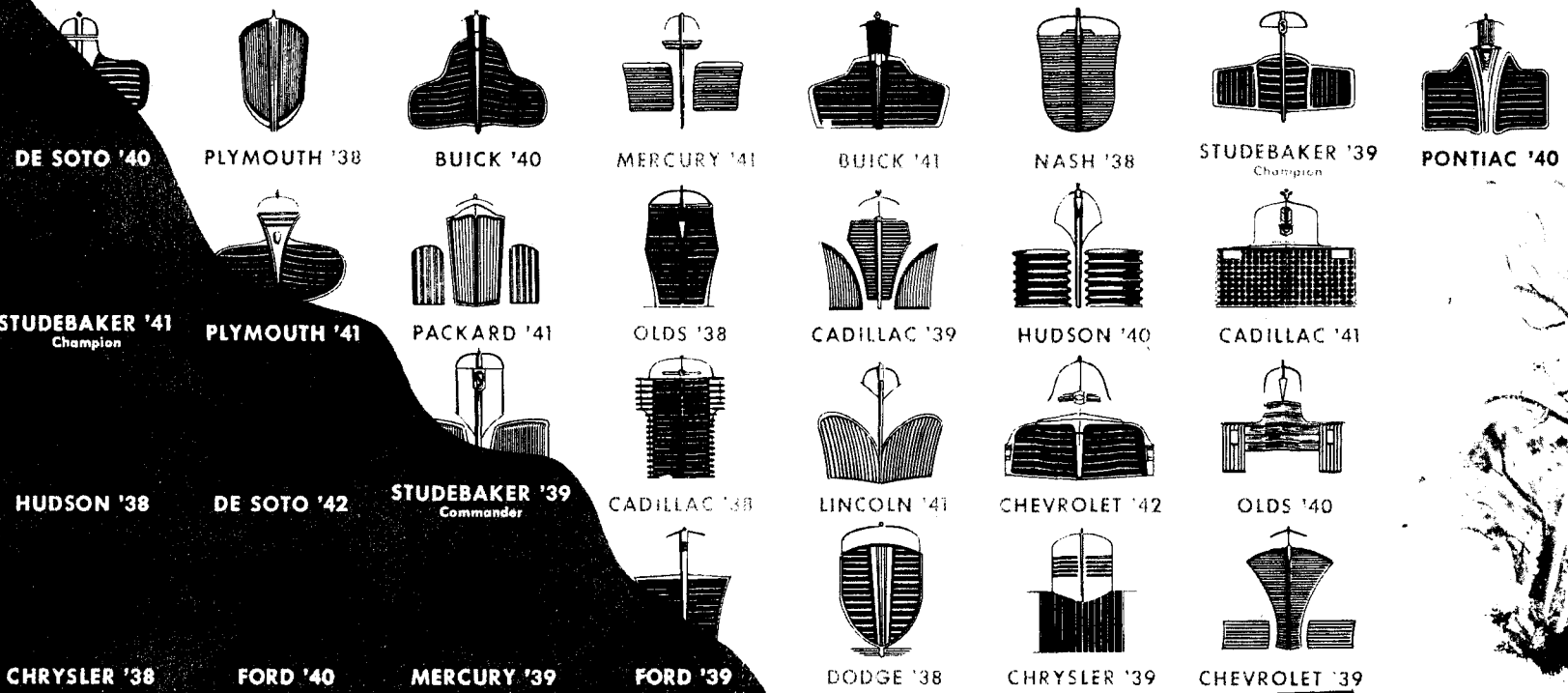
There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Cigarette ashes are a great worry to a smoker and, perhaps more frequently, to the hostess. However, the wise smoker can light his cigarette and smoke its full length, without a speck of ash dropping off. Though he seems quite oblivious to the ever-increasing length of the ash, everyone else will keep anxious eyes on the cigarette.

The secret of the indestructible ash is a length of straight wire just a little shorter than the cigarette. The wire is pushed down through the center of the tobacco, beginning at the end which is to be lighted. A little care must be taken to keep the wire straight when pushing it into the tobacco, so it will not run off at an angle and pierce the cigarette paper. Naturally, in order to make the feat impressive, the wire must be put into the cigarette in advance. The ordinary wire paper clip is excellent for the purpose if straightened out and broken off at the right length. It is easy to break this wire by bending it back and forth between the fingers. A hairpin, one of the more robust kind, also can be used, though if it is one of those with wriggles, it is slightly difficult to push through tobacco.

When enough of the cigarette has been smoked to please, it may be laid flat on the tray and will go out almost at once.



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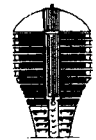
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STUDEBAKER '38 Champion NASH '39 DODGE '39 PLYMOUTH '39 STUDEBAKER '38 Commander DE SOTO '38 STUDEBAKER '40 Commander DODGE '42 STUDEBAKER '40 Commander

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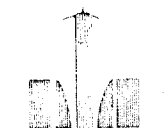
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CHRYSLER '41



PONTIAC '39



PLYMOUTH '40



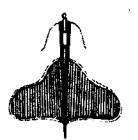
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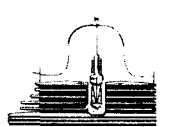
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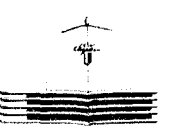
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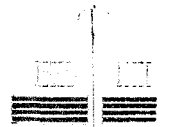
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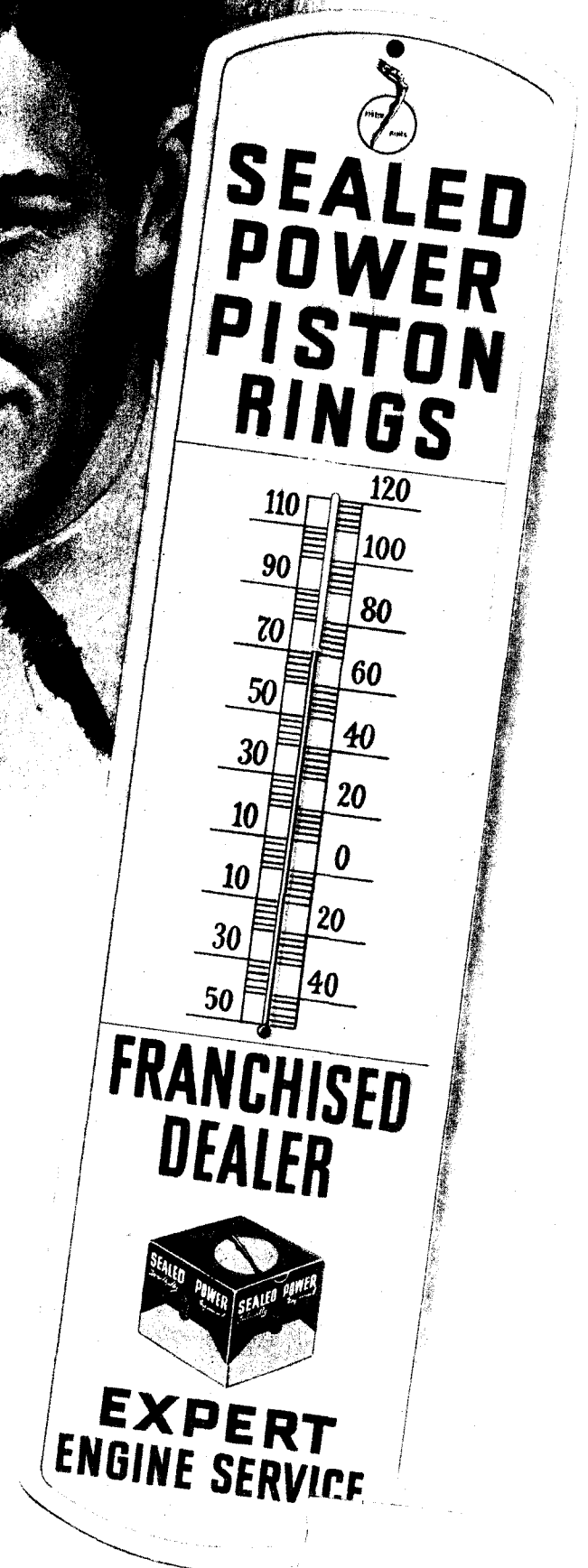
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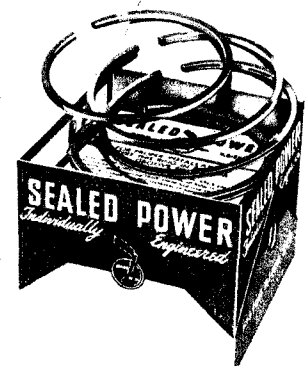
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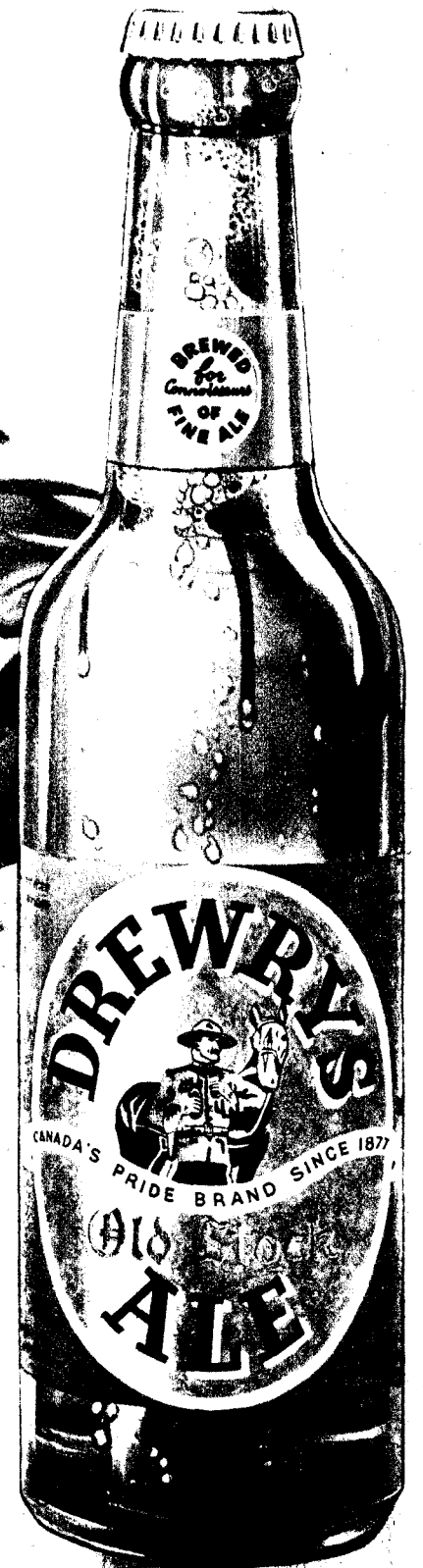


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her pocketbook and wrote the number down, then gave him her smile again. "Mr. Duff wanted me to brief you a little," she said. "He likes his meetings to run on schedule."

Martin nodded, and strove for a mundane manner. "Shall we have a cocktail?"

She glanced at her wrist watch. "All right. I'll have just one. I'm not much for cocktails, you know. Not while working, anyway. And Mr. Duff doesn't particularly approve."

"He's opposed to drinking?"

"Oh, no. Only public drinking. Mr. Duff believes that both eating and drinking should be conducted in private. Naturally you know how he feels about privacy."

"I don't know much about Mr. Duff," Martin said.

"Exactly. That's the way Mr. Duff wants it."

THEY reached the bar, and after they were seated and he had ordered cocktails, she said, "Mr. Duff lives by himself in his house up on Fifth Avenue. He rarely ever sees anyone. He almost never leaves the house except for H.V.A. meetings. I run most of his errands for him, and I keep his appointments, when he makes appointments, that is. But it's a fight. It's a constant fight."

"What's a fight?"

"Keeping his privacy, I mean. Newspapers are always trying to get at him, interview him, take his photograph, all that, but so far we've kept them out. Had to put bars on the lower windows, though." She gave Martin a level look. "Now the main thing is to be there on time tonight." She opened her handbag and took out the memo book. "The meeting starts at eight o'clock, and that means exactly eight o'clock. Your speech goes on at 8:06, and you will be finished at 8:36."

"What?" Martin said.

"On the dot," said Mary Edmonds. "Mr. Duff will ring a warning bell at 8:35, and two bells at 8:36, then you're through."

He said nervously, "I didn't time my speech."

"Then you'd better time it." She put the memo book away and picked up her cocktail.

"How much time have you allowed for that drink?" Martin asked.

She looked surprised. "Twelve minutes. Why?"

"I thought so," he said, with a grin.

"Well, I have to be back at six thirty. Then I have dinner and we start for the

Westbrook at seven forty-six. You'll be on time, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," he said. "I want to make a good impression on Barton Duff."

"You do?" She raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

"For the old Blue and Gold," Martin said.

She nodded. "At least you're frank about it. I thought they'd send up a slick article like you."

"A slick article?" said Martin. He was tremendously pleased, and put his hand to the tight knot of his gray tie.

"Money," Miss Edmonds said, and sighed. "It's always money."

Martin put his glass down and focused his eyes on her remote face. He was feeling the drinks. "It's not *your* money," he said.

She met his gaze steadily. "No, it's not my money," she said. "But it is my job to fend off all the money seekers who come knocking at Mr. Duff's door. I get a little tired of it. And you know..." She leaned toward him. "You're not fooling Mr. Duff. He knows perfectly well why Dr. Fisher sent you up here to make a speech."

"Does he?" Martin said uncomfortably. "What did he say about it?"

Her smile was irritating. "He simply laughed."

Martin said glumly, "That's not good."

She was still smiling. "I'm afraid all the big build-up Dr. Fisher gave you was in vain, Mr. Vincent."

"Build-up?" Martin said. "Dr. Fisher gave me a build-up?"

"The most promising young master at Porthaven," she said. "A real scholar, and a specialist in history and education. Now engaged in a definitive work on the history of education. And so on and so forth."

"Imagine that," Martin said.

"But, as I said, the build-up won't help," Mary Edmonds went on. "You might as well give up and go back to Porthaven, Mr. Vincent. As a matter of fact, as I told Mr. Duff, isn't it time the other alumni took a hand in supporting Porthaven? Why should all the burden fall on Barton Duff?"

"You told him that?" Martin said.

"Well, I can tell you why. Mr. Duff is a First Boy, one of two surviving members of the first class at Porthaven. He's helped the school in the past, when no one else came through. They've tried soliciting the alumni. They've tried everything. But most of the alumni are primarily interested in the colleges they went to. They've forgotten Porthaven."

"So has Mr. Duff," said Mary Edmonds.

"You don't know anything about Porthaven," he said. "You've never been there. You've never even seen the school. Yet you go out of your way to argue against us with Mr. Duff, without even knowing what Porthaven is or what it means."

"Well," said Mary Edmonds. "What does Porthaven mean?"

"It's a damned fine school," Martin said. "It could be the best in the country if it weren't so pressed for money. Every year we send out a class of kids, and they're educated kids. We've taught them their lessons, sure, but we've taught them other things, too, to last them all their lives. Sportsmanship, and getting along with your fellow man, and..."

"The old Blue and Gold," she said tartly.

"That's right," Martin said with beligerence.

"I'll bet you don't give a hoot about it," she said. "I bet you hate the little nippers. Otherwise you wouldn't unload all those clichés like a dump truck."

"I can't help it if the truth sounds like a cliché," Martin said. "We have done a fine job at Porthaven, for fifty years now. It would be a crime if the school had to close down. It would mean two hundred boys would lose the advantages of Porthaven. It would mean the faculty—and it's a good one—would be out of a job."

"That's it," Mary Edmonds said. "Jobs."

"We can get other jobs," he said stiffly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Mr. Vincent," she said. "Because Mr. Duff has made up his mind. His only interest these days is the H.V.A., and it's a good thing, too. It makes him happy, and the H.V.A. isn't trying to get at his moneybags."

"I don't understand this interest in history," Martin said. "I remember hearing that Mr. Duff had very poor marks at Porthaven. He barely squeaked through."

"It isn't history; it's the movies," she smiled. "He adores the movies. He's like a kid about them. He has a projection machine and a theater in his house and he sees all the new ones as soon as they're released. Actually, the H.V.A. is just a good excuse to see all the pictures. Of course, he's very sincere about the aims of the organization. Don't think he isn't!"

Martin said, "You seem to be fond of old Mr. Duff."

"I am." She glanced at her watch. "Your two minutes are up, and I have to run." She rose, and put out her hand. "At least, when you make your speech, Mr. Vincent, concentrate on one thing. I'll give you that tip."

"Yes? On what?"

"The West," said Mary Edmonds. "He follows all the Westerns." She smiled again and said, "Good luck," and walked briskly away.

MARTIN paid his check and went out of the bar. His task seemed impossible with Duff's secretary openly allied against him. As he went up in the elevator to the twelfth floor he thought that there wasn't much chance for Porthaven. He had little reliance in his powers of persuasion. But surprisingly, he was not greatly concerned, and as he walked along the twelfth-floor corridor he understood the reason why. He was pretty tight.

Tight or not, there was the matter of the speech. It was already six thirty and he had to time it, he had to put a little emphasis on the West somewhere. It was thirty pages long, far too long for a half-hour speech. He let himself into room 1207 and got the speech out of his suitcase in the bedroom. As he did so he saw his reflection again in the full-length mirror and paused for a careful inspection. Yes, he thought, he did look like a

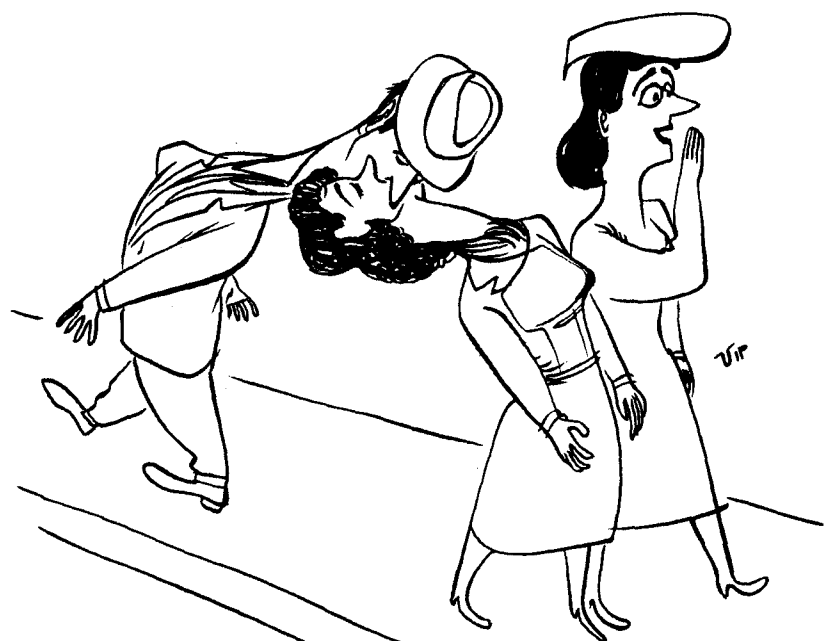
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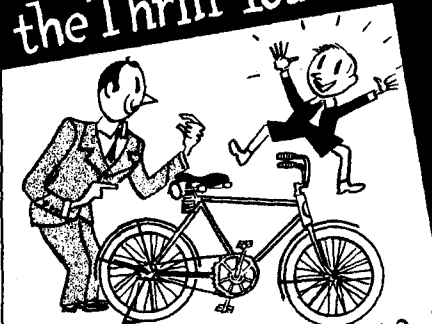


COLLIER'S

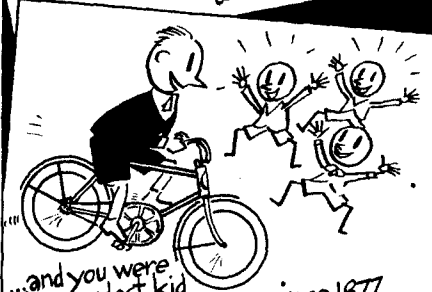
"Boy, did you get a load of that hunk of man?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

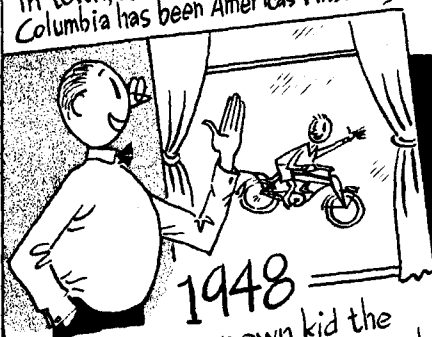
Give Your Kids the Thrill You Had!



1918
Way back when you were a youngster yourself chances are your dad bought you the best bike to be had - Columbia



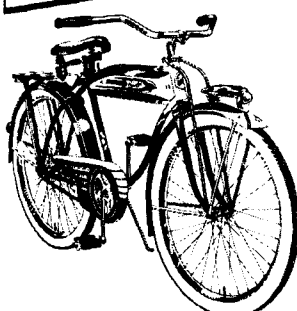
...and you were the proudest kid in town, because, ever since 1877, Columbia has been America's FIRST bicycle



1948
Why not give your own kid the same thrill you had - with a grand new 1948 model bicycle by Columbia--then..



Yours will be the proudest kid in town because, Columbia - America's FIRST bicycle - is still the very best bike to be had



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pretty slick article. It had done a lot for his morale, that phrase from that girl.

He changed into his tuxedo, then took the speech to a table near the window in the living room and got out his pencil. He had cut two paragraphs out of the first three pages, and was at work on the fourth page, when the telephone rang. The sound in the still room made him jump. He turned and looked at the instrument, aware once more that he was an intruder in this room. But he had given Mary Edmonds the number; the call might be from Barton Duff. He crossed slowly, picked up the receiver, and said, "Hello."

A woman's voice said, "Mr. Driscoll?" Martin's heart sank. He mumbled, "Who's calling?"

"This is Miss Petit. Madeleine Petit."

"Oh," Martin said. "Hello."

"I wish to return the money," she said. "May I now?"

"All right," he said. "If you'll just leave it at the desk, I'll pick it up."

"I'm on the eleventh floor, Mr. Driscoll. I only have to run up one flight. I come at once." She hung up.

AT LEAST, Martin thought, as he dropped the receiver back on its cradle, she wasn't a confidence artist. He hadn't been taken in. He was glad he had not refused the loan.

Two minutes after she telephoned, Madeleine Petit was at Martin's door, giving him her wide smile, saying, "You were a good sport to let me have the money." She looked past him. "Oh, what a beautiful room."

She was moving forward, and Martin stood aside. "Lovely," she said. "You live here permanently, it seems."

Martin said nothing; he saw no point in explanations. She dropped into a chair, opened her handbag, and took out a five-dollar bill. "I return it now," she said, "with so many thanks."

Martin took the money; he felt embarrassed and said with an attempt at lightness, "You know, I'm a stranger in town and I thought maybe I'd been taken in by a confidence trick. I owe you an apology."

"Confidence?" she said, and her eyes opened wide. "What is this, confidence?"

"You know," he said. "Taking advantage of somebody. That kind of thing."

"I see," Miss Petit said softly. "I would say, Monsieur, you yourself have everything here to take advantage. Even a bar!" She smiled. "I am hinting."

Martin moistened his lips, said, "I don't want to seem rude, but I'm terribly busy. I have to cut a speech. You know, time it. My speech is too long in script, and I only have half an hour for it."

"You must time it?" she said. "But allow me to help. You make your speech and give me your watch. How is that? Please, let me help you."

"That's kind of you," Martin said. "Very kind. I would like to try it out." He picked up the telephone. "What will it be, cocktail or highball?"

She pointed to the bar. "But you have so much here. Why do you call?"

"I need ice," Martin said hastily. "What will it be?"

"For me, I think, a Manhattan."

Martin ordered a shaker of Manhattans, put his watch in her hand, and began reading the speech. When he found a place that could stand cutting he called, "Time out," and she checked the watch. There was a faint smile on her lips all the time.

A waiter brought the drinks, and Martin paid. As he filled the glasses she said, "When do you make your speech?"

"Tonight. Eight o'clock."

"So soon?" She glanced up at him. "It is a strange speech for you to make, I think."

"Strange? Why?"

"So much, what you call, scholarship. So much talk of history. In you it surprises me."

"Well," he said, "history is my subject."

"Your subject, please?"

"My specialty," Martin said. "Shall we go on?" He picked up the manuscript and went on reading, making cuts now and then, calling for time out, refilling their glasses. At last he finished, looked at her, and said, "Well?"

"Very good," she said. "A very fine speech, I think."

"Thanks. But how much time?"

"Oh." She studied some marks she had made on an envelope with eyebrow pencil. "Take away one minute here, and another two, is three minutes, and is five, is seven, is twelve. What time we begin? Six minutes to seven. And is now seven fifty-nine. Sixty-five minutes you is talking. Take away twelve. Is fifty-three minutes. It makes twenty-three minutes too much, but you make many cuts, so . . ."

Martin stared at her. "What time did you say it was?"

"Seven fifty-nine." She looked at the watch. "And now a half."

"I'm due at eight!" Martin cried. "I've got to run."

"But wait. The cocktails are not finished. We . . ."

"You finish 'em," he said. "Goodby."

He started for the door, but her call stopped him. "Wait! I have your watch."

He turned to snatch the watch, then threw open the door and dashed for an elevator.

The Parakeet Room was on the main floor. He ran across the lobby to the entrance door, and a glance at his watch showed him that it was three minutes past eight. He was out of breath when he opened the door.

About a hundred persons were seated on gilt chairs facing the speakers' rostrum, a table covered with green baize and set on a platform. A hand touched Martin's arm, and he looked into Mary Edmonds' reproving eyes. She whispered, "I warned you to be on time. I'm afraid you've defeated yourself, Mr. Vincent."

FOR the first time, Martin became aware that there was silence in the room. Two men were seated at the speakers' table, and at the lectern stood a big, bald man who could only be Barton Duff. He was an impressive, solid figure of a man. The planes of his face were firm and commanding, and there was an alert gleam in the small eyes set deep beneath thick gray eyebrows. The eyes were fixed on Martin, and they watched him as Mary Edmonds led him to the platform and indicated a waiting chair next to hers. Martin sat down heavily.

"And now perhaps we may resume," said Barton Duff in a rumbling, assertive tone. "Our schedule will be retarded throughout by twenty-seven seconds. Please bear that in mind. Now I return to the motion before this body. Debate, as you know, was limited to three minutes. I declare debate to be closed. The motion before this body is: Resolved, that the Historical Verification Association shall make an initial appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the publication of a monthly bulletin setting forth historical inaccuracies in current films. All those in favor will signify in the usual manner."

There was a chorus of ayes.

"Contrary-minded," said Mr. Duff.

No voice spoke.

"The motion is carried," said Barton Duff. "Now we will hear from our speaker of the evening, Mr. Martin Vincent, instructor in History at the Port-haven School for Boys. Mr. Vincent."

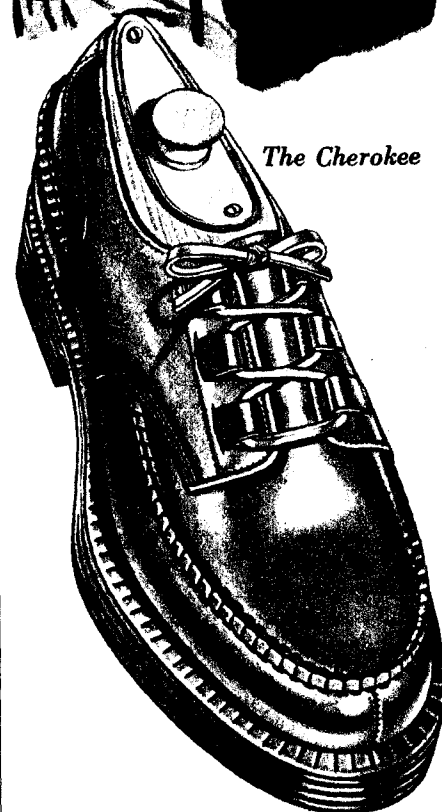
Martin rose, bowed to Barton Duff, and moved unsteadily to the lectern. He was still a little breathless, and his forehead was wet with sweat. His whole body felt flushed from the liquor that he had drunk.

Mr. Duff sat down, and Martin faced

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the audience. Not until he put his hands up to the lectern did he become aware of the awful thing that had happened. He had left his speech in room 1207.

For a moment, as he gripped the lectern in the Parakeet Room, Martin was afraid that he had left his voice, as well as his speech, in the room upstairs. Then a flash of light broke through the vapors in his brain.

"I heard tonight the very interesting resolution adopted by this body," Martin said, "and I was struck at once by the great potential for education in this proposed monthly bulletin to be published by the Historical Verification Association. I congratulate the association on this dynamic and constructive project. Visions of what might be accomplished by such a service flashed through my head, and, being a teacher, I naturally sought how it could be allied to education. By that I mean formal education."

Martin glanced at Barton Duff; he could not see his eyes for the bushy eyebrows, but even the rays reflected from his bald head seemed unfriendly. Martin went on: "Why not, I thought, distribute this bulletin to school children throughout the nation, to inform them on historical misinformation in motion pictures. Prevent the warping in the new wood. Then the thought came to me that children could themselves be of great benefit in preparing such a bulletin, as well as receiving benefit from it. You know, I think there should be in every reputable school a class in historical veri-

fication, a class of boys and girls trained to search out for themselves the historical inaccuracies in our various media of entertainment, to report on them, and to collate their reports. I think it would be a good idea to have one school designated as the center of collation, to serve as the nerve center of this project, to prepare for the monthly bulletin of the H.V.A., a students' report on the subject. Perhaps suitable prizes offered by this association would further help to stimulate a new interest in history among our children."

Martin turned his head slightly, and saw a gleam in Barton Duff's eye. There was a round of applause, as if the eye had photoelectric qualities to which everyone in the Parakeet Room was responsive. Martin knew he had hit on it. He did not suggest the Porthaven School for Boys as the collation center. He did not even mention Porthaven. He was sure it was not necessary. He glanced at Mary Edmonds once. Her lips had a sarcastic twist, and her blue eyes frankly stared at him.

MARTIN was warmed up. When he finally remembered to look at his watch, which he had placed on the lectern, it was 8:35. He turned to the chairman with a smile. "Let me take this last moment to apologize for my tardiness in arrival here this evening. At the same time, in order to compensate for the time lost in the schedule, I will conclude my address at once."

He sat down, and looked at his watch. It lacked twenty-eight seconds of 8:36. He had given Barton Duff a full second for good measure. Martin closed his eyes. Already his head was beginning to throb. It was unfair, he thought, to have a hang-over begin before the evening was done.

There was solid applause, led by Barton Duff, and Mr. Duff announced that Mr. Vincent's proposal would be on the agenda at the next meeting. Then the meeting moved on to other things. At last the motion was put for adjournment, precisely on schedule.

A group gathered at the rostrum, and for a time Martin answered questions, then Barton Duff drew him aside. His eyes were bright and he put a heavy hand on Martin's shoulder. "An excellent address," he said. "My boy, I'm happy to see Porthaven so well represented here tonight. Now I want to talk to you about your plan."

Martin said, "Perhaps we can get away somewhere for a bite." He was acutely reminded that he had eaten no dinner.

"I never eat in public," said Barton Duff. "Not if I can help it. But I do want to talk to you, Mr. Vincent. The thought came to me that boys would be particularly helpful in the case of Western pictures. There's where hash is made of history. Why, I saw one yesterday afternoon. It was about Billy the Kid. You know how they made him out? A hero. A Robin Hood. That kind of thing. You know where Billy came from?"

"New York City," Martin said. It was a happy remembrance.

"That's right. A New York tough. A mean little punk. A killer. And look what they're doing, making a hero of him to the kids. Mr. Vincent, come to my house at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning and I'll show you that film. Eleven sharp. Now, where can we go and talk?"

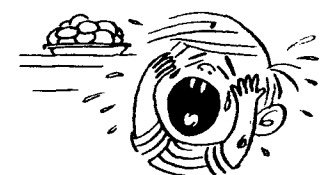
"If you'd like to come up to my room?" Martin suggested.

"Excellent," said Barton Duff. He signaled to Mary Edmonds. "Mary, I'm going to have a conference with Mr. Vincent." He pulled out his watch. "It's nine eight. We'll be through at nine thirty-three." He looked at Martin. "What floor is your room?"

"Twelfth."

Barton Duff made rapid calculations,

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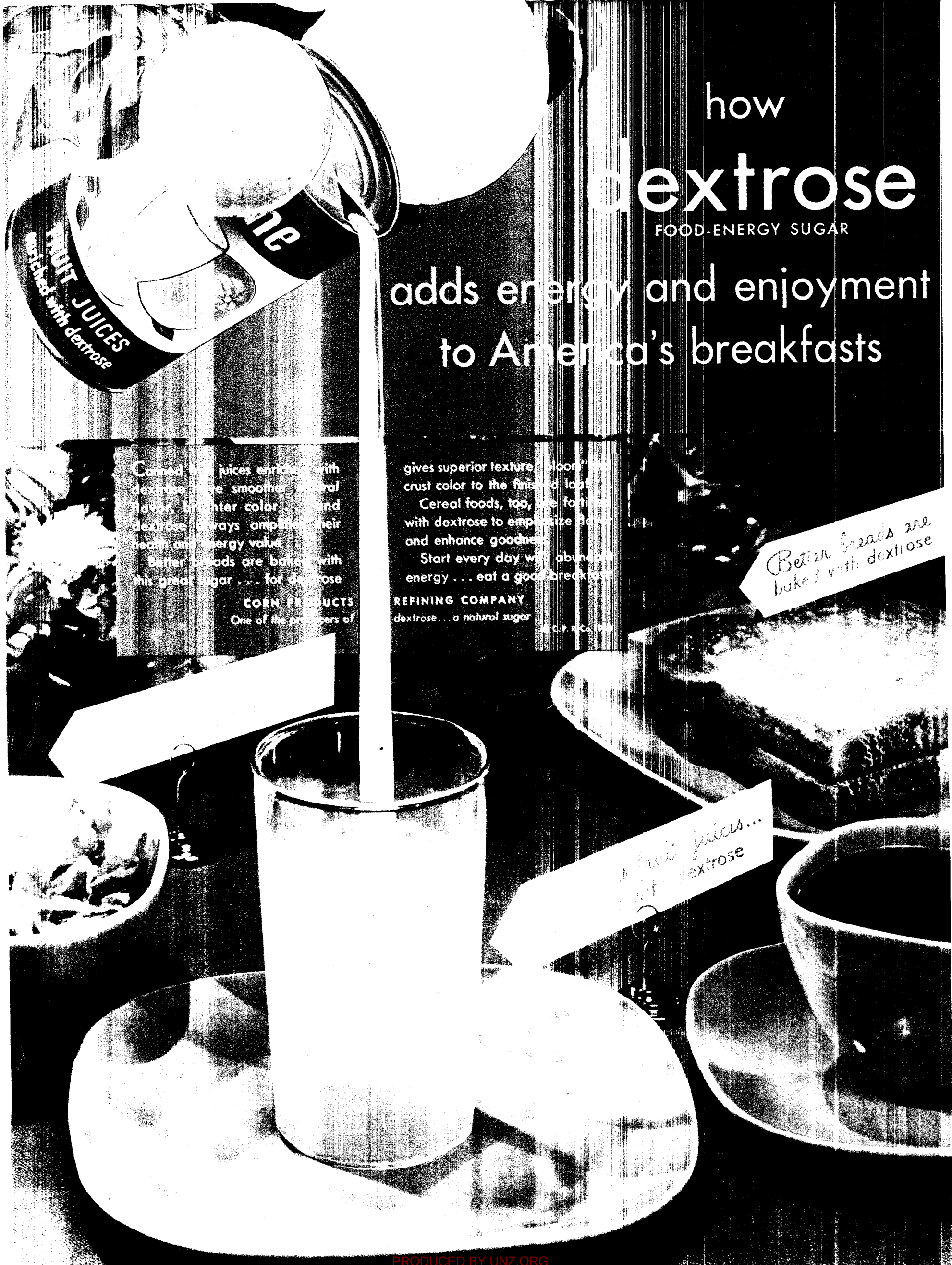
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and said to Miss Edmonds, "Have the car in front at nine thirty-five, please."

"Yes, Mr. Duff," Mary said.

"Now, Mr. Vincent," said Barton Duff. "Off we go."

As they moved toward the door Mary Edmonds said softly, in Martin's ear, "Three cheers for the Blue and Gold."

"That was a good suggestion you made," Mr. Duff said as they crossed the lobby to the elevators. "Very good. You're a man of ideas, Vincent. Had you come prepared with that thought?"

"No, sir," Martin said. "As a matter of fact, I discarded my prepared speech."

"Good! I like a man who can think on his feet. I like a man with ideas," Mr. Duff's powerful hand caught Martin's elbow as they reached the elevator, and propelled him toward an opening door.

They waited while the elevator emptied, but as they started to enter, a voice called sharply, "Hey, there!"

MARTIN glanced back and saw a bellboy waving frantically. It was Charlie Savage. He came up at a trot, saying, "Wait, I got to talk to you."

"Later," Martin said.

"It's got to be now. It's trouble."

"Excuse me, Mr. Duff," Martin said.

Barton Duff pulled out his watch again. "I don't have much time, Vincent. Can't it wait? Here's our elevator."

Martin thrust the key to room 1207 into his hand. "Go on up. Room 1207. I'll come on the next elevator."

"As you will," Barton Duff said, somewhat stiffly. He took the key and stepped into the elevator. The doors closed behind him.

"Make it fast, Charlie," Martin said. "What's wrong?"

"Plenty is wrong," said Charlie Savage. "I got to get you out of that room. Barney Driscoll is back from the Coast."

Martin groaned, and the bellhop said, "Groan for me, too." He fished in his pocket. "Here's your sawbuck."

Martin said, "I don't care if he has come back. I've got to have the use of that room, or some other room, for twenty-five minutes. It's urgent."

"Brother, that ain't all that's urgent," the bellhop said, and gave Martin a shove toward the elevator.

The doors opened at the twelfth floor, and Martin started out, but as he did so a man struck violently against him, nearly upsetting him. The man ran on into the elevator, and just before the doors closed, Martin got a look at him. He was the man in the shabby suit who had been trailing him that afternoon. In his hand was a camera, with flash-bulb attachment.

Charlie Savage said in Martin's ear, "What goes on?"

For the first time Martin noticed the noise from down the corridor—a woman's shrill voice, a man's shout. Before he reached the door he knew that the noise came from room 1207; it was an awful realization.

The door was open, and just inside Martin saw Barton Duff shaking his finger at a girl standing by the bedroom door. The girl was Madeleine Petit, and she was airily clad in a bath towel.

"I tell you, he took a photograph!" Barton Duff was saying angrily. "Young woman, what's the meaning of this? What are you doing here?"

Madeleine Petit saw Martin and raised an imploring hand, then quickly clutched the bath towel again. "I am taking a bath and this man walks in on me. Right into the bathroom!"

Barton Duff swung around. "Mr. Vincent, what's the meaning of this? A man was here and took a photograph. My photograph. Who is this young woman? Did you bring her here?"

"Of course he bring me here," Madeleine screamed. "I am here as his guest. He is Mr. Barney Driscoll. This is his room."

"Driscoll?" said Barton Duff. Frowning eyebrows almost hid his eyes. "What's this about Driscoll? This man is Martin Vincent of the Porthaven School for Boys." He glared at Martin. "Or he says he is."

Madeleine was staring at Martin with the shocked eyes of a woman compromised. He said quickly, "This is all a mistake, Mr. Duff. When I sent you up here I thought of course the young lady had left."

"Someone took a photograph," said Barton Duff. "I want to know who took that photograph."

Martin slapped his palms together, remembering the anonymous shabby man with the camera in his hand. "I know who took that picture!"

"I'll bet you know," said Barton Duff. "Who? Who are you working with? By George, is this blackmail?"

A deep voice said, "What in God's name is going on here?" A man stood in the doorway, a tall man with brown, brooding eyes and a drooping mouth, wearing a sport jacket and a canary-yellow shirt, open at the throat.

Barton Duff gave him a venomous look. "Who the hell are you? Another blackmailer?"

"Who am I?" the man said in a quiet tone. "I'm Barney Driscoll and this is my room. Do I need an introduction?"

(To be continued next week)



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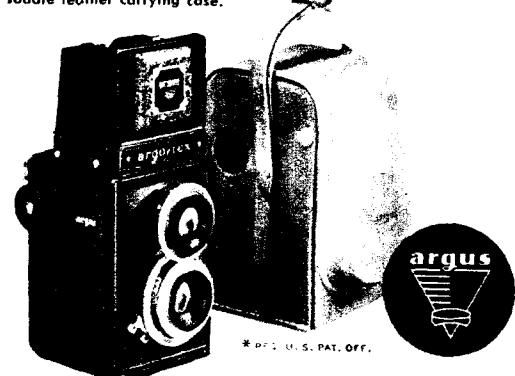
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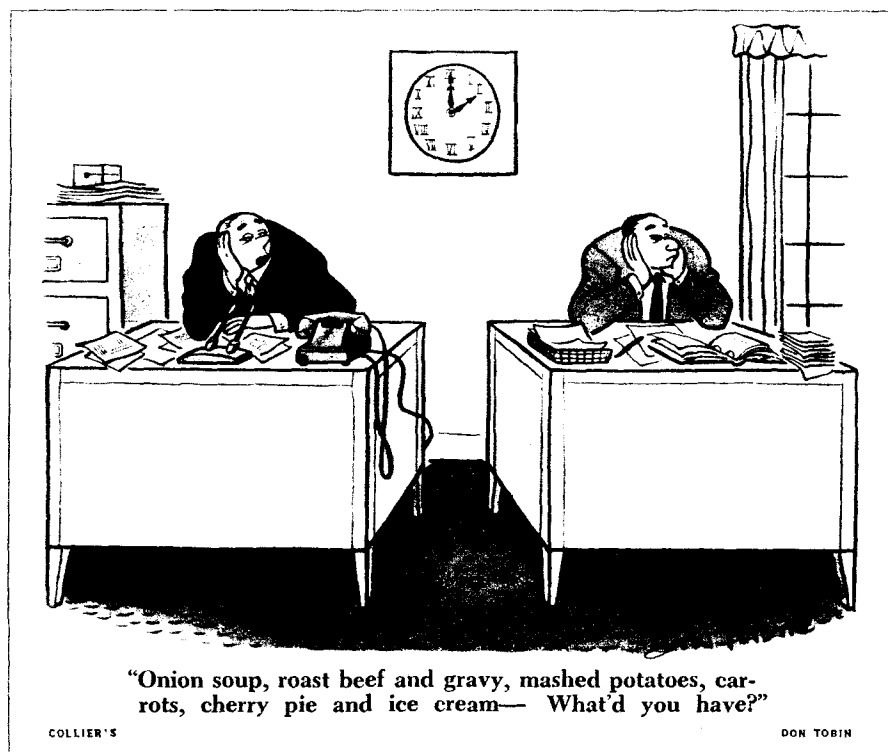
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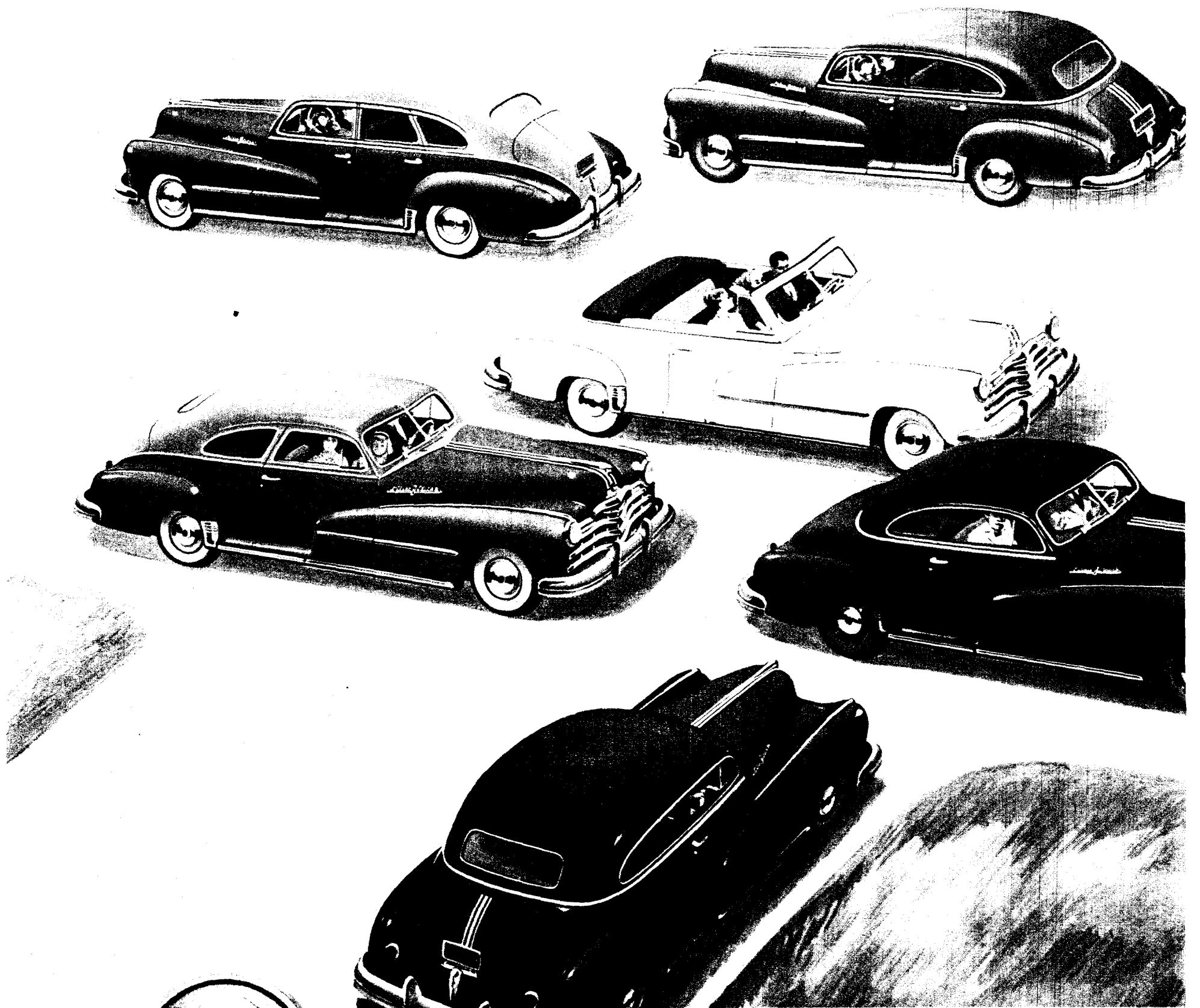


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Collier's for April 10, 1948

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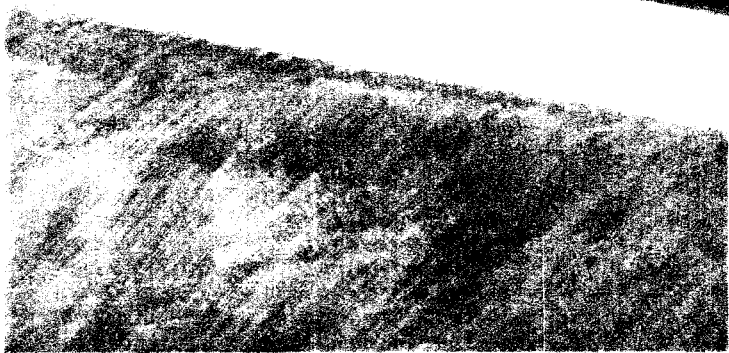
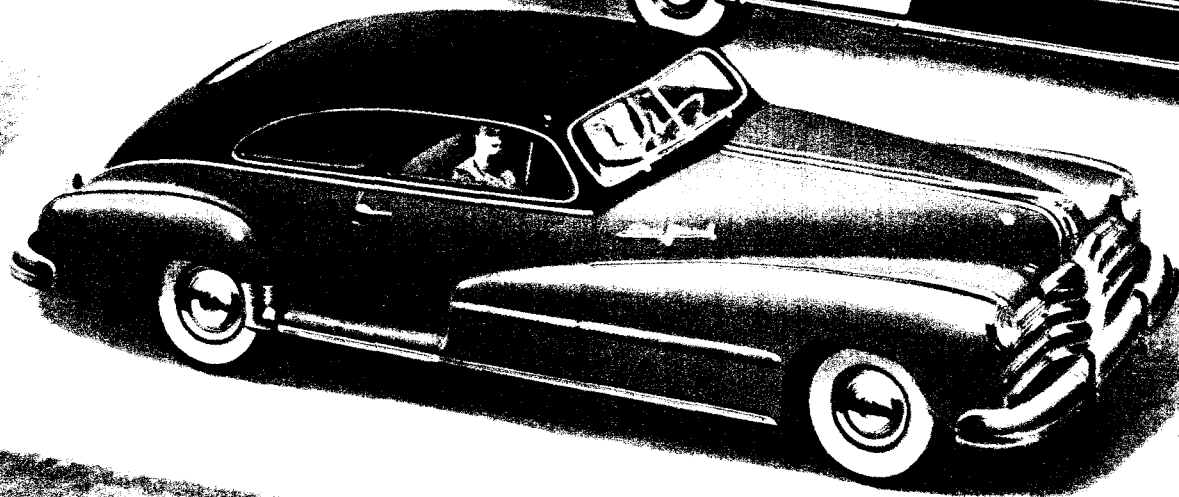
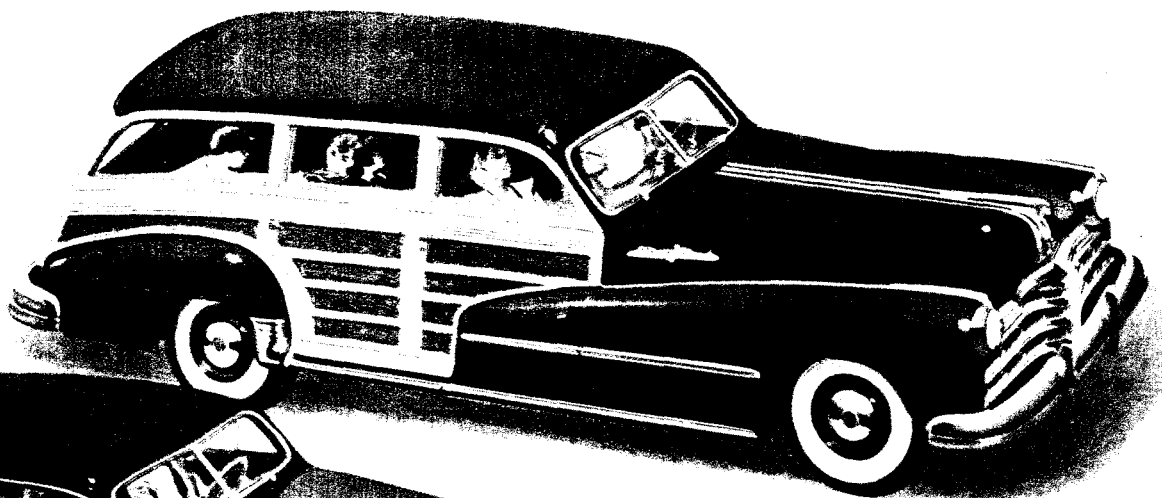
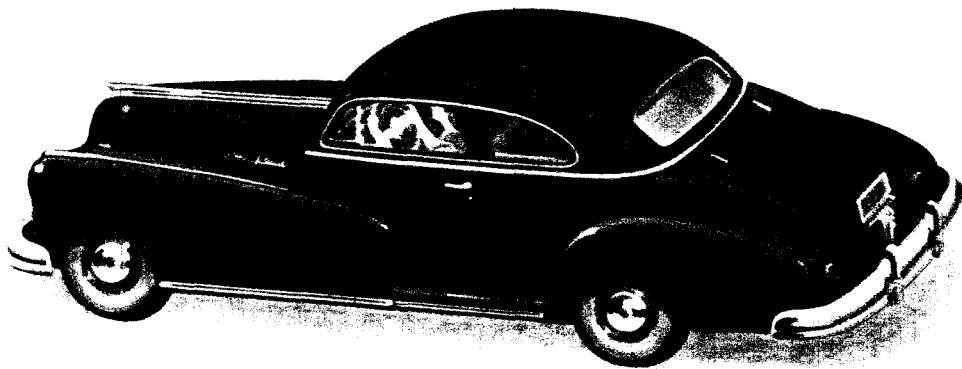
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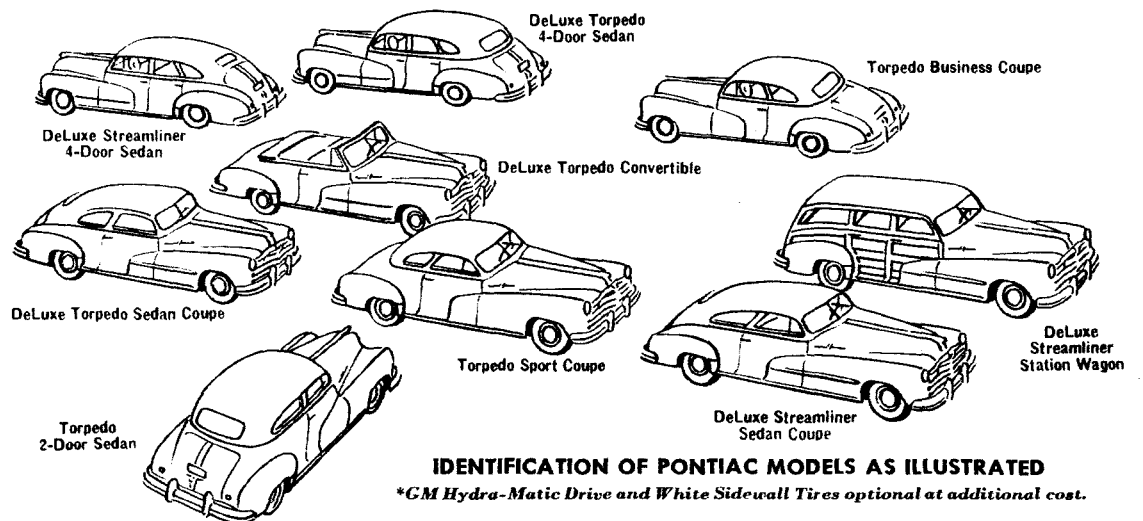
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J. Scott Smart, star of The Fat Man radio program, at left, and Jeff Brophy, a husky entertainer who tips the scales at around 500 pounds, take comfort in a couple of sandwiches that, just for a gag, are filled with ham

THE FAT OF THE LAND

BY RUSSELL MALONEY

The corpulent get that way because they eat too much. They are unhappy because they are fat. They are fat because they are unhappy. It may be emotional, and not glandular

WOULD you like to know one of the most important medical discoveries of recent years? It is that fat people are fat because they eat too much. During recent years it has been customary to attribute the whole question of overweight to "glandular" troubles. So here's the latest bulletin on that: About one fat person in a thousand has something wrong with his glands, but even then he is usually too fat because he eats too much.

An overwhelming majority of medical men agree with the psychiatrists that the fundamental cause of many physical ills is mental. Psychosomatic medicine is the word for this kind of diagnosis and treatment—medicine for the mind and body.

The authority for this article is Dr. Hilde Bruch, a New York psychiatrist on the staff of Babies' Hospital at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, who has for a number of years been observing fat patients, both in her private practice and in clinical work. A brief flurry in the press and news magazines last autumn concerning the question of obesity centered on more or less hazy accounts of a paper which she read before members of the New York Academy of Medicine. The paper was entitled "Psychological Aspects of Obesity."

Dr. Bruch is not the only doctor who has done intensive work on this subject. There are numerous other specialists whose findings agree with hers, including Doctors Henry Richardson and Thomas Rennie, of the Cornell Medical Center staff. As a matter of fact anyone who has access to a medical library will find that fatness has of late been dealt with almost exclusively as a psychosomatic problem.

This article also contains the findings of another authority on fatness—the author. It is true that I am a layman, but I am a layman who used to weigh 60 pounds more than I do now. I think I understand what made me get fat and stay that way for such a long time, and I know that the few simple facts which make up this story were helpful to me in losing the 60 pounds. No one human problem is exactly like another, but there are fundamental things about fatness that apply to every fat person.

I'm not giving medical advice, I'm just repeating what certain doctors have told me. A zealous dissenter could dig up an equal number of doctors to dispute every word set down here. But nobody can deny the facts of his own experience, and I did lose 60 pounds.

Incidentally, I think that anybody who undertakes a reducing diet without regular checkups by a medical doctor is unwise, to say the least. If the doctor does nothing else he can reassure his patient when he reaches the point, inevitable in most reducing diets, at which he begins to get the panicky feeling that he is impairing his heart or some other vital organ. (The way really to damage your heart, of course, is to stay fat. This is also a good way to get diabetes, high blood pressure and fallen arches.)

Good-Natured Aspect Is Only Skin-Deep

When I was so much overweight I was unhappy about it. The good-natured fat man is good-natured only on the surface; he has learned that the pose makes life easier for him. Now that I am back at my proper weight I am perhaps just the slightest bit less good-natured. I'm happy rather than good-natured. The process by which I lost the 60 pounds was the process of finding out what was making me unhappy, of taking steps to correct the situation and of maintaining, for half a year or so, a low-calorie diet. The last was absurdly easy.

A fat person is an unhappy person. He's unhappy because he's fat; but, more important than that, he is fat because he's unhappy.

I have aroused roomful after roomful of my friends to vociferous fury with that statement. I can always calm them down instantly by saying the same thing in a different way—by saying a fat person is fat because he is neurotic. "Neurotic" is a respectable word. "Unhappiness" is seldom used in polite company. But unhappiness is the fundamental problem of the neurotic, who is always somehow compelled to act against his own best interests and his prospects of happiness. "Happiness" may be a corny word, but it is a far more important one than "diet," "exercise" and "will power."

The discovery that fat people are fat because they eat too much represents an about-face on the part of the M.D.s, who have for some years now been proceeding on the theory that fatness must be a symptom of a glandular (Continued on page 74)

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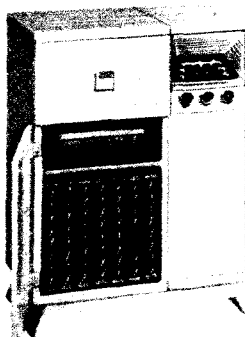
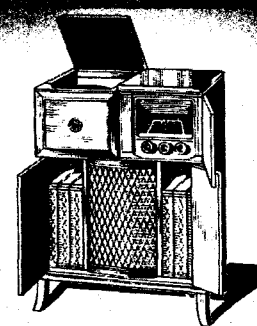
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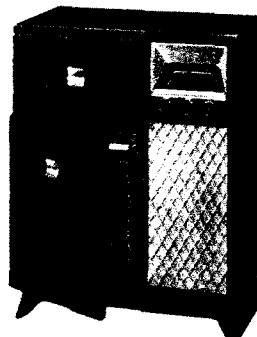
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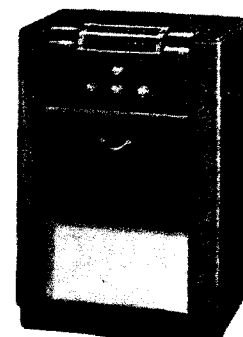
MT. VERNON (above), polished, rich mahogany reflecting the 18th Century period, with dimensional bronze grille. AM-FM radio, automatic radio-phonograph. 33 $\frac{3}{4}$ " high, 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, 16" deep. Dual matched-tone speakers.



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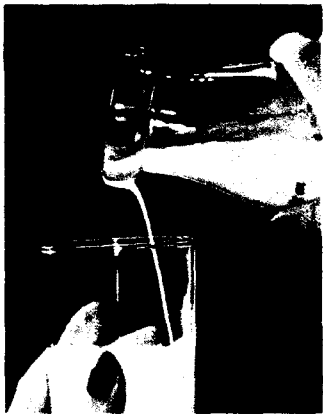
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SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

THE HALF-SHOT HEREFORD

Continued from page 19

For the first time since he had arrived, Casey felt he was catching up. He'd hunted pheasants all over the Middle West. "I brought my 20-gauge pump along. I find using a—"

"Casey's bunking with us tonight," Susie said. "He's bushed and I figure I better get used to looking after him. His mind's going. He says he thinks he's not all there."

Casey laughed, but no one else did. He glanced plaintively from Dunne to his wife. "They are expecting me at the hotel," he said. "I wouldn't want them to be mad at me."

"We'd be delighted to have a lunatic in the house," Mrs. Dunne said. "I suppose I didn't realize it until just now, but I think I've been running a kind of asylum ever since my daughter was born."

"I don't feel I ought to impose on you," "It's nothing," Susie said. "I'll just call the hotel and tell them you're spending the night with a woman."

When she had gone to the phone, Dunne peered soberly at Casey. "Man to man, Mr. Casey, I tell you I've never seen her take to anyone like she has to you. She's spent most of her life on a ranch. She's never had any truck with men that play around with a woman's affections. She's the kind of girl that'll take her heart out and hand it to you." Dunne's face was solemn. "I'd feel bad, real blood-spillin' mad, if anyone took advantage of that. You follow me, Mr. Casey?"

"Dammit all, anyhow," Casey said, rising, "this has got to stop! Not twenty minutes ago I got off a plane, a happy, tired stranger. Now I'm being threatened with bloodletting." He stopped, panting some.

"Buckle back in your chair, son," Dunne said. "You look honest to me. I just wanted it clear that I'd shoot the man who wasn't." He got up, went to a cupboard and poured out two shots of whisky. He handed one to Casey. "You're pale, son. This will bring up your color."

Susie returned from the phone and sat beside Casey on the davenport. "Just think, by this time next week we'll probably be nuts about each other."

Casey held out his glass to Dunne. "I

wonder if I could have another one of those?"

"You must be very tired," Mrs. Dunne said. "Would you like to turn in?"

"Well," Casey said, "I do feel I'm acting peculiar."

Dunne handed him the whisky. "I'll hold the kid until you can get upstairs and bolt the door. Good night, Mr. Casey."

After breakfast the following morning, Susie drove him out to his office at the airport. Before letting him out she lifted her lips to his and planted one. Her mouth was warm and sweet. Steam began to rise in Casey.

"That'll be all for this morning," she said. "Feel free to drop in anytime for more treatments." As she drove off to the parking lot Casey's right leg was twitching strongly.

THE next few days were pleasant and busy for Casey. With Susie's help he moved into the small brick house left him by his predecessor at Trans-Mountain Airways. Susie installed new curtains, hung pictures, rearranged the furniture and lugged over a couple ivy plants. Twice she prepared dinner for him. "I better get used to the joint," she told him, "just in case a certain old party ever gets the lead out and asks me to be his little woman."

Cheyenne, 6,100 feet above sea level, had a cow-town atmosphere that Casey adored. Nosing around, he learned that Mike Dunne was a well-heeled rancher owning thousands of acres of range and big herds of white-faced cattle. With the good grass and high beef prices Dunne had made a killing the past few years. Casey became enraptured with the idea of owning a ranch. So did Susie. She had him talk to her father and within ten days Casey had made a deal to buy from Dunne a small ranch at a price that took up most of his small inheritance, but was still below market. Dunne asked only a small down payment; Casey would need cash for building up a herd. . . .

On a Friday, two weeks after Casey arrived in Cheyenne, Polly called from San Francisco to tell him her final divorce papers had come through and

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Please don't give it another thought. You have fully convinced me that you did not stop here to try to engage me in conversation but are merely waiting for a bus"

COLLIER'S

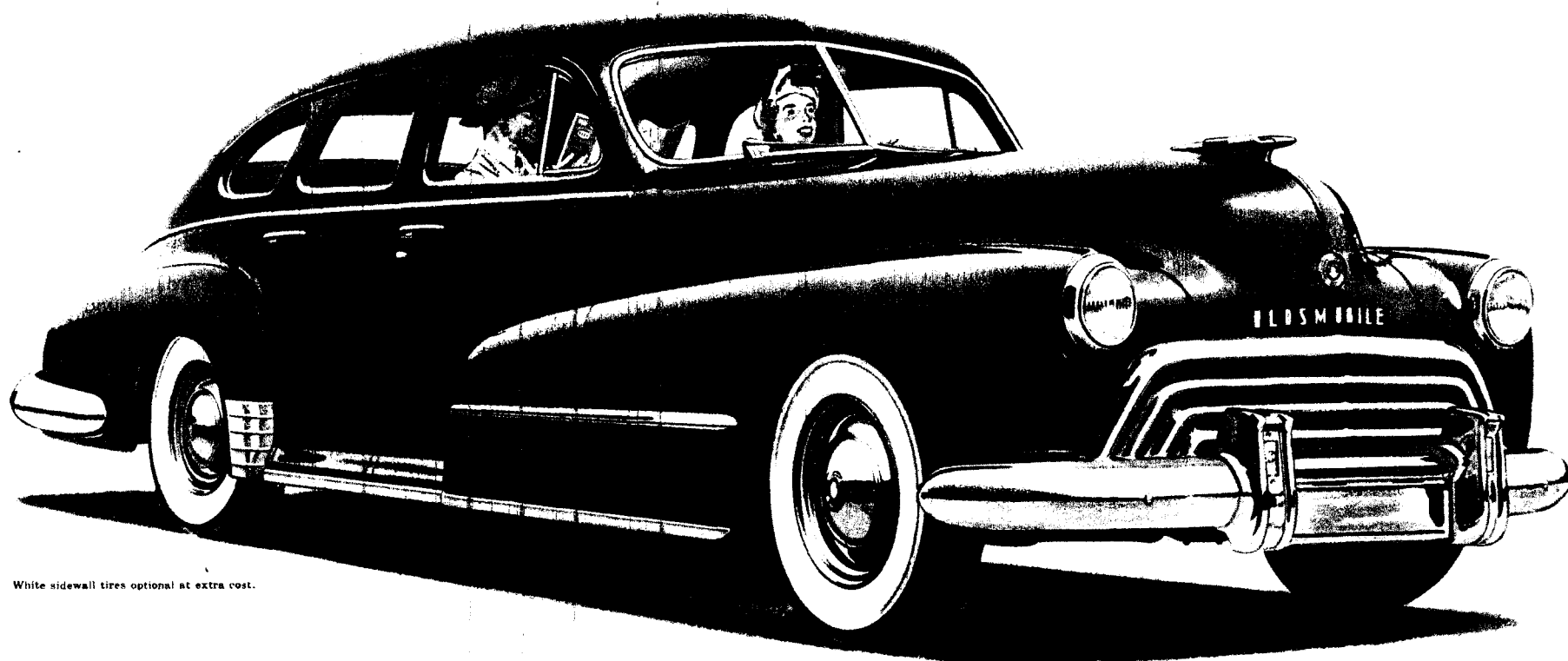
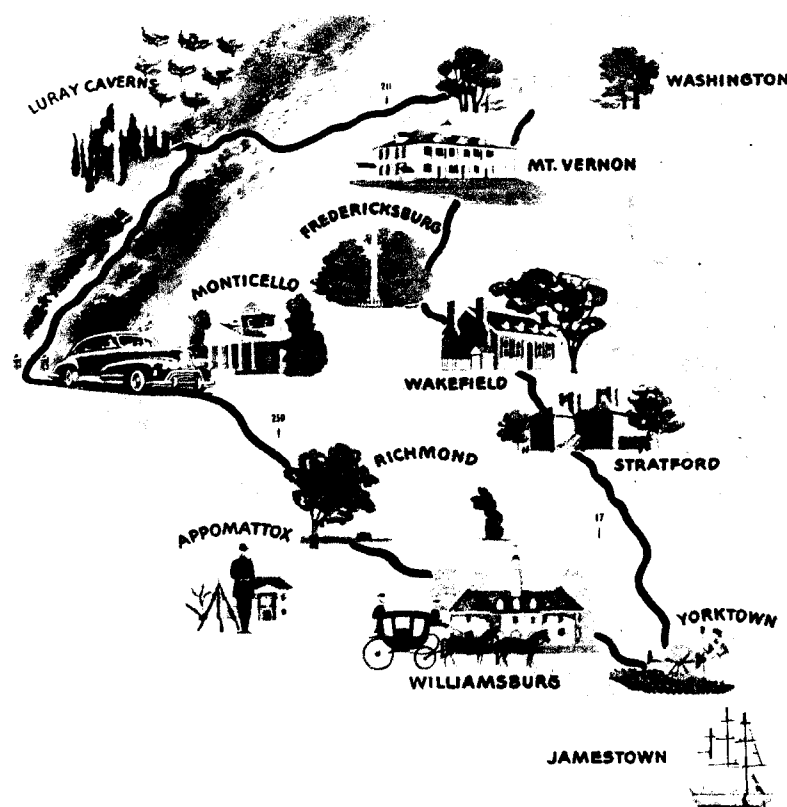
Collier's for April 10, 1948

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FOR PEOPLE WHO
LIKE TO GO PLACES



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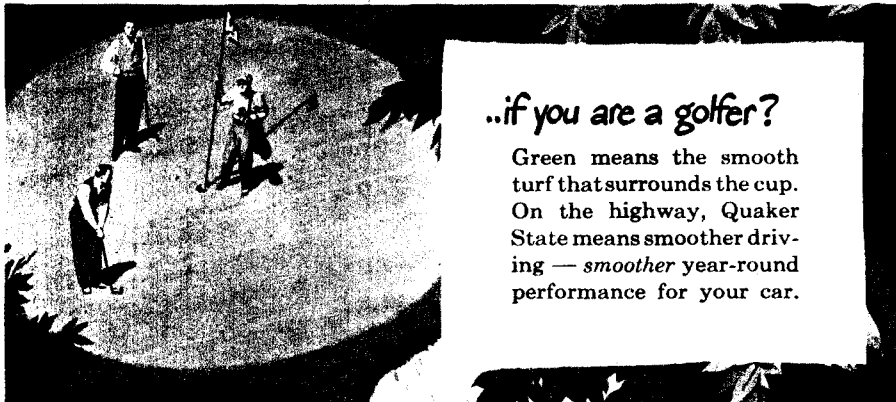
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*Hydra-Matic Drive is available (at extra cost) in the Dynamic Oldsmobile "60" and "70" . . . or the Futuramic Oldsmobile "98."

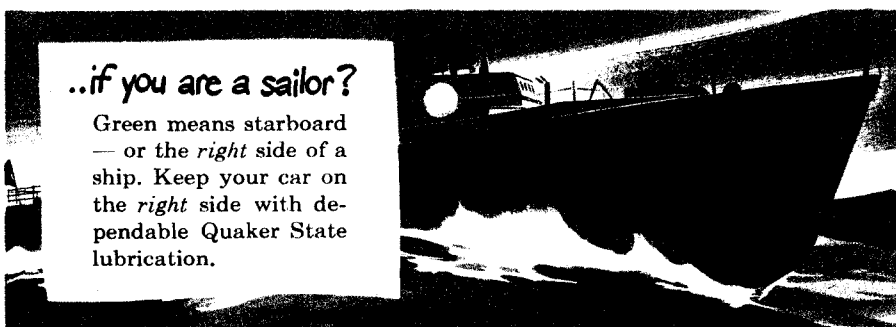
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What does Green mean to you...



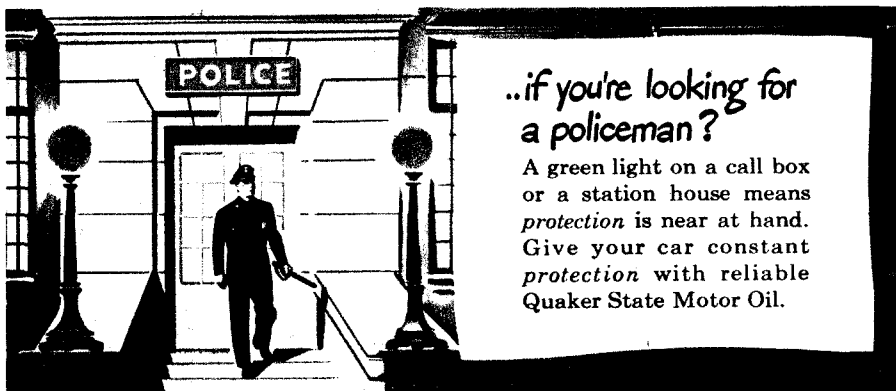
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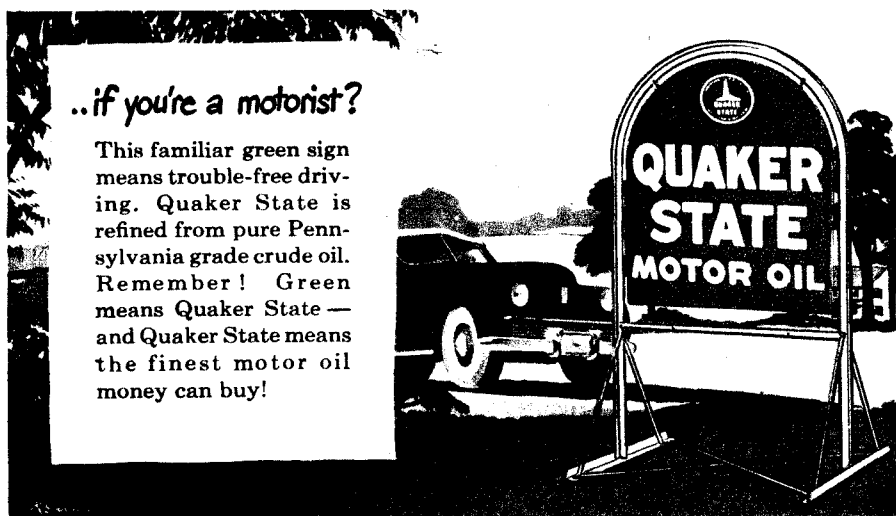
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that she would land in Cheyenne Sunday evening on the ten-o'clock flight. Casey was shaken; in the past few days his fiancée had pretty well skipped his mind. What was more, Susie was taking him pheasant hunting Sunday. When he had quieted down, he realized he could readily get back from hunting in time to meet Polly. He realized too that it was time to tell Susie about Polly. The thought made him sweat. He'd never given the kid any reason whatever to believe he had any romantic feeling for her, but Casey felt like a polecat anyhow.

EARLY Sunday, Susie and he left Cheyenne for the Torrington area. As they drove north the land changed, leveling off. The big rolling ranches became farms. Grass became grain. It was pheasant country.

Casey spotted the first birds, two big garish cocks and a seedy-looking hen, standing around a shock of wheat. He and Susie got out, loaded up and separated, one to each side of the birds. After a quick look, the pheasants legged it for the cover of high grass and thistles along the fence that separated the wheat field from a small pasture where Herefords grazed. Casey knew the birds would either stand in the cover or run head down along it. When he and Susie reached the fence they began working toward each other.

Susie flushed the first cock and dropped it in the pasture. A few moments later Casey kicked up the second cock. It headed noisily out over the stubble and Casey shot it. He was trotting after it when Susie screamed.

"Casey!" she shrieked. "Judas priest, look!"

A hundred feet out in the pasture Susie stood facing a Hereford bull.

"Don't move!" Casey roared. "If he charges shoot for the snoot and dodge!"

It takes a bull a little time to get himself mad enough to chase things, even girls. But it was clear he was charging his batteries. He breathed hard, pawed up dusty clods of turf and switched his tail stiffly. Susie stared at him, hamstrung with fear. Standing at the fence, sixty yards from the bull, Casey let him have a blast of bird shot that kicked up a small cloud of dust and hair from the bull's rear. Outraged and fouled, the bull stomped around and glared at Casey. "Run!" Casey yelled at Susie. "Beat it for the fence!" Susie fled like an alarmed doe and when her flight caught the bull's attention again Casey battered his bottom with another round. Susie belly-slid under the barbed wire, got up and with a small cry sprinted into Casey's arms. He brushed thistles from her hair, patted her here and there and found himself clucking a good deal.

"Golly, Casey," she whimpered, "I thought I was a goner."

Casey began to feel marvelously heroic and fine. A rush of tenderness for the girl in his arms swept over him. For the first time in his life he felt protective toward a female; he hankered to look after Susie. He kissed her and she responded in strength.

"Casey, this sort of cinches things, doesn't it? When a gentleman shoots a bull in the caboose to save his woman's life and then smooches her right out in the stubble field I guess it means some kind of wonderful natural force has taken over, huh, Casey?"

Casey, his right leg twitching, turbulent with emotion, didn't hear the little red-faced man in overalls coming up behind him. He'd gotten as far as: "Baby, I've got something to tell—" when the little man belted him across the left shoulder with a pitchfork handle.

Casey whirled around and the little man slugged him on his dog-leg nose with a handful of flinty knuckles. Casey bent like warm taffy, but didn't go down. "Damn' two-bit city kid!" the little man cried. "Out shootin' a man's stock!"

"You leave him be!" Susie yelled. "I'll claw—"

"Girlie, keep your trap knit," the farmer said. He eyed Casey, who was feeling his nose for fresh breaks. "That bull cost me six thousand smackers and any smart slicker takes and shoots him is askin' for a bruise!" He lifted the pitchfork handle and swung earnestly at Casey's head. Casey ducked, grabbed the farmer's wrist and jammed his foot into the side of the other's knee. They crashed down together in the stubble, Casey on top. Casey banged him twice under the ear with his elbow and the farmer relaxed. He looked up tiredly at Casey. "You rattle pretty cute once you git to movin'."

Their faces so close they looked cross-eyed at each other, they lay for a while without moving, panting. "What you got in mind to do now?" the farmer asked finally. "We goin' to lie out here like this all day, just breathin' hard?"

Susie, circling the pair like a frustrated referee, cried, "He slugged you from behind, Casey. Crush his skull!"

Though Casey's nose throbbed heavily, he was calm. "We'll chat," he said to the farmer. "I shot your bull because he was going to charge the girl."

The farmer winced with disgust. "Freddie wouldn't charge nobody! Why, you never seen a sweeter, kinderhearted bull. I raised Freddie from a yearling and I know, I know certain, he'd go outta his way to be nice to people."

"Oh!" Susie yelled. "What a big lie!"

"He was going to charge," Casey said patiently, "so I shot him to draw him off. At sixty yards that bird shot just bounced off anyway. If he's hurt I'll pay. Okay?"

"I ain't in no position to dicker. You got a deal. Lemme up now, this is no place for a man my age, lyin' out in the stubble holdin' up a stranger."

CASEY let him up. The farmer brushed himself off. "Name's Watkins," he said, striding to the fence and Freddie, who had been watching them, fascinated. "That feller hurt you, Freddie?" the farmer asked. "Your behind bleedin' or anything?" Talking soothingly, Watkins climbed through the barbed wire and walked toward the bull. Twenty yards out in the pasture he stopped. Freddie had his head down and earth was flying from beneath his front hoofs.

"Why, blast you, Freddie, what's eatin' you?" Watkins cried. He started backing slowly for the fence and Freddie charged. Casey shot him in the rump, but it was too late. Watkins waited, as he knew he must, and as the bull closed in on him he hopped aside. This time Casey shot Freddie at closer range and the bull grunted with pain and fury and turned away from Watkins, who raced to the fence and slid under. He rose and ran to Casey.

"By God, after all I done for that bull, that really gits a man sore! Borrow me that gun!" Casey handed him the 20-gauge and the farmer blasted Freddie's battered bottom for the fifth time. Feeling better, Watkins handed back the gun. "Friend, I'm sorry I poled you like I done. You ain't a bad feller. Why don't you and the missus come on up to the house and have a snort? How about it, girlie?"

"Shucks," Susie said, "reckon I'd favor a snort."

Casey was staring at Freddie, who seemed confused.

"You want to give him another round?" Watkins asked. "Go ahead."

"Freddie's a fine-looking animal," Casey said. "A whiz."

Watkins eyed him with new interest. "What do you know about purebred Herefords?"

"My dad raised them in Nebraska," Casey said. "I know a good bull when I see one. Freddie's one."

"Bub," Watkins said, "you come up

Collier's for April 10, 1948

to the house. You and me'll have a talk about Freddie here while your missus and mine have theirselves a snort and some jawin'."

They drove up to the farmhouse. Mrs. Watkins, a portly woman in a clean gingham dress, welcomed them. Watkins broke out a bottle of bourbon and his wife carved up a roast beef.

"Want to see Freddie's pedigree?" Watkins said. "I got it right here."

The more Casey talked and thought about it the more he admired Freddie. He needed a bull to build up a herd on his ranch and he knew the value of blooded stock. Susie urged him to buy and it was clear that Watkins wanted to sell.

"I moved up here from Missoura," Watkins said, "five year ago, figurin' to raise me some good stock. I have. I made money, but this danged country!" He stopped, gathering invective. "Cold in winter, and windy every day. My old lady here can't stand it. Gets her to wheezin' October clean through March. We want to get back to Missoura."

Susie looked at Casey and nodded. Casey said, "I'll give you what you paid for Freddie."

They began to dicker and ended up a half hour later with Casey giving Watkins a check for six thousand dollars.

"When do you want him?" Watkins asked.

"Lend me a trailer. I'll take him now." "Jerusalem," Watkins said quietly, "ain't this been a day though?"

While Watkins got on a horse and, with his dog, hustled Freddie into the barn and got him ready for the ride to

Cheyenne, Casey and Susie hunted the farmer's fields for pheasants. By mid-afternoon they had their limits and Freddie was in a trailer ready to go. Watkins was a little drunk and a little sentimental.

"You give Freddie here a fair rattle and roll and by George he'll give you the best calves you ever see. You take care of him, hear?" He turned to Susie and put his arm around her. "Girlie, you bring that rasslin' old man of yours back to Missoura and I'll git me another bull and by thunder we'll all take turns shootin' him in the behind. How about that?"

After shaking hands affectionately all around, Susie and Casey and Freddie started back for Cheyenne. Susie put her head on Casey's shoulder. "You heard him," she said. "I'm your missus, you're my old man. We're a natural couple, hey, Casey?" She kissed him under the ear.

Casey was bathed in a great feeling of warmth and contentment—until he remembered that in a few hours Polly Andrews would be in Cheyenne, anxious to make a harnessed man of him. He'd have to tell Susie and he resolved to tell her the moment they got back.

IT WAS dark when they reached Cheyenne. They drove to Casey's house to unload Freddie and park him in the garage for the night. A light was on in Casey's house.

"You got company," Susie said.

Casey had a sensation like the one he had over Iwo Jima when he couldn't get his escape hatch open. He was facing disaster, but he and Susie went in anyway. Polly sat on a divan, a highball in her hand. She still had her mink coat on.

"Fyffe, darling!" She rose and embraced him like an extra layer of skin. "I simply couldn't wait another minute, so I took an earlier flight. The airport people didn't know where you were so I came out here and found the back door open. I wanted to see our house."

Casey swallowed dryly. "You two haven't met, have you? Well, uh, Susan, this is Polly Andrews from San Francisco, an old friend. Polly, this is Susan Dunne. We've been out on business today."

Susie was staring at Casey, her eyes misty with hurt.

Polly eyed Susie carefully. "Business, eh? On Sunday? How nice." She drifted slowly about the room. "This little hut has possibilities, but really, Fyffe, it's quite grim now." She turned and smiled indulgently at Susie. "I suppose Fyffe has told you we're being married soon?"

"No," Susie said, pale. "He didn't get around to that. Why should he? I just work for him." She looked at Casey. "I guess that winds things up for the day, doesn't it? I'll leave you two now."

"Wait," Casey said. He started after her. "Back in a minute, Polly." He caught up to Susie at the car door. She wouldn't face him. "Susie," he bleated, "I wanted to tell you a dozen times, but I couldn't get it out."

"You big stupe," Susie said. "You make me feel such a fool." She finally looked at him and Casey groaned at the tears in her eyes. "Oh, Casey, why didn't you beat me over the head when you saw I was falling so hard for you? Now, I hurt all over."

"Dammit all, Susie," Casey said, "I do too."

"How was I to know?" She blew her nose. "You didn't act like a guy in love with someone else." Her face brightened. "Hey, Casey, maybe you aren't."

"Maybe I'm not," said Casey. "I don't know; I was blitzkrieged. Anyway, I promised to marry her. She's flown all the way out here. I'm cornered, Susie; I gave her my word."

"But, Casey, if maybe, like you just said, you don't love her, couldn't it be that you love me?" She peered at his

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face. "You look kind of like it, all worried and unhappy."

"I suppose maybe I do love you, Susie, but it's too late. I promised Polly."

"By Judas, I heard you say it. Now don't you worry that charming, beat-up old head of yours about this, Casey, because I'm putting my low mind to work. Females got natural talent for small crime in affairs like this, so you just stand back and don't catch any wild swipes." She had a thought. "Hey, you can't stay here tonight; it's disgusting. I'll take you home with me."

"I'll go to the hotel. In the morn—"

BEHIND them in the trailer Freddie, the forgotten bull, let out a bellow of impatience. Casey leaped a foot.

"Fyffe, darling," Polly called from the porch, "what was that horrid noise?"

"It was Casey's bull," Susie said.

"His what?"

"His bull. A bull is a male cow—"

"I know what a bull is, Miss Dugan," Polly said with some tartness. She came out. Through the slits in the trailer she and Freddie regarded each other with revulsion. Freddie's next blast drove her back ten feet. She turned to Casey. "Is that big vulgar thing actually yours?"

"I—"

"He bought him today, Miss Andrews," Susie said, cheerful. "Six thousand bucks. After Casey won his scrap in the stubble field—"

"If you don't mind, Miss Dugan, I'd rather hear this enchanting story from Fyffe."

Casey had a feeling he ought to take Freddie by the ring in his nose and make a run with him for the open range and a man's life. He reined in his wandering mind. "Now, look. That bull there, Freddie, is mine, Polly. I bought him today for six thousand and he's worth every cent I put—"

"But, Fyffe darling, six thousand dollars! Does he have gold-plated steaks?"

"He's got a lead rump," Susie said, "huh, Casey? You should have seen Casey shooting Freddie in the behind to save my life, Miss Andrews, he—"

"Quiet!" Casey yelled. "One more interruption and I will slug the both of you." He looked irrational. "I bought Freddie to use in building up a herd on the ranch I bought. As soon—"

"Oh, you have a ranch too," Polly said. "How nice."

"It's really simple," Susie said. "When you buy an eighteen-thousand-dollar ranch there's no sense in fooling around with a bull with shady ancestors."

"Now, listen—" Casey began.

"As I see it, Fyffe," Polly said in a quiet voice, "you've just spent twenty-four thousand dollars of our money to buy a bull and a ranch. That is a lot of money, Fyffe. I don't know how much we have—"

"Hah!" Susie said. "He had twenty-five thousand. Pop looked him up before he sold him the ranch. It's a wonderful investment, Miss Andrews. Why, in—"

"She's right, Polly," Casey said. "In a few years when I get the herd built up I'll make money. You'll like ranch life. We'll be only twenty miles from town. I'll quit my job as soon as I can."

Polly controlled herself with difficulty. She said to Susie, "Thank you for taking such good care of Fyffe, Miss Dugan. Now, good night."

Susie smiled, walked around and unhitched the trailer. "All I hope is Freddie likes it here. Good night, all."

When she had driven off, Polly went into the house while Casey apologized to Freddie for making him spend a night in a trailer.

Polly had regained her composure when Casey came in. She was serene in her knowledge that in a clinch Casey had a nervous twitch and the mind of a jelly-fish. She handed him a highball. "Let's have a little talk, shall we, darling?" She snuggled into his lap. "I don't really think anything has happened that we can't mend easily enough. It could happen to anyone. Bright Eyes said you were a little drunk when you bought that awful monster and it's perfectly obvious, Fyffe, dear, that the girl and the glamor of the Old West duped you into buying that silly old ranch." She saw Casey's face darken; she laughed sweetly.

"I don't mean a ranch isn't all right, Fyffe, later. But we're civilized people and we can't cut ourselves off from our way of life and the people we know; now can we? I'm sure that we can get one of these hillbillies to take Freddie off our hands, then we—" her voice trailed off as she peered worriedly into Casey's quiet eyes. Startled, looking like someone followed home by a cat he'd just drowned, Polly put down her drink and kissed Casey with desperate intensity. When she finally opened her eyes she found Casey's blue ones gazing back into hers, cool, calm and a little impatient. His right leg had no more twitch to it than a cold roast.

"I'm not going to sell Freddie," Casey

ON THE TRIP OF THE TONGUE

The thing you've said without a trace of
A thought, can leave you glum.
Too often it's a clear-cut case of
No sooner said than dumb.

—Richard Armour

said. "He's my bull and I like him."

For a moment Polly studied him thoughtfully, then she got off his lap and sat down across from him. "I'll be darned," she said. "You're in love with that Dugan clodhopper."

"Dunne; Susan Dunne." He reddened suddenly. "In love with Susie? What gives you that idea?"

"Call it woman's intuition," Polly said ironically. "She's a smart operator. She's got you and your money tied up tight." Polly sipped her highball and regarded Casey with cynical amusement. "You're a sweet guy, Fyffe, even now. But shall I tell you something horrid? You were a lot nicer when you had twenty-five thousand and a good salary lying around loose. We could have gone back and enjoyed San Francisco on that, Fyffe, but pinching pennies in this godforsaken hole with nothing but bulls and coyotes for company is not for Polly, dear."

"Polly, for Heaven's—"

"And Fyffe, get me a plane ticket to San Francisco for tomorrow, will you?"

WHEN Casey got to the hotel Susie was pacing the lobby. "It's about time. Another ten minutes and I'd have led a posse out there."

"We were having a talk. Your name was brought up."

"I came down here to tell you, Loose Joints, that I talked to Pop and we decided that you got to pay for the ranch in full right away. No more small down payment. See how she likes that. If that doesn't drive her off, I'm going to—"

"Polly's leaving for San Francisco in the morning."

Susie stared at him, her eyes wetting up. "She's quitting, hey? I figured on a longer fight."

"She said I was in love with you, Susie," Casey said. "I wonder how dames know things like that?" He grabbed her by the shoulders and kissed her. His right leg began to twitch, out of control.

THE END

Collier's for April 10, 1948



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

peak demand for power was met all over the country. The program for installing additional capacity in 1948 and a careful appraisal of expected load growth indicate that this margin will be 8 per cent this coming December and will continue to increase until 1951, when the normal margin of reserves, depleted when the government halted new construction in the interest of fighting World War II, will have been restored.

CHAS. E. OAKES,
President, Edison Electric Institute,
New York City, N. Y.

... If a power shortage in the United States is imminent, much of the responsibility can be laid justifiably at the feet of public-power proponents. Every possible means has been used by proponents of public power to make it impossible for public utilities to make any appreciable expansion of facilities in advance of demand.

If Mr. Mezerik is writing to bring about the complete socialization of the electric-utility industry, it might be well for him to give some consideration to the situation in Europe before going overboard. France is trying at the moment to find ways and means of expanding its socialized power industry. Since the war, the consumption of electricity has increased in that country to fifty per cent above prewar levels. At the same time, rates have advanced until they are at present eight times higher than before the war.

E. N. POPE, Carolina Light
& Power Company, Raleigh, N. C.

Collier's disagrees with those who interpret the article as a plea for an extension of public-power facilities at the expense of private companies or a proposal for policing of private utilities, but does not disagree with the right of Mr. Ginna, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Pope and others to express their viewpoints. Collier's presented the article strictly as a report on the power shortage and an explanation of its underlying circumstances, which included the war, vast expansion of demand, drought and forest fires, and other problems of public agencies as well as private companies.

LITTLE BOO-PEEP?

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: For many years I have been waiting for someone to expose Walter Winchell (The American Phenomenon, Feb. 28th). Congratulations to Dickson Hartwell and Collier's Magazine for a thorough and first-class job.

HUGH W. BALDWIN, Merced, Cal.

... Your subtly veiled attack against Winchell reminded us of a gnat biting at the tail of a lion. It was a sinister attempt to discredit our super-American patriot.

ANN WOODWARD MILLER, New York, N. Y.

... Relative to your recent article on Walter Winchell, you can have him, I don't want him, he's too rat-a-tat-tat for me.

L. E. WOOTEN, Raleigh, N. C.

... Orchids to Walter Winchell and Collier's for your excellent profile of him.

ARTHUR BLISS CONKWRIGHT,
Palm Springs, Cal.

BAD, BAD MAN!

SIRS: Re Robert Mitchum (Movie Menace, Feb. 21st): How would you feel if a daughter of yours, a sister, your girl, or even your wife liked a man "because he has the most immoral face she ever saw—because he suggests sex in an evil sort of way"? What kind of an ideal is that to present to the impressionable young people who read your publication?

ANNE C. CUSICK, Parma, Ohio

... I am wondering about those girls who think Bob Mitchum looks immoral and "suggests sex in an evil sort of way"—and like him for it. I can't help thinking there

is something amiss in their psychical development. As for that half-lidded stare of Mitchum's, the only thing it suggests to me is lack of sleep.

MRS. DORIS WILBERT, Sheboygan, Wis.

... A man doesn't have to be tough to play tough parts, nor capitalize on a tough past life.

JOHN W. JOURDAN,
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

... I am a teen-ager, and, as you have probably guessed by now, read Movie Menace with great attention. However, I think you made a few mistakes. For instance, you said, "Mitchum was not beautiful." Please, my friends, you only have to take one look at him to see that he is quite handsome.

PATSY MORROW, Gordonville, Pa.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to call Mr. Robert S. Allen's attention to the fact (Washington Party Line, Feb. 21st) that Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela are not little countries in Central America, as he says, but are in South America. I am wondering just which Central American countries Mr. Allen did mean?

LINA W. HAXSTUN, Wynantskill, N. Y.

Why, Mr. Allen!

JET-PROPELLED ANGELS

DEAR SIR: Re letter from Herbert A. Moore, Feb. 21st: Mister Moore should have checked on his methods of aerodynamic propulsion before he asked that Freling Foster's angels should be given jet propulsion. I'm afraid that he would find that jets would be very little better than wings in a place in which there is no atmosphere. I would advise rockets.

SGT. WM. F. BRALEY, Eglin AF Base, Fla.

... The jet engine must burn its fuel with the oxygen of the atmosphere; if it carries its own oxygen, it becomes a rocket. A V-2 tucked under the angelic arm should do the trick.

ORVILLE E. FREEMAN, West Frankfort, Ill.

... Issuing jet-propulsion devices to a band of angels would be about as effective as installing a set of oars on a covered wagon.

JOSEPH O. STRUTE, Carlisle, Pa.

COVER GIRL GETS COVER

DEAR SIR: I thought you might be interested in the accompanying photograph and legend "Cover Girl Helps Folks Get Home. Memphis: Patty Valentine, called 'Little Miss 1948' by National Magazine, points to portrait on cover. Her parents, Sergeant and Mrs. Herb Valentine, had difficulty finding an apartment until it became well known that Patty was a cover girl. Father is in Marine Corps."

BILL DENIKE, Memphis, Tenn.

ACME



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Collier's for April 10, 1948

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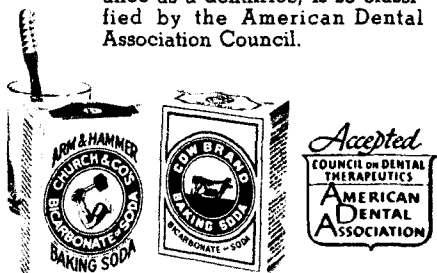
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A VERY FUNNY GUY

Continued from page 23

looked at him with his calm poker face, the way he always had whenever Mope called him on the carpet.

The things Johnny Taylor had done were almost legendary on Broadway. In his early teens he had been odd and unmanageable, the rich-kid-of-a-famed-comedian, who drove souped-up motorcycles, broke arms and legs, got kicked out of schools. Mope thought he would change. But only the things he did changed. He never lost his love for anything that would travel fast, but he augmented it with brawling in night clubs, disappearing for weeks, girl trouble.

At the age of seventeen, he had been jailed three times for disorderly conduct. By his twentieth birthday, he was no longer considered a character, but a platinum-plated heel in a supercharged, foreign hack. Night-club owners barred their doors to him, and columnists clucked sadly in print about the errant son of the beloved comedian.

MOPE often saw him in the audience at the theater, or his radio show. He could never understand why the boy came to see the shows. Johnny never laughed at anything Mope said or did on the stage. He would sit, blank-faced, watching Mope's routines as though they were childish things he had memorized and disliked.

Whenever Johnny was out front it worried Mope. He was nervous on those nights and it always seemed to him that his timing was off. Perhaps it was because his knowing the boy was out there made him try too hard. He often spotted Johnny from the wings, just before he made his entrance, and the sight of him sitting there, cold and critical, always unnerved Mope.

Johnny Taylor didn't look at all like his father. As a small boy, Mope thought he resembled his first wife's brother, Fred. He had Fred's good looks. He had grown to be almost half again as tall as his father, with a slim, boyish body. His features were clean and regular. He missed being handsome because his skin was sallow and unhealthy, his eyes vague and stubborn, almost always deeply circled. The only hint that he was Mope's son was in Johnny Taylor's eyes. They were small and clear gray, even during times when he was nursing a badly hung-over head.

Johnny had been ten years old when his mother had died. Mope had often felt that, if Claire had lived, things might have been different between him and Johnny. Two years later he had married one of the girls in the musical comedy in which he was then starring and they had tried to make some sort of life in the large house on Long Island. Johnny never mentioned his mother after Mope married Dorothy. Mope knew now that he must have felt lonely and lost in that big house, as lonely as Mope, himself, had often felt.

It had taken Mope several years to learn that his second wife had never loved him and had hated his son.

He caught on to Dorothy the night that Johnny broke his arm. There was a party that night. There was always a party. Mope was on the porch doing one of his routines for Dorothy's sleek, new Dune Road friends. He heard the shriek of a siren as it broke suddenly over the sounds of the drunken people on the porch. Some of the guests giggled when a cop got out of the car, came up on the porch and called Mope's name. "You Taylor?"

Mope knew right away that it was about Johnny.

"Your son's been hurt. Broke his arm. Cut up some. They got him over to the hospital in town."

"I'll come right away," Mope had said. "Can you take me?"

Dorothy had hurried up to them then, her voice high and shrill, demanding to know what had happened.

"It's Johnny," Mope had said. "He's been hurt. Come on."

"You go, hon," she said. "I can't leave all these people."

As the car had turned, wheels screeching on the gravel, headlights sweeping the porch, Mope had seen his wife's face. She was smiling, a brief, horrible expression impaled in that instant of light, a red-lipped grimace of cruel satisfaction. In that brief second he saw her as she had always been and then he dismissed her completely and forever and thought only of his son and pain.

By the time Mope got to the hospital, Johnny was asleep. His arm had been set, the cuts bandaged, the morphine had taken effect. He was sleeping quite soundly, his thin face pale and somehow boyishly defiant and brave. Mope looked down at him and, for the first time in many years, wept openly. When he came out of the room, the cops who had driven him over were waiting. The squat, moon-faced one who had come up on the porch was angry.

"What's the idea givin' a kid that age a big hack like that to drive?"

Mope did not tell him that Johnny had taken the car without his knowing it. He did not even know Johnny could drive. He was only thirteen years old then.

"Kid like that ought to been in bed hours ago," the cop went on. "Although how he could sleep with all that racket—"

Something in Mope's eyes stopped the cop then and he wrote out the rest of his report and Mope signed it. Mope stayed until six that morning, but Johnny did not wake up until after he was gone. That morning he had to take a 7:22 train into the city to get there in time for the nine-o'clock rehearsals of a new show. It was not so much that he couldn't have missed the rehearsal, but that he couldn't bear to face the boy, wouldn't have known what to say. He saw him that night at six-thirty when he got back from the city. Johnny was home by then, propped up in bed, blank-faced.

Mope stood in the center of the room, embarrassed.

"You feel all right, now?" he asked.

"I'm okay," the boy said.

Mope started to walk toward the bed, but at that moment Dorothy came into the room, her sharp face malevolent.

"He's nothing but a little thief," she said. "He deserves to be—"

"Get out!" Mope said.

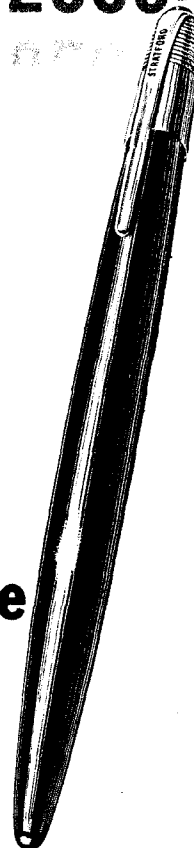
But after she left, the boy would not look at him.

LESS than three months later, Mope divorced his second wife. He bought the large house on Madison Avenue and he and his son moved to the city. Mope enrolled him in a private school, watched him drive off every morning, sitting straight-backed and seemingly bored in the back seat of the limousine, eyes fixed on the stiff neck of the chauffeur.

A headmaster called a few weeks later, to explain to Mope why Johnny Taylor's incorrigible behavior could no longer be tolerated at Blakely for Boys. Johnny was expelled. Mope tried dozens of other schools. He gave Johnny almost everything he asked for, the speedy motorcycle, charge accounts at Fifth Avenue stores, flying lessons and, at seventeen, even a suite of rooms of his own in a hotel on Fifty-ninth Street.

The older Johnny Taylor grew, the less the conversation that passed between father and son. The occasional meetings were almost invariably to straighten out something Mope's son had done, some-

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Collier's for April 10, 1948

thing money or influence could fix. Johnny Taylor never came to his father. Mope always called him to the house.

"What's it this time?" Mope would say.

"Nothing important."

"That isn't the way I heard it."

The son would look at him coldly, his face blank and detached.

"How did you hear it?"

"I always hear it. And it's always trouble."

"I'm okay."

Mope did not really mind fixing whatever it was, but he sometimes wished there was something else he and Johnny could talk about. He was surprised one day to see his son at the ball game. He looked back for an instant, up into the grandstand behind his box on the third-base line and saw Johnny sitting alone. Mope, who loved the game, hadn't mentioned it to Johnny in years. He debated asking Johnny to join him in the box, but was afraid of embarrassing him and of invading his privacy. He had had him on the carpet a few days before.

At the next session, four months later, Mope remembered about the ball game.

"Saw you at the ball game," he said suddenly, interrupting his queries about Johnny's latest trouble. "Last August."

"Did you?" Johnny said, politely, distantly. "I go often."

"Good game," his father said.

"I used to play it some," Johnny said.

Their eyes met for a moment and then the older man looked away. They never mentioned baseball again. Mope knew of no way of bringing it up and the trouble Johnny kept getting into grew to be more serious. He cracked up a three-thousand-dollar speed boat one afternoon, breaking his shoulder and dumping the party of people with him into Peconic Bay. Nobody else was hurt, but two of the girls sued and Mope settled out of court. It made all the tabloids for three days running. Mope overheard one of his gag writers remark, "Trying to kill himself, that kid is getting more laughs than the old man."

When Mope Taylor married for the third time, he thought a long time before sending his son an invitation. It was to be a quiet wedding, just a few theater friends at the house, befitting the union of a man fifty-one years old with a woman twenty years his junior. Johnny didn't come to the wedding. He sent a wire. It read, "Congratulations," and Mope could not understand, reading it, whether the word had been written in sincerity or sarcasm.

Regina, Mope's third wife, had worked with him on the radio show for the past eight years. She was one of the agency

crowd, a well-liked, practical young woman and one of the few people with whom Mope could talk without feeling too much of a strain. She was as fair and competent as a wife as she had always been in conducting her part of his radio show. She was not a gregarious person. She enjoyed the house, and Mope liked having her in it. Her voice was soft, the way Claire's had been, and he often slipped up and called her Claire, but she took it good-naturedly enough. She even told him once that she knew Claire was the only woman he had ever loved. It surprised and disturbed him slightly, but he was rather pleased that someone understood that.

THE most startling afternoon in Mope Taylor's life occurred one June day, some eight months after his marriage to Regina. He had left rehearsal around four o'clock and gone to the house on Madison Avenue for a short nap. He had just settled back in a chair in the living room, ready to relax, when the maid knocked on the door and said his son wished to see him. Mope felt a sudden shiver of fright go through him. In all the years, Johnny had never come to see him, except when summoned. This time he was certain that it was really going to be bad.

Johnny came into the room slowly, his face not quite as masked as usual, something of defiance in it, an expression Mope had not seen on it since Johnny had been thirteen or fourteen. Mope got up out of the chair, confused and awkward, then sat down again. His son took a few stiff steps nearer to him.

"What's happened?" Mope said, his voice almost pleasant.

"I want to tell you something."

"All right," Mope said, "let's have it."

"I want to tell you," his son said, hesitantly, "that I'm going into the theater."

Mope looked at his son in astonishment, his round, protruding mouth slightly open, his small eyes wide and uncomprehending. He felt that it was some sort of a joke, and he knew jokes very well, but this was beyond him. He shifted around in the chair.

"And just what would you do in the theater?" he asked.

"I think I can do comedy," his son said. There was a faint brief smile on his lips. "I think I can."

The lines on Mope's face hardened. He stopped squirming in the chair. He saw it all then, and for the first time in his life, hatred and anger welled up against his son. It would be the crowning stunt, the one thing the boy could do that would hurt him most. He could publicly,



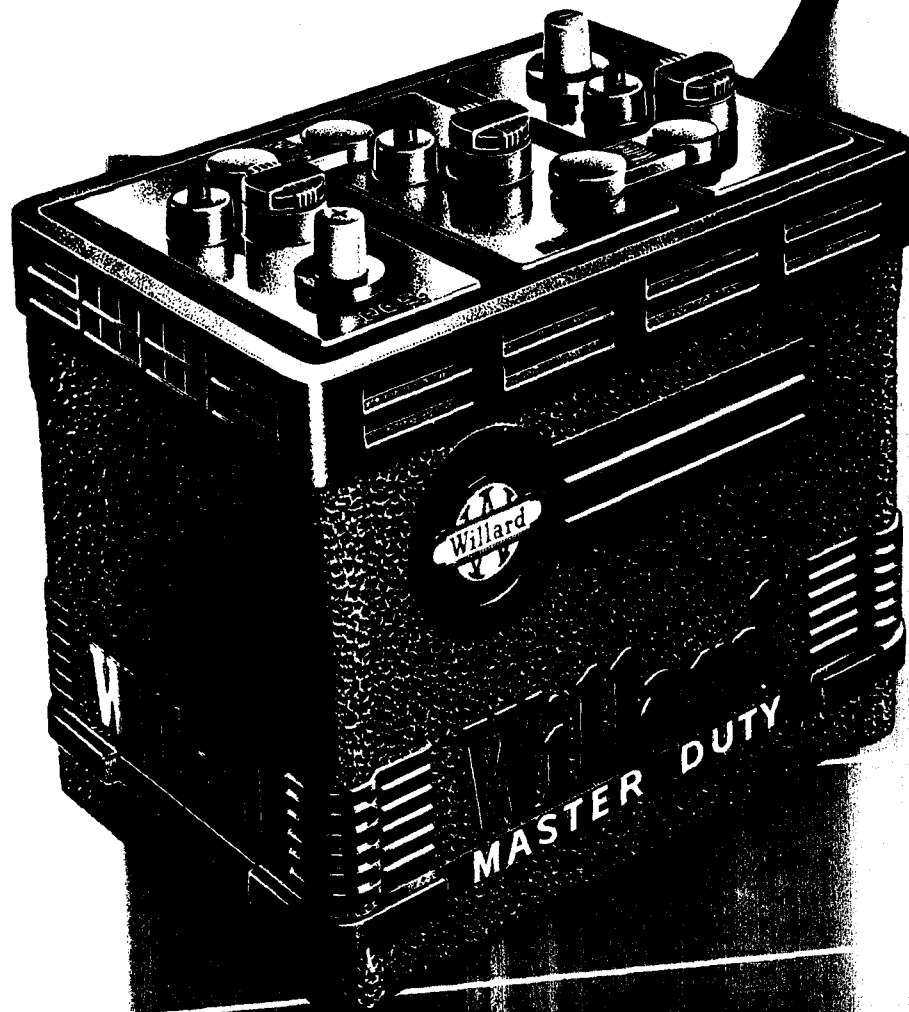
"Would a baba au rum be habit-forming?"

Collier's for April 10, 1948

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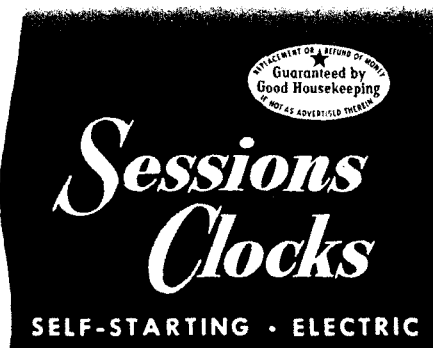


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openly make a spectacle of himself in his father's profession, subject both of them to ridicule and derision in the most obvious and deliberate manner. Mope's mouth closed, twisted in scorn, his eyes cold and derisive.

"You couldn't even be a chorus boy," he said. "You couldn't even learn a time step."

His son's face resumed its old, mask-like expression.

"I couldn't be worse than a lot of the dead jokers you've had in your shows."

Mope lowered his eyes from his son's face. He was certain the boy meant him. He saw Johnny sitting in the audience again, straight-backed, unyielding, his face frozen, completely unmoved by the performance on the stage, not seeing anything funny in his father's antics, not understanding them, despising them.

"Forget it," Mope said wearily. "You're not going to do it."

"I'm okay," his son said, unconsciously slipping back into the language he had always used whenever he was in trouble. "I just wanted you to know."

He went then, quickly, leaving the old man alone and bitter in the chair in the big house, lost and hopeless, and then, after a while, filled with pity for his son. When Regina came home, he did not tell her about the visit. He did not want to talk to anyone about it.

Mope did not hear a word from, or about, his son for almost a month. He felt sure that the insane idea would pass from Johnny's mind, that he would, this one time, be rational and take it out on him in some other way, another smashup, a girl, or a long, drunken flier through the bars of the city. He waited almost hopefully for one of Johnny's escapades.

It was Regina who brought him the news. She showed it to him in the paper one morning, her face puzzled and amused. An item in one of the columns read: "Mope Taylor's unusual son, Johnny Taylor, is one of the working members of the summer theater group at Reddington Playhouse in Vermont. Mope's *enfant terrible* has taken the stage name of Johnny Marsh."

Mope put down the paper slowly. Marsh had been Claire's maiden name. Regina silently poured him another cup of coffee, watching his face carefully.

"Why do you suppose he's doing this?" she asked, gently.

"I don't know," Mope said; it was obvious he did not want to talk about it.

THROUGH sources he had always used, Mope surreptitiously kept track of his son. He knew he was making the rounds on Broadway, and Mope found out what was happening. Some producers were seeing Johnny out of curiosity, some because of his father, shaking his hand and asking, "How's Mope?" and recalling times Mope had worked for them. Some, knowing Johnny's reputation, avoided him completely. Nobody had a job for him.

On Forty-seventh Street one day, Mope ran into Henry Stahl, who had produced one of his early shows. Stahl greeted him effusively, as always, wringing the small man's hand, and beaming.

"Your boy was in to see me the other day," he leered. "That son of yours! Wanted a job in the new thing I'm doing. Say, what is this, Mope? Is he serious? Figured he needed a little lecture, so I gave him one. Told him there was no reason a young man with his money should be trying to take the bread out of the mouth of some actor who needs the dough. Say, Mope, did you put this bug in his head?"

"I don't know anything about it," Mope said, looking away.

"How crazy can that kid get?" Stahl said, jovially. "Say, remember the time he—"

But Mope moved away, on down the street, his head down against the chill December wind, holding his high-

crowned felt hat with trembling fingers. He found out, later that week, that Johnny was in need of money again. But this time, he did not send him any.

On the first of the year, his radio show moved out to the West Coast to allow him to do the movie a year for which he was contracted. Time seemed to stand still in the warm, pleasant climate. Mope thought of Johnny constantly, fought against sending him money. The fling, he knew, would soon be over. But he grew restless and weary and the Hooper rating on his show took a drop.

WHEN Mope came back from California, in April, the house on Madison Avenue looked good and the brisk spring wind seemed to put new life into him. The very next morning after he and Regina got in, Mope had all the New York papers brought to him. He opened to the sports pages to read about the Giants winding up spring training, about the Yanks and how DiMag was doing. Then he turned to the theater section and there was Johnny's picture.

The serious face of his son, looking at him from the page, did not seem real to Mope. The caption under the picture was brief: "Johnny Marsh, one of the principals in *Laughter in the Streets*, a musical opening at the Grand soon."

Regina had seen it, too, and came into the paper-scattered bedroom to tell him.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Nothing," Mope said, after a moment. "What can I do?"

"You ought to see him," she said. "Should I call him?"

"No," Mope said, "don't do anything."

The week before *Laughter in the Streets* opened was a very long one for Mope. Regina had not mentioned it since their first conversation a month before, but on the day of the opening she asked Mope if he were going. He shook his head and went on eating his lunch, the food churning in his stomach. He had planned on going for a walk with Regina that afternoon and then to the newsreels, the way they often did, but when the time came to go, he did not feel up to it. He spent the afternoon alone and restless in the living room. At dinner, he sat silent, feeling Regina's eyes on him, pityingly.

"You'd better go, Mope," she said, finally, speaking almost as she would to a small boy.

Mope's eyes met hers, trapped and pleading.

"I haven't even got tickets," he said. "I got you one," she said. "In the second balcony. I thought you'd rather sit there."

Mope was grateful that she understood he had to go and that he had to go alone.

He reached the theater shortly after the curtain had gone up. He climbed the stairs and pushed through the dark to his seat unnoticed, stumbling and eliciting a few grumbles from the spectators whose vision was fleetingly blocked. He sat down, perspiring, closed his eyes, briefly, and heard laughter.

Mope opened his eyes. Johnny was on stage and Mope concentrated on the figure far below him, seeing nothing else, his small, gray eyes following every move, fixed, unbelieving. His son's voice reached out to him. A chill swept over him. He felt cramped and cornered under a spotlight and it seemed as though Johnny were alone on the stage, performing for him.

He began to hear the laughter. Mope knew, instinctively, that what Johnny had said should have been funny, but he could not understand why they were laughing. Johnny's movements, the erect, effortless, sliding walk, the way he talked, the things he said, the strange, high-pitched voice did not have any element of comedy in them for Mope. He saw only Johnny and as he watched him he began to feel sick and the sickness

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Collier's for April 10, 1948

rew. Johnny was just being himself on he stage. His whole life was there, in very movement of his features, his body, even the tone of his voice. It was all here, the tragedy, frustration and helplessness, the sadness, the loneliness and oddness, all the frailties that had obsessed him from boy to man.

The waves of laughter all around him were scalding sounds, noises that told Mope they were laughing at the tragic figure on the stage, the pitiful figure, laughing without sympathy, with scorn. He sat rigid, his face still and expressionless, but mixed with his pity and shame was a certain strange respect for what the boy was doing down there on the stage. There was nothing to laugh at and Mope hated them for laughing. They saw only the surface, the long, graceful, somehow ludicrous body, the queer, tortured sounds he made with the high-pitched voice.

He could not understand how what Johnny was doing held them. They did

and smiled, vaguely, and went up to his room.

Regina brought all the papers in to him the next morning, her face flushed and excited. After a while, watching him as he read, she knew he was embarrassed because she was there and she smiled and left him. He sat up more erectly in the bed then and went on reading.

"... the show, itself, is glaringly weak in script, but the hilarious, droll, touching artistry of Johnny Marsh, Mope Taylor's son, wrings every ounce of comedy out of it, adding much that is not even there."

Mope picked up another paper. "Last night a young man who had only proved to the world how worthless the son of a celebrity can become, proved something else which none of us had ever suspected, that he is possessed of a very great talent for comedy. Johnny Marsh in *Laughter in the Streets*, is the most sparkling, original comedian to come up the pike since his famous father, Mope Taylor, opened in the Goldwell Follies some twenty-five years ago."

He kept on reading. "Proving that talent must be an inherited quality, a youngster named Johnny Marsh let fly with both barrels last night, convulsing the audience at the Grand Theater with his brilliant comedy performance in *Laughter in the Streets*. Like his celebrated father, Mope Taylor, Johnny Marsh is a very funny guy. . . ."

AFTER he had finished all of them, he started again from the beginning, and then he noticed the interview with Johnny. It was very short, a box at the bottom of the page, headed, *Son Of Comedian Watched His Father*. "Mope Taylor's son," it began, "regardless of all you and everyone else has read about him over the years, is an unusually reticent young man when approached on the subject of his new career and how he happened to become a comedian."

"In a very brief interview, conducted backstage after the final dress rehearsal of *Laughter in the Streets*, Johnny Marsh, as he will be known on the stage, did say, quietly, 'Maybe I won't be any good on Monday night. I don't know. A comedian is seldom funny to himself. But if I have anything at all, it is because I've always studied my father seriously. I've watched the way he worked, tried to understand the basic motivations behind comedy, which he knows so well. I hope someday that I can be as genuine an artist as he is, as great a performer. But,' he added, 'I don't see how I can make it.'"

"As you know," the paragraph that had been added said, "Johnny was well on his way to making it last night."

Mope put down the paper. He thought of the wire he had sent his son last night and wished he had said more, wished there had been a way of saying what he really had felt. But there was no way of saying it, because he had never been able to reach him, he had never been able to develop that talent, the one of being a father. All the wire had said was, "I'm very proud of you," and he had signed it, "Your father, Mope."

Regina came into the room then. She looked at him anxiously her face puzzled. Mope looked up at her and smiled, wryly. "Well," he said, "they're pretty good."

"Johnny just called," she answered, her face still puzzled. "He said to tell you that there's a ball game this afternoon."

Those who saw Mope Taylor hurrying into the Polo Grounds that afternoon, those who yelled, excitedly and laughingly at the sight of him, "There's Mope! Hey, Mope!" were gladdened by how personally and proudly he seemed to look at each of them, how cheerfully his frail arms flapped as he hurried along in his customary jerky gait, trying to keep up with the thin young man who strode gracefully beside him.

THE END

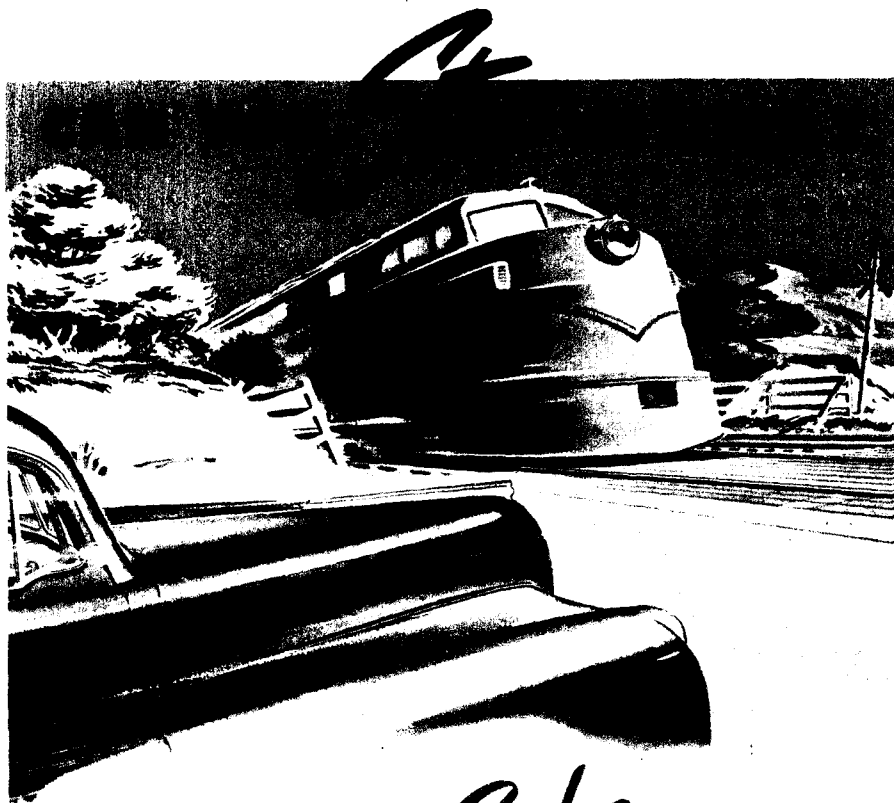


not see what he saw, the truth behind what the figure down there on the stage did to make them laugh. They did not understand what had gone into it, the pain and misery of the boy in the bed with the broken arm, the loneliness of childhood, the youngster with everything in the world and nothing at all, the motherless, the unwanted, the confused. Mope saw it, painfully, years in one movement down there on the stage. He saw it and understood, more painfully, how much his son had really seen and felt and had been hurt and was now using. It was not funny at all to Mope.

IT WAS some time before he realized, watching Johnny, why the things he did to make audiences laugh had not been funny to his son, either. It was a way of commenting on a life that had been lacking in the things he had needed so desperately, the warmth, the understanding, the friendliness of other human beings that had never existed for him in his boyhood or the years that had followed. He thought of his son's mother, Claire. She had understood that about him, too, and had never laughed at him. And now he knew why Johnny had never laughed, either.

After it was over, Mope did not go backstage. He walked all the way home, more slowly than he had ever moved. He stopped only once, at a telegraph office, to send a wire. Regina was waiting up for him and her eyes asked him the question, but he only nodded to her

Collier's for April 10, 1948



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Kevin made his pile on a long sh

ANOTHER THING

BY L. J. KAY

KEVIN O'NEIL stood smiling to himself in a corner of the creaking elevator. When the elevator stopped at the seventh floor, he pressed a crisp bill into the hand of the colored elevator boy. "Buy yourself a horse, Edwin," he said.

Edwin grinned so hard that his ears quivered. "I'll buy him, and you bet him, Mr. O'Neil," he said. "Thanks a million."

"Don't thank me, Edwin," Kevin told him. "Thank a filly named Bouncing Betsy, who is a filly that hates to see another filly's tail ahead of her. Also, Edwin, let us be grateful to a robust three-year-old known as Geronimo. He finishes so far ahead I think they give him uranium in his oats."

"Two on the nose, Mr. O'Neil? That's mighty fine," Edwin said. The buzzer in the elevator gave a short, complaining whine, and Edwin put his hand on the cable.

"Not only two on the nose," Kevin said, "but one after the other in the first and the second. This will teach my fat friend Freddie Oppenheim not to stand me up when we have a date for the races. All his life Freddie has—"

The buzzer complained again, this time at some length, but Edwin ignored it. He leaned forward out of the car, his eyeballs rounded and fixed with awe upon Kevin. "You mean the double, Mr. O'Neil? You hit the daily double!"

Kevin, fat with self-love, nodded. "And if that Freddie, who's dumber than a horse and not nearly so pretty, had met me as he promised, he too would be a wealthy man today— Let it be a lesson to you, Edwin." He jerked a thumb at the buzzer which had begun snarling on a continuous note.

"What you going to do with all that money, Mr. O'Neil?" Edwin asked.

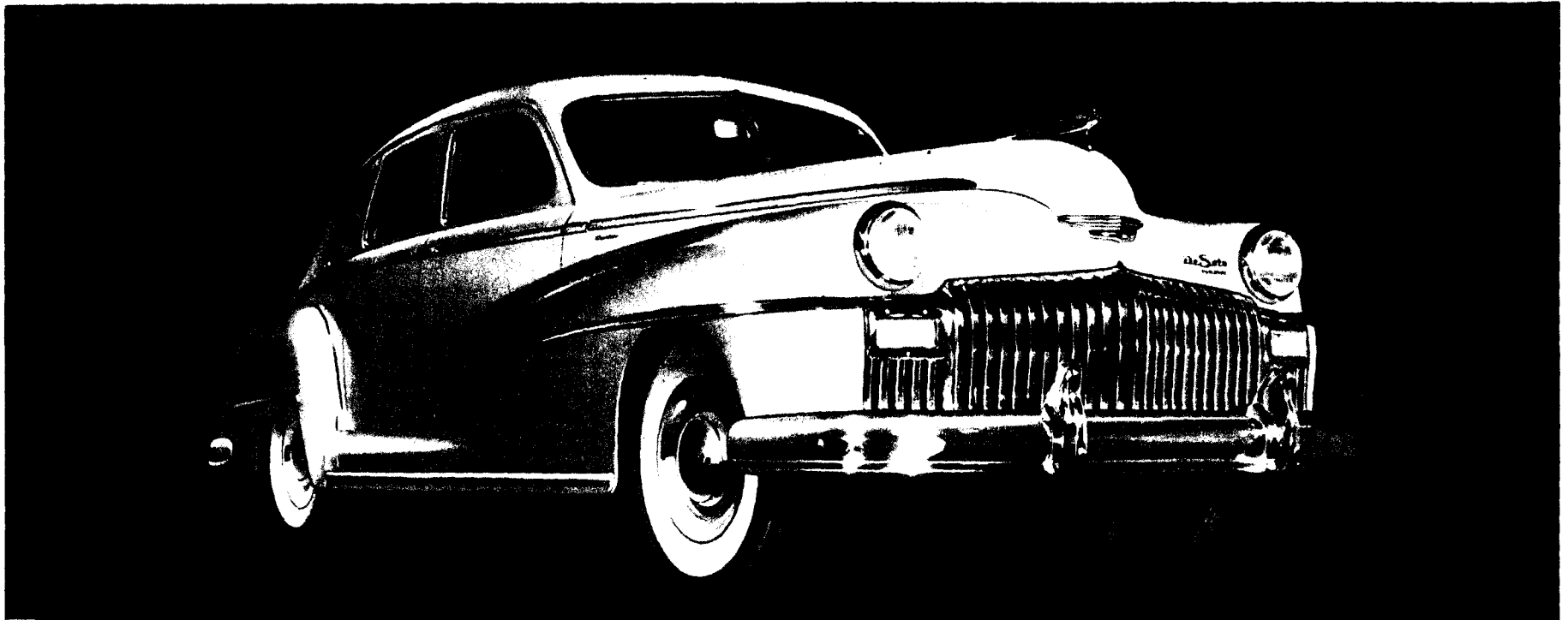
"Ask no more," Kevin answered. "Soon the wintry winds will blow, and this fleabag will see me no more. I shall be sitting in the sunshine at Hialeah. For many years I have been striving, Edwin, for many winters of slush and sleet and chills and coughs, to raise me a comfortable nut for Florida, and—" The buzzer's snarl was now a series of convulsive curses. "You want to lose your job, Edwin? I've already told you what Freddie lost by not being punctual." He stood smiling expansively as Edwin's round, brown face in the grille sank slowly downward.

In his room Kevin locked the door and sat down on the edge of the bed:

"Take it, Belle," he said. "Take it— all or any part." Belle shook her head

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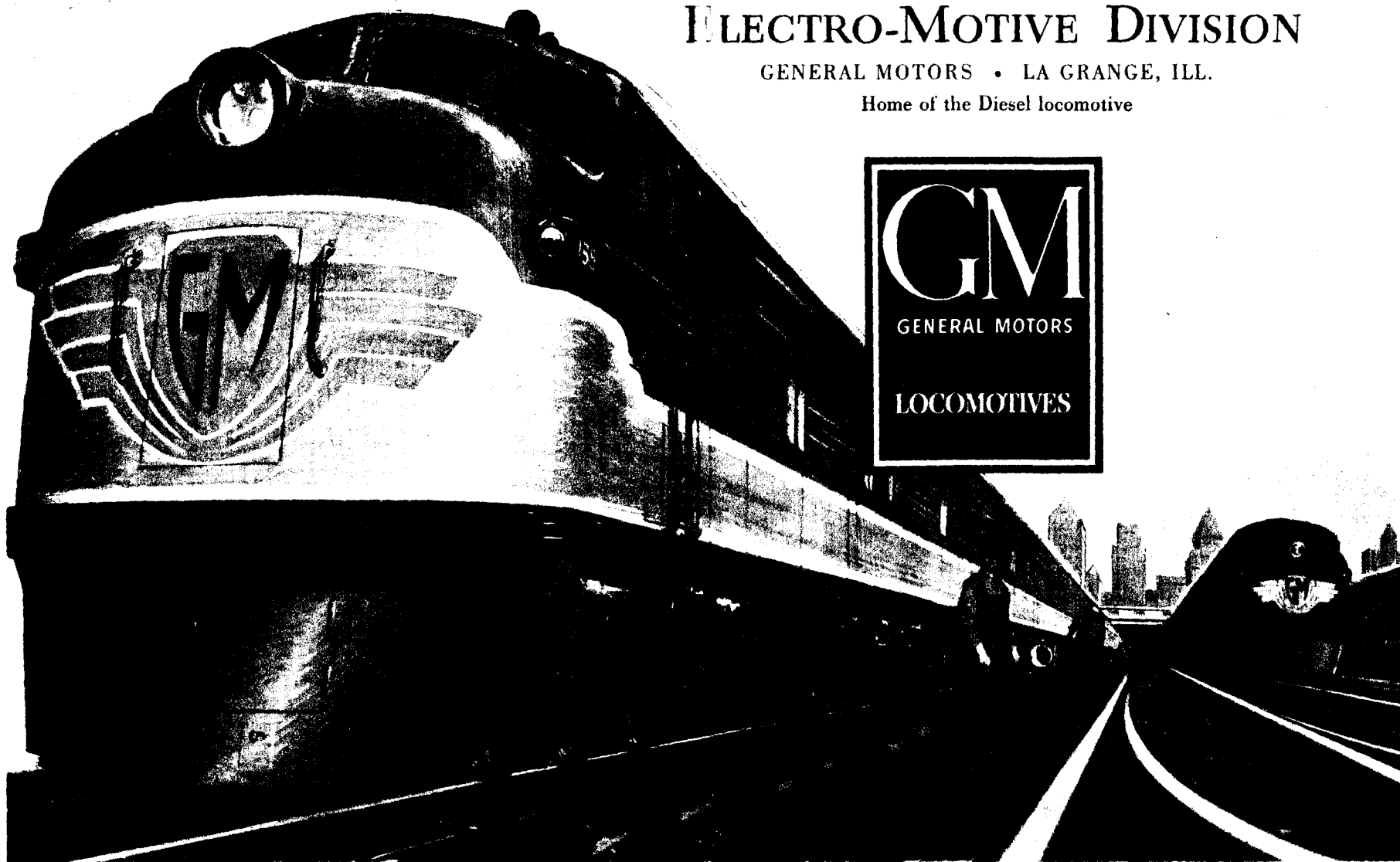
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he reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills big enough to choke a— No, he thought, not a horse. What ingratitude!— Big enough to choke a hippopotamus. Lingeringly he counted the money, laying it out neatly edge to edge till it looked like a green counterpane covering the bed, and as he dreamily contemplated the green expanse, there rose in his mind's eye a vision of pink flamingos and towering palms, a sky lofty and blue, and himself sitting in the stands at Hialeah picking the winners while a warm sea breeze ruffled his shirt-sleeves.

Freddie the fathead, he thought—as long as Kevin had known him, he'd babbled about getting onto a sure thing, and here when Kevin had finally found it for him, Freddie hadn't shown up at the track. In exultation Kevin reached for the telephone. "Hello, Fatso," he would say. "Hello and goodbye. Shortly, my good man, I leave for Florida, having but recently acquired at the races a big ball of money."

WHEN he got the number, it was not Freddie but Freddie's wife who answered. Her voice sounded so strange that he did not recognize it at first. "Is it you, Belle?" he asked hesitantly.

"Kevin," she said. There was a long pause. Then she went on. "I've been trying to get you." Her voice broke. "Kevin, there's bad news—very bad."

"For God's sake, Belle!" he said. "Tell me. Is it Freddie?"

"Yes," she said. He heard her gulp. "He's been badly hurt. I'm frightened. I don't—"

"Never mind now," he told her. "I'll be right over."

"Yes," she said. "Hurry, Kevin. Please."

It must be bad, he thought, gathering up his money and stuffing it into his pocket, because he'd never heard Belle anything but calm though she'd had good reason over the years to be blowing up every day what with being married to a horse-crazy, two-for-a-cent gambler like Freddie, a man as worthless as himself, always looking for the easy dollar and the sure thing instead of working at a steady job and bringing home an envelope every week. But she was a good woman and a proud woman, Belle was, and never had he heard a complaint from her or a plea for help in her troubles.

It was the saving grace of Freddie, he told himself as he climbed the stairs of the shabby walk-up, that he loved Belle—maybe not more than he loved the races, yet loved her with all that was good in him. And good he was, a good friend. And but for the gambling weakness in him, a good man. As he saw the door already ajar for him, his heart sank at the silence behind the door, a silence like death itself.

Belle came to meet him as he entered the room. He could not tell that she had been crying, but when he put his arms awkwardly around her, she leaned hard against him, and he heard a dry, rasping sob.

"Belle," he said huskily, "is it that bad?"

She rested against him another moment without answering and then drew away. "The doctor's still with him," she said. "I think he's dying, Kevin."

"Ah, now," he said. "Don't talk like that. Tell me what it was happened to him."

She told him, her mouth trembling, but her voice steady. Fred had gone out after lunch, saying that he was going to meet Kevin at the track. Ten minutes later they'd brought him back—he'd been hit by a truck; the wheels had gone over him.

"Just like that," Kevin said.

"I've lost him," she said.

"Don't say that, Belle." He looked toward the bedroom door. "If the doctor's still with him—" He took her hand.

"Look," he told her, "you know what these doctors can do nowadays. Miracles, Belle. You know that. We'll have Freddie in a hospital. Yes, and with the best of care. Nurses going double around the clock, and the doctor in bed beside him." He gripped her hand hard. "We'll have him up again, Belle, never you fear."

She gave him a small, tight smile. "You're a good man, Kevin," she said.

He knew what made her disbelieve him. "Look!" He pulled the roll of bills out of his pocket. "Look," he said again, "bigger than a Florida grapefruit. You could buy a whole hospital with that. Take it, Belle," he said. "Take it. All or any part. I could get no pleasure out of it with him lying on his back in there—"

She shook her head quickly. "Not a penny of it, Kevin. It's yours. And besides we don't need it."

"I know better, Belle," he said.

"Not a penny," she told him again. She twisted about to look at the bedroom door. "Why doesn't that doctor tell me something?" she said. "I've been sitting here—I'm afraid to go in, and I'm afraid of his coming out."

"I'll go in," Kevin said.

"And you'll call me, Kevin?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll call you, Belle."

He went across the room, opened the door, and closed it behind him. The air was heavy. On the pillow his friend's large, squarish face looked oddly collapsed.

From beside the bed, his fingers firm on Freddie's pulse, the capable-looking young doctor glanced up.

Kevin whispered, "I'm his friend, Doc. I came in to find out—"

The head on the pillow moved slowly from side to side, and the lips puffed a

short breath out. The doctor leaned forward. "He's coming to now," he said.

"Then he'll be all right, Doc?" Kevin asked quickly.

The doctor shook his head, his eyes on Freddie's face. "He's all smashed up inside." He hesitated and then said quietly. "He's going to die in a little while."

"Ah, no!" Kevin said.

The head on the pillow stirred, and Freddie's voice whispered thinly, "Belle?"

Kevin went to the bedside. "Freddie?" he said.

The eyelids lifted slowly. "It's you, Kev."

"Yes, Freddie. I'll call Belle."

The pale lips puffed and subsided. "I'm a goner, hey, Kev?"

"No," Kevin said loudly. "You're going to be all right, Freddie. The doc here says so."

"What's going to become of Belle?" the whisper asked. "I was always going . . . I was always going to hit a sure thing . . . a sure thing, a big pile of money . . . and give it to her . . . all of it."

"You will yet, Freddie," Kevin told him. He bent forward over his friend. "You're going to be up and around in no time."

"Thirty-five bucks is all . . . is all we got in the world. Alive or dead . . . I was never good for her," the whisper complained.

"You'll be up in no time," Kevin insisted. He paused. His eyes brightened. He added briskly, "I'll lay money on it. I'll even give you odds—big odds."

THE doctor looked up, frowning at him. He motioned toward the door. "You'd better call his wife," he said in a rapid undertone.

"Sure, Doc. In a minute," Kevin said. He bent forward again. "Listen, Freddie. You listening, boy?"

"A sure thing," the whisper said.

"Absolutely a sure thing," Kevin told the eyes. "I'm giving a hundred to one I'm so sure. A hundred to one you'll live. How's that for a bet, Freddie?" He snatched the roll of bills out of his pocket and held it up before the dying man's face. "I'm putting up," he said. "See? There it is. What do you say, Freddie boy? Is it a bet? Is it?"

The doctor said sharply. "Are you crazy, O'Neil? This is no time—"

"A hundred to one, Freddie!" Kevin begged. "Thirty-five hundred to your thirty-five. What do you say? Speak up, Freddie boy. You got a sure thing at last!"

The whisper was a thread of sound. "A sure thing— It's a bet, Kev."

Kevin whirled. "You heard him, Doc! It's a bet." With nimble-fingered haste he counted off the money and thrust it into the doctor's hand. What was left of the roll, the two or three bills, he put back in his pocket.

The doctor was staring at him in stunned bewilderment. Kevin was already at the door. "I'm sending his wife in, Doc." He pointed at the money in the doctor's outstretched hand. "A bet's a bet," he said rapidly. "And I never yet welshed on anyone, alive or dead. Pay his wife off for me, Doc, and tell her I'm leaving for Florida right away." He raised his voice a little. "Goodby, Freddie boy," he said. "Goodby."

"Belle?" the whisper said vaguely from the bed.

Kevin opened the door into the living room, and Belle sprang up. "He's asking for you, Belle," he told her.

"Yes," she said. "Oh, Fred—" and went past Kevin, almost running.

Kevin hurried down the dimly lighted stairs. Outside it was nearly dark. The wind was blowing cold out of the northeast and he shivered and turned his coat collar up. Then he lifted his head and faced forward into the wind.

THE END

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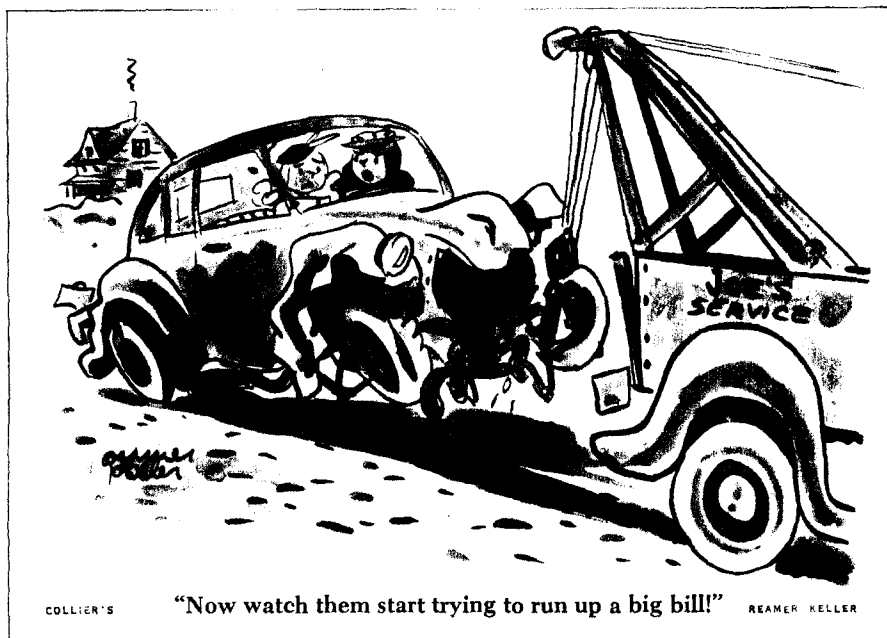


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DOES THE ARMY WANT THE RESERVES?

Continued from page 25

"If this plan had been implemented," says General Evans, "it would have given us an adequate national security program. But it wasn't!"

He cites this as an example. Although the Marshall policy specifically banned the formation of any kind of pools, more than 500 composite reserve units have been set up. "These," Evans states, "are nothing more nor less than the same old wartime pools which every officer and G.I. detested so much."

Disregard of the reserves has taken many other forms, too, according to Evans. Until recently the Army did not allow reserve officers to belong to officers' clubs on military posts, even to purchase at a post exchange.

When The Reserve Officers' Association petitioned Congress to extend commissary privileges to reserves retired for physical disability, many of them veterans crippled by wounds suffered in action, the War Department opposed and defeated the move.

It would set a bad precedent, the regulars argued, despite the fact that retired personnel of the Regular Army do have such privileges.

A Suggestion to Improve Morale

In New York, one of the rare Regular Army officers concerned about the poor morale among reservists proposed to First Army headquarters that it arrange for the participation of a reserve officer and enlisted man in the ceremonies at which President Truman was presented with a degree by Fordham University.

"It would help raise the prestige of the reserves," he urged.

The proposal got exactly nowhere. First Army refused to suggest it to Washington. Only Regular Army personnel were on hand at the ceremony.

The reserves say that some Regular Army officers have even been attempting to introduce the "caste system" into their ranks. An instance of this, reported by a reserve officer, occurred at a meeting of reserve paratroopers in Atlanta, Georgia. Several score officers and enlisted men who had seen action in Normandy were present. They all were in civilian clothes.

The Regular Army colonel who presided at the session (his name is withheld out of consideration for the reserve offi-

cer who told the story) was shocked to learn that the reserve officers and enlisted men were sitting together.

"There is too much fraternization here between officers and enlisted men," he said. "I want it to stop."

One paratrooper captain was so annoyed that he got up and walked out. He has not been to another meeting. He reports that a large number of enlisted reservists have also stayed away.

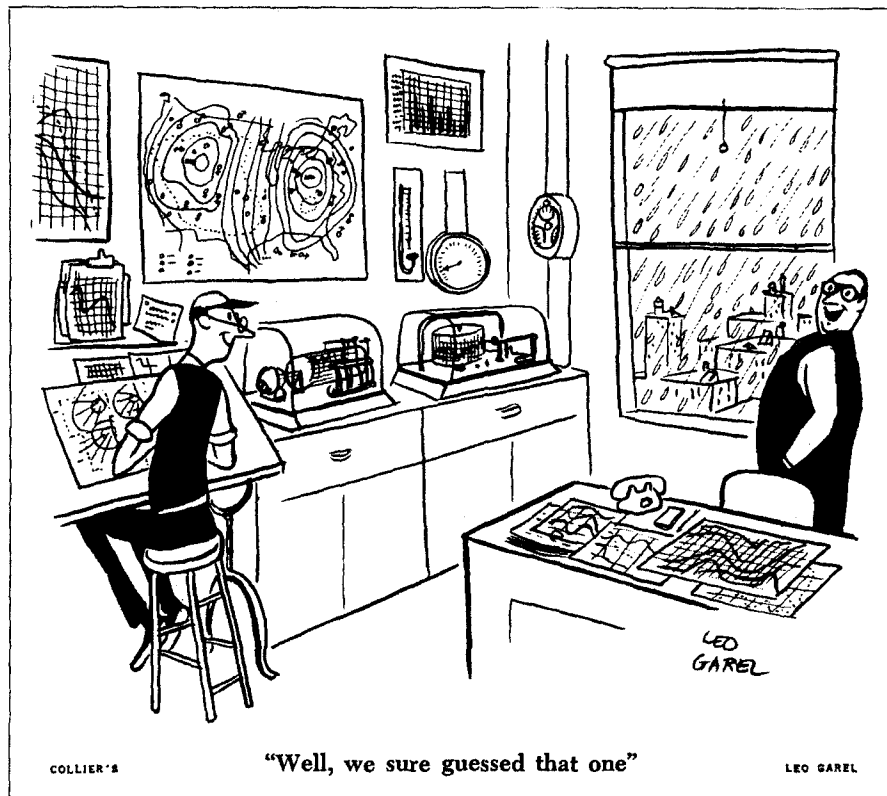
Enlisted reservists as a whole have been particularly infuriated by this return to the military caste system. Many point to the fact that a War Department board chaired by Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle itself severely condemned the Army for "irregularities and injustices in the handling of enlisted personnel." This board, in May, 1946, demanded that the Army adopt "a new philosophy in the military order, a policy of treatment of men, especially in the ranks, in terms of advanced concepts of social thinking."

"Not only has the Army failed to carry out this recommendation," it was stated, "but it is actually trying to superimpose its outworn caste ideas on the civilian soldiery, too."

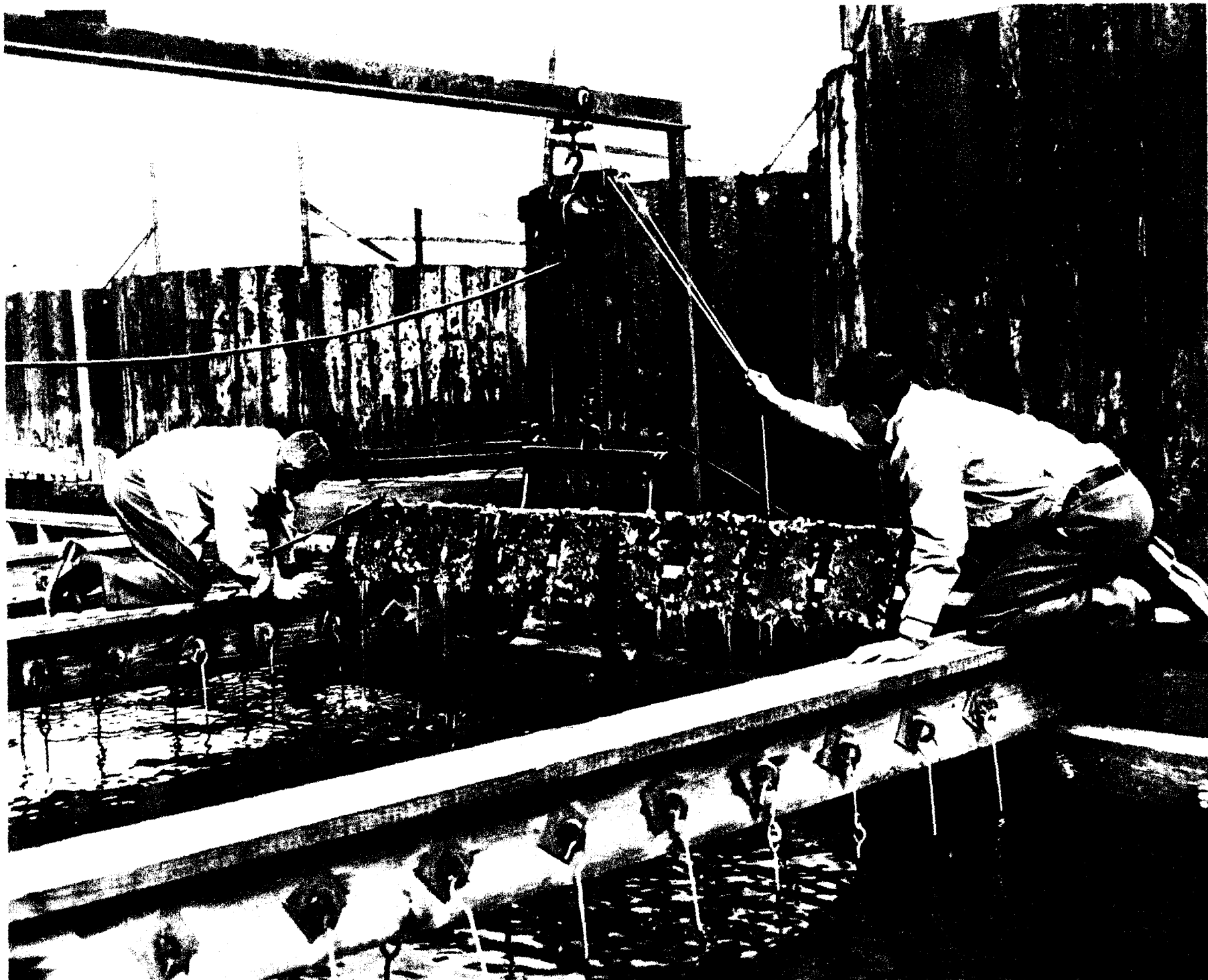
What does the Army say about all these varied charges? Recently, Secretary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall was queried about them. He replied, "Since I became Secretary of the Army, in July, I have not had an opportunity to look into the question, so I have no notion of what is going on in either the reserves or the National Guard."

Lieutenant General Manton S. Eddy, speaking for the Army, had this to say: "The Army of the United States is a three-legged structure whose legs are the Organized Reserve Corps, the National Guard and the Regular Army. Before anyone gives credence to charges that the Department of the Army is not interested in the reserve, or any other component, he should realize that the Army is scarcely likely to chop off one leg of the structure for which it is directly responsible."

Other Department of the Army officials maintain that the reserve picture is "really not as black as it has been painted." They say that they simply have not had sufficient time since V-E Day to get all their plans for the reserves in shape. They admit that only a small



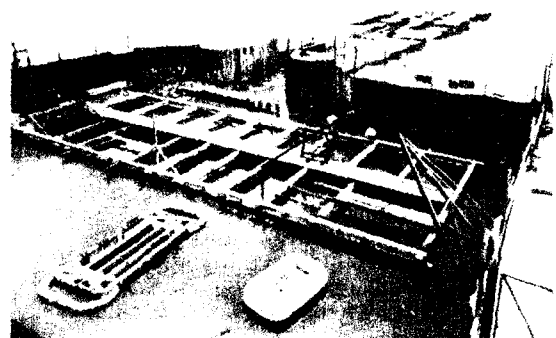
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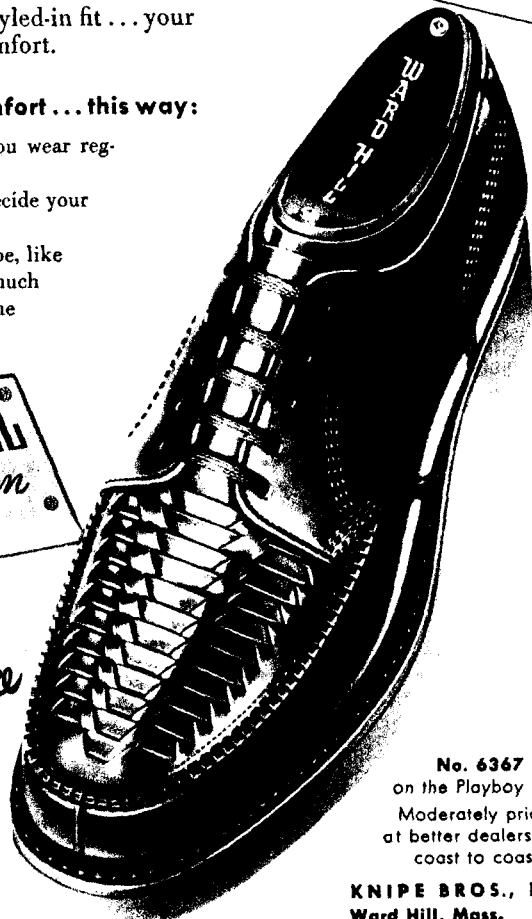
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number of officers and enlisted men have been assigned to units but ascribe this to the fact that many reservists have not specifically applied for assignment. Army regulations ban the detailing of enlisted men to units without their consent. (But in this connection, The Reserve Officers' Association states that only one enlisted reservist in 24 has been contacted about an assignment.)

Officers on duty in the office of the Executive for Reserve and R.O.T.C. Affairs, an Army staff section in charge of reserve matters, feel that the policies they have evolved are good ones. The difficulty has been, they declare, that some of their plans have not got General Staff approval, and that others which have been approved have not been adequately followed in the field.

Studying the Civilian Problem

Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal is personally concerned about the entire situation. He designated a six-man committee, headed by Assistant Secretary of the Army Gordon Gray and including representatives of the Navy and Air Forces, to make a thorough investigation of all the civilian components of the armed services.

One point the Gray Committee was asked to consider is why the Army and air reserves are in such poor condition when the naval reserve is flourishing.

On February 1, 1948, the naval reserve numbered 940,000, and was growing at a rate of over 12,000 a month. There was no evidence of any feuding between the regulars and the reserves. Morale was sky-high.

The Navy has a full-fledged program in operation for training its reservists.

Naval craft have been made available to them at every sea and inland port. The Navy has also set aside 312 buildings and ship armories for the reserves. In addition, it is building them 175 Quonset-type training centers. These will house everything from radio and radar equipment, machine shops and gyrocompass rooms to libraries, lounges and cooking galleys.

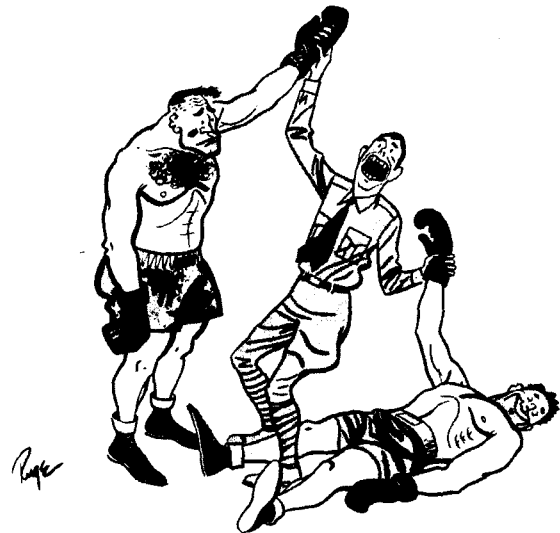
Today, naval reserve officers are welcome at every naval installation, can use ships' stores, officers' clubs, commissaries. To make sure there is no discrimination between the regulars and reserves on promotions, the Navy Department has instituted a new plan linking the two together. Each reserve officer on inactive status has been assigned a regular Navy officer as "a running mate." When the regular becomes eligible for promotion, so does the reserve.

Credit for the effectiveness of the naval reserve program is generally given to Jimmy Forrestal. While he was still Secretary of the Navy, he insisted that it make a real drive to keep its reserves happy. It has. And so has the Marine Corps. Its reserve is also reported to be in splendid condition.

What about the National Guard? Investigators will find it presents a mixed picture. Back under state control again, it is short of men but long on ambition, working hard to prepare itself as an M-Day force.

Its published story today is that it is getting excellent co-operation from the Army. But there are those who remember when things were different.

For years, the Army had no use for the National Guard, and the sentiment was reciprocated. In a top-secret document written on July 12, 1944, shortly



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—J. W. Dean (ex-private, H Company), Galesburg, Ill.

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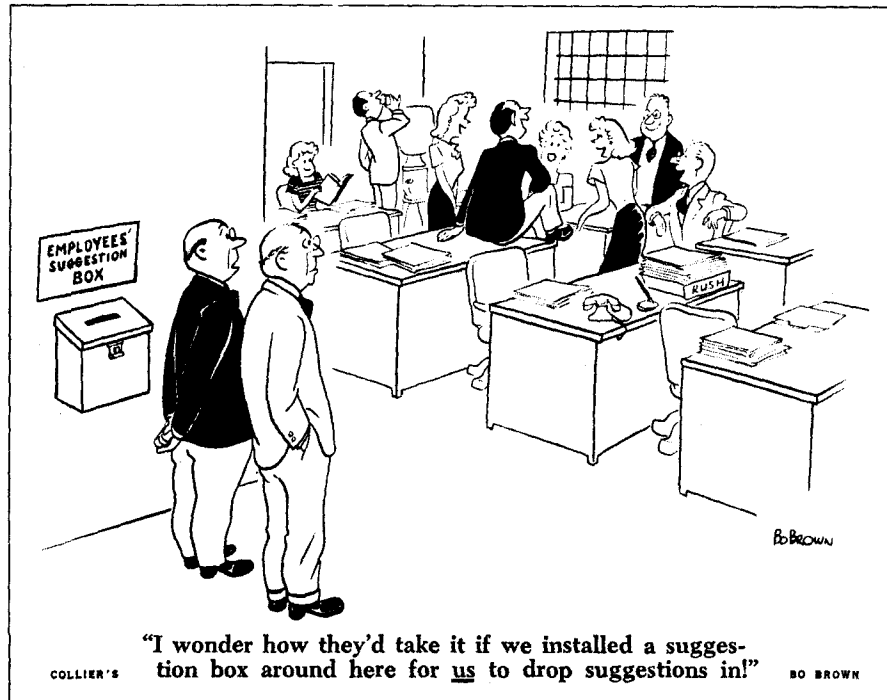


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before he was killed in Normandy, Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, commander of the Army Ground Forces, even urged that the guard be disbanded once and for all. He wrote General Marshall:

"One of the great lessons of the present war is that the National Guard, as organized before the war, contributed nothing to national defense. . . . It was necessary to make almost 100 per cent replacement of commissioned officers with troops from the grade of major general down through the grade of colonel and to replace an extremely high percentage of officers of lower grade. . . . The structure of the National Guard was pregnant with disaster for the entire nation."

A National Guard in postwar America, General McNair asserted, is "unnecessary and undesirable." His official recommendation: "that the National Guard be dispensed with as a component of the Army of the United States."

The Guard Fights Back

The National Guard replied to this statement with accusations that the Regular Army had continuously discriminated against it. Major General Ellard A. Walsh, president of the powerful National Guard Association, told his group's 1946 convention that he had proof of 8,000 cases of discrimination. Major General George E. Leach of the Minnesota National Guard declared, "I tell you, gentlemen, the General Staff at Washington is soulless . . . not anything human."

The association passed a resolution castigating what it termed "the unwarranted, unjustifiable and indefensible treatment accorded many of the non-regular officers in World War II" and demanding that it stop. Then it did more. It unleashed one of the slickest campaigns in history to "put the heat on" the Army.

With its strong political ties, it got countless governors to talk with Washington, got friendly congressmen to apply a little judicious pressure, too.

When the War Department chipped its 1947 appropriations from \$110,000,000 to \$50,000,000 the guard arranged for an avalanche of protesting telegrams and letters to descend upon the Pentagon. After that, a delegation of guard lobbyists visited General Eisenhower.

"You can't do that to us," Major General Milton A. Reckord, adjutant general of Maryland, warned Ike.

The War Department bowed to this pressure and quickly restored \$12,000,000 of the sliced funds. According to the National Guard Association, the Army has since leaned over backward to give

the guard what it wishes, including brand-new P-80s to fly and some \$30,000,000 worth of surplus military facilities, among them parts of Camp Atterbury in Indianapolis and Jackson Barracks in New Orleans. However, some observers take with a grain of salt the statement of General Walsh that the National Guard is receiving "splendid support" from the Army. They suspect that the guard is courting Army favor because it fears current moves to consolidate it with the reserves.

Training for the 4,200 guard units is going full blast, although some of Secretary Forrestal's associates are not pleased with the type of training it is getting. One point made by them is that the guard should be schooled now for disaster work . . . for civil defense, clearing away rubble, repairing utilities, in other words, against an atomic-bomb attack. But this is not being done.

Recruiting for the National Guard has been slow. Oklahoma has done the best of any state in organizing units, Nevada, the worst. That Nevada got started at all was due to the activities of a group of Reno gamblers.

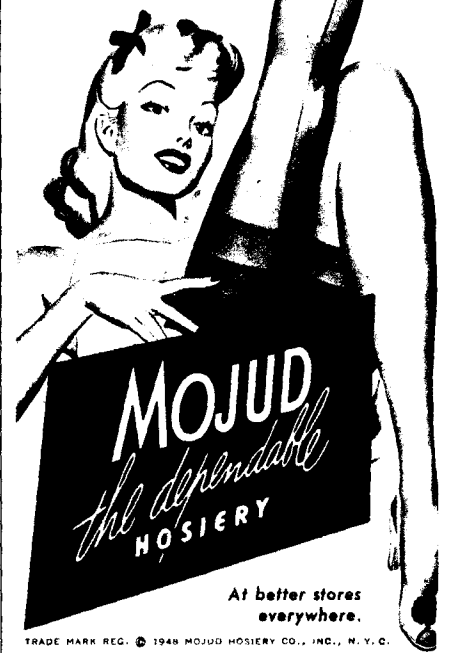
The legislature in Carson City adjourned without appropriating any state funds for the guard, and it looked as if Nevada would be left without one. This disturbed the patriotically minded operators of Harold's Club, a Reno gambling resort. It was bad advertising for Nevada, they felt. They therefore chipped in some of their own money and opened a drive for contributions from other private parties. Enough money was raised by them for the Nevada guard at least to begin work.

At the end of last summer, the National Guard throughout the country numbered about 100,000 men. An \$850,000 recruiting drive was then launched, replete with top radio bands, street signs and magazine advertisements, in the hope of raising guard rosters at the rate of a man a minute for two months, 88,888 in all. The hoopla notwithstanding, the drive fell about 13,000 short of its goal. Major General Kenneth F. Cramer, chief of the National Guard Bureau, then sadly announced that it would be impossible for the guard to reach its projected M-Day strength of 683,000 (about three times its prewar force) without the enactment of Universal Military Training.

The red-hottest development on the entire reserve-National Guard scene is the proposal recently made by Major General Harry H. Vaughan. The Chief Executive's military aide urged that the National Guard be entirely removed from state control and merged with the Organized Reserve Corps. The outraged cries that ensued made bedlams out of

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TODAY



Collier's for April 10, 1948

National Guard armories, reserve meetings and the columns of the country's press. Harry Vaughan couldn't have provoked a greater storm if he had come out for an end to all state sovereignties or a merger of the Baptist and the Catholic churches.

The Chicago Tribune called his suggestion "militarism gone mad." The New York Times, however, thought it one "that should be thoroughly explored, perhaps by a Presidential commission."

Opposed to Armies for States

Vaughan, like President Truman (who is still Colonel Truman on the Army's reserve records), has served in both the National Guard and the reserves. Sitting in his office in the East Wing of the White House, Vaughan asserted that there is no reason any more for states to have private armies. He believes that guard training suffers from joint federal-state jurisdiction. He says:

"The present plan for our security force established a National Guard and a reserve, units of which are found in every local community throughout our country. The functions of these overlapping units are identical. How much more efficient these citizen components would be, if combined into one force, subject only to federal control!"

"In the event of war, it's the federal government's responsibility to defend the nation, not the states."

Vaughan holds that legislation can be constitutionally enacted to transfer the guard to federal control. Such a law, he says, could provide safeguards to insure troops for use by states in an emergency.

"There is no necessity now for the governor of a state to have command of air force, tank or field artillery units, as many do now. A governor's only need for troops arises in an emergency—a catastrophe, a hurricane, a race riot or a strike that has got out of hand. For things like that, governors need only military police, not tank outfits or paratroopers. If the guard is transferred to the federal government, the law can

specify that the Army must automatically make available troops to any governor merely upon his telegraphic request."

To the statement of Maryland's General Reckord that his proposal is "contrary to the Constitution," General Vaughan replied, "It's no such damned thing! Actually, you can say that it has been unconstitutional for the federal government to have been paying all these years for the training of the National Guard."

Vaughan adds, "I discussed this idea with Harry Truman 20 years ago and he said then that if ever he were in a position to do something about it, he would. We are interested purely in national security, and any merger or elimination that will aid national security—that is, the greatest security for the fewest dollars—is what we want."

Naturally, the National Guard Association is objecting wildly to the merger plan. The Reserve Officers' Association has made no official move for or against it. However, its leaders are understood to support it. The Army favors the move, but silently. It doesn't care to antagonize the guard.

It's anyone's guess, of course, whether anything will ever come of the Vaughan suggestion. Or whether anything will be effectively done to straighten out the reserves. Talk of a Congressional investigation has been heard. Some experts are urging that President Truman appoint a board of impartial, qualified citizens to make a real probe and produce a program for how the United States can best handle the civilian side of its Army. A group like the Compton Commission which dug into the question of Universal Military Training is recommended.

As one reserve officer, Lieutenant Colonel Kermit J. Berylson of New York City, a distinguished veteran of five and a half years service in the past war and 14 years in the reserves, says, though, "Whatever they do, they'd better do it fast, or there won't be any civilian soldiers left to straighten out."

THE END

THE SHORE FLEET

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Plenty of manpower now, but not enough horsepower when Sarah P. is in the water"

COLLIER'S

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THE FAT OF THE LAND

Continued from page 50

disorder. To be perfectly fair, there was every reason for them to think that simple overeating alone could not be the cause of overweight.

For one thing, a doctor with no special psychiatric background is inclined to accept statements made by fat patients about their eating habits. In describing his diet to his physician the fat person will invariably cheat—make it sound much more reasonable than it really is. He can't help doing this, as I will explain. The doctor, disturbed by the sight of a person having grown fat on what seems to be just about a normal diet, comes to believe that it must be due to some mysterious glandular ailment.

It will help us to get some idea as to just what food means to a fat person if we try to understand the sort of attraction whisky has for an alcoholic. The normal person enjoys both, but feels no great temptation to overindulge in either, and he has little or no sympathy for those who do consistently, for instance, drink too much. Normal people decree that the overindulging misfits must be punished. The alcoholic is thrown into jail, as insane people used to be. And the fat person is an object of ridicule, as insane people used to be.

Alcoholism Has Similar Phases

It is only in recent years—since the organization of Alcoholics Anonymous, and the publication of material like Charles Jackson's magnificent *The Lost Weekend*—that we have in some part stopped taking a moral tone on alcoholism. The normal person, whether doctor or layman, now realizes that the alcoholic can't "stop if he wants to," and that appeals to his better nature are useless.

The alcoholic, like the other kinds of neurotic, has what Dr. Carl Binger has called "a splinter in his soul," some more or less trivial thing which, because it happened exactly when and where and how it did, has altered the course of his life, made him unhappy, and severely diminished his usefulness to himself and to society.

Now then, just as an alcoholic has difficulty explaining his compulsion to get drunk, so does a fat person have difficulty describing the urge he has to overeat. In the first place, he doesn't understand it himself. He knows only that he eats because he is hungry. Well, "hungry" can be just a word; it may have little or nothing to do with bodily needs. A normal

person, absorbed in something else, may forget a meal entirely. A disgusting sight may "take away his appetite," or a series of delicious smells wafted from the kitchen may suddenly drive him frantic with a desire to eat.

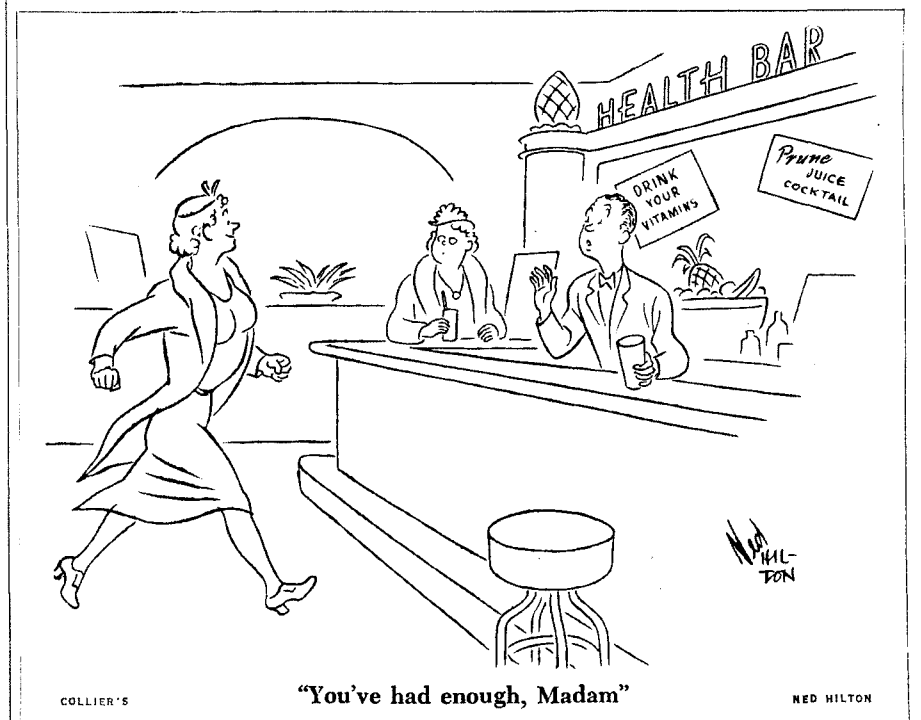
But eating, to the fat person, has an emotional significance quite different from the enjoyment a normal person gets. The feeling is hard to describe. It is not a conscious delight in the pleasures of the table. A fat person is not necessarily a connoisseur of good food, and yet food is the most important thing in his life. Is that too extravagant a statement? It won't seem to be when it is understood that, for the sake of the consolation he gets from overeating, the fat person sacrifices his physical comfort, his social prestige, his working efficiency and even love and health.

All this isn't a conscious choice. The fat person is aware only that he has made the choice when the sacrifices become apparent. He sees dimly that he has given up much in return for little, and he is ashamed of himself. He tells himself what other people have told him, that losing his fat is only a question of "will power." There are lots of jokes about fat people and will power. The best reducing exercise, say the wags, is to shake the head slowly from side to side when offered a second helping. No enlightened person today would laugh at an alcoholic's inability to say no to a second drink. The fat person needs the same kind of sympathy.

I am speaking from my own experience when I say that a fat man has an infinite capacity for fooling his doctor, and for fooling himself. It is hard for any of us, under the best of circumstances, to face facts about ourselves, but it is perhaps hardest of all for the fat person.

Even the most sympathetic friends cannot help regarding him as just a little ridiculous, and they cannot help showing it. How simple it would be, they are plainly thinking, if So-and-So would just stop eating so much. In the face of this unspoken reproach, the fat person naturally would welcome the suggestion that it is not his eating habits but his glands that are at fault. It makes him appear to be the victim of a tragic fate over which he can be expected to have no control.

So in describing his usual dinner, for instance, the fat man will skip over the second helpings, the extra piece or two of bread and butter, and the double



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spoonful of sugar in his coffee. He forgets to mention the candy bar he bought and ate at eleven in the morning, the quarter pound of peanuts he casually consumed with a beer in the evening, the two ham sandwiches and the pint of milk he felt the need of at bedtime.

If he is asked to keep a food diary, to make an exact entry for everything he eats, he will find another way to cheat. Without realizing what he is doing, he will go on a sort of diet for the period during which he keeps the diary. This throws the doctor completely off the scent.

Once in a while a fat person just ups and reduces. He gets back to normal weight through some combination of diet, drugs and exercise, and with none of this talk about happiness and unhappiness. I did that myself just after I got out of college. I used to do strenuous exercises, morning and afternoon, and to some extent I watched my calories. I succeeded in sweating off 40 pounds. Several years later I gained it all back, in just about the same time it had taken me to lose it. I had been what Hilde Bruch calls a "thin fat person"—that is, a person who had managed to lose weight, without losing the reason for overeating.

The psychiatrists recognize a common pattern in the lives of fat patients. Most of them come of families in which the mother has been dominant. They were overprotected and not able later to break away from the family and fit into adult life on their own.

The function of a mother is primarily to feed her young until they are old enough to feed themselves. A "mom," to employ the term used by Philip Wylie, is unwilling to let her children grow until they are independent of her. For some reason she regards them as property rather than as people in their own right. The only way to keep a child completely dependent is to hamper his normal development—to discourage his friendships, disparage his interests in things outside the family group, and instill in him a fear of new contacts. The only thing that a child in this unhappy spot can do with the full approval of his mother is to eat.

In the average American's estimation, there is no such thing as a good wife or mother who is not a good cook. The way to compliment a pie is to say it is as good as pie Mother used to make.

Drawbacks of Meals à la Mom

The idea of Mom is, in fact, inseparable from the idea of a superabundance of food—not, mind you, well-chosen food or even, necessarily, well-cooked food. Just lots of food. A mom who kept her kids on a hygienic low-calorie diet would seem to most of us a very strange kind of mom indeed. And all our celebrations, patriotic, sentimental and religious, seem to call for overeating; the fat person, always uneasily diet-conscious, is continually being urged to take aboard a few more carbohydrates "just this once," because it is some kind of special occasion.

Nowhere so far is there a fat person who says to himself, as he digs into an overloaded plate, "I am overeating in order to console myself for unhappiness caused by emotional immaturity, and to further insulate myself from further social challenges by building up a wall of fat between me and the world."

No; the fat person eats because he is hungry, unbearably so. But his whole concept of hunger is one that the fat person must meet and destroy before he can get thin.

A fat person can't really be hungry, in the sense that his body requires nourishment. Actually, he is just tense and anxious—about nothing, anxious about everything—and he has learned to call that sensation "hunger," because food will temporarily allay it. In much the same manner, some alcoholics will

call the fierce urge toward a drunken oblivion "thirst."

Food will temporarily soothe the nameless anxiety of the fat person, but only temporarily. An empty stomach can be filled, but who can prepare a meal big enough to fill an empty soul?

Some people support the glandular theory for fatness by pointing out that many boys and girls begin to get fat with the onset of puberty, when the sexual organs begin to function. But even for a well-adjusted child, puberty is a time of great emotional strain. For the timid and overprotected child, the strain is unbearable.

As Dr. Bruch pointed out in her address before the Academy of Medicine, a timid child struggling with the problems of early adolescence usually loses the sympathy of his mother. His timidity, his social awkwardness, his inability to fit into an increasingly complex away-from-home life, seem to reflect discredit to her, to the way she has brought him up. She nags him for things which are, after all, only symptoms of a dependence which she has devoted her life to building up. Thus his anxiety is redoubled, and he becomes an even more confirmed habitué of the soda fountain and the candy store.

Occasionally you will hear about some unhappy fat person who is perfectly willing to diet, but can't. It makes him too weak. He gets faint from hunger and is not able to do his work. The faintness must be a product of his mind only, because his very fat is stored-up food energy. A fat person on a reducing diet may severely cut down on his intake but he is still using exactly as many calories as his body needs, making up the balance from his own fat.

You can't use up more food energy than your body needs; the extra energy that you take in during the course of

overeating is stored away as fat. You can't use up less food energy than your body needs; the extra energy needed by an overweight person on a low-calorie diet is provided by his own body. So any weakness or fainting is sure to be psychogenic in origin—a mental rather than a physical failing. It is none the less "real" for being psychogenic and none the less tragic; but the fat person, like the alcoholic, can be helped only by a realistic approach to his problem.

Fat people get fat, and stay fat, in two ways. One is positive and one negative. On the positive side, they overeat; on the negative side, they withdraw from many of the activities of a normal existence.

A Corny Proverb—But It Works

When a fat person becomes active he is on his way to reducing—not so much because of the increased exercise, but because he is on his way to getting into better adjustment generally, and is able to find more valid satisfactions in life than eating. The old saw about eating to live rather than living to eat is irritatingly smug, but it fits here. Fatness is a vicious circle. As you get fat, you are less and less able to grasp the normal satisfactions of life; you turn more to eating as the one consolation left to you and so you get fatter, and still less able to cope with life.

The new understanding of the problem of alcoholism has not emptied the saloons. By the same token, knowing what makes fat people fat will not make them all thin. They must be understood, and must understand themselves, before they can attain normal weight.

As compared with the alcoholic, the fat person is no social problem at all. He doesn't get into fights, he doesn't lose his job, he doesn't "disgrace his family." He does endanger his health, but not in the spectacular way the alcoholic does. He suffers, but he suffers in silence. He schools himself not to flinch at jokes about his fatness, and he succeeds so well that his friends think of him as "good-natured." The very thing that made the fat person get fat in the first place—his passivity and submissiveness, which were instilled in him by Mom—serves to keep him fat, and to make him accept without protest the role of clown that his friends force on him.

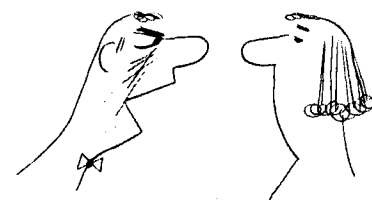
How many fat people do you suppose there are in this country? There has never been a census but the life insurance people are interested, simply because fat people don't live as long as normal people do. (They don't live as long as underweight people, either.) One survey of 17,000 male policyholders revealed that more than 2,000 of them were 20 per cent or more overweight. That's serious. Of 60,000 applicants for life insurance whose medical histories were tabulated ten years ago, more than 1,600 were rejected solely because of overweight.

What can the fat person do about it? He can go to a doctor for a physical checkup and advice about a reducing diet. Probably extra vitamins will be prescribed and possibly a little thyroid. Now he is about to start dieting, as he has done many times before. He has always failed, but this time it may be different, if he can remember three simple thoughts. They are that there is nothing wrong with his glands; that a reducing diet is not weakening; and that the fat person has secret, irrational reasons for getting fat, and for staying fat.

His problem is worse than the alcoholic's, in a way, because it is a lonelier struggle and he gets little sympathy. He shouldn't want sympathy. He must admit to himself that his present life is somehow unsatisfactory, that something is lacking—something he has been trying to replace with food. He is hungry, all right, but what he wants isn't food. He must give himself a chance to find out what it is he really wants.

THE END

Collier's for April 10, 1948



"I refuse to shave more than once a day! Bridge club indeed! . . ."



"... I shaved this morning, and if your friends don't like it . . ."



"I wouldn't shave more than once a day for the Devil himself! And furthermore . . ."



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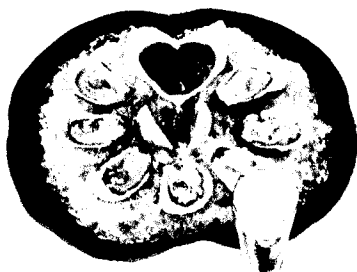
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and grandson of Master Brewers—
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THE HOUSE AT HYDE PARK

Continued from page 17

chairs and wallpaper with simple floral designs. A farmer's wife, examining the President's boyhood room, exclaimed to her husband, "Look at that bed! It's just like the one you made me send to the Salvation Army."

Another lady visitor, with a marked British accent, paused before the larger bedroom which, a placard said, was occupied by King George during his stay at Hyde Park. She studied the old-fashioned bed, the cotton bedspread, the Victorian side chairs, and gasped to her companion, "Imagine His Majesty sleeping in that room! Why it's scarcely fit for servants."

A full-bosomed American woman tapped her on the shoulder. "Lady," she said, "if this house was good enough for our President, it's good enough for your king!"

Room Remains as in April, 1945

The President's own bedroom, at the south end of the upstairs corridor, is a large, sunlit room whose windows look down on the Hudson River. It is kept as it was when Roosevelt was last here, before he went to Warm Springs, Georgia. Above a dressing table is a photograph of Anna, James and Elliott Roosevelt as children, stuck to the frame of the mirror by a black hatpin. On the table is a calendar, its pages torn off to April, 1945.

Beside the huge walnut bed is a night stand with two telephones, one of which used to be a direct line to the White House. On the sofa at the foot of the bed is Roosevelt's dressing gown and, on the floor, his bedroom slippers. Fala's harness and an Indian blanket are on a chair near by. Next to the bedroom is the President's closet, its door half open, showing two of his suits, neatly pressed, and beside them the blue Navy cape he wore at the Teheran Conference. His Panama hat is on the shelf and at the door is his wheel chair.

Frederick L. Rath, Jr., the young, energetic National Park historian, is determined to keep the house looking lived-in. "The President didn't want to make a museum of this place," he said, "and we try not to make any changes." To help keep the place as it was, the Park Service employed most of Roosevelt's former servants—his butler, McGaughey; his gardener, Charles Van Curan; Frank Draiss, his road builder; Mrs. James' former chauffeur, Louis Depew; the caretaker, William Plog, and both Mr. Depew's and Mr. McGaughey's wives, who had served as housemaids to the family. All of them are old retainers, accustomed to seeing the house as the Roosevelts knew it.

Even so, Rath has been watchful. A few months ago, he noticed that the living room didn't look quite natural. He got out an old family photograph of the room. "Right away," he declared, "I knew what was wrong. The ladies had done their work too well, putting everything in its place—like it had never been before." Rath did a little historic disarranging. He punched dents in the pillows on the davenports, moved some of the books that were stacked too neatly and brought some of the chairs out of line.

Across from the home is the large, gray field-stone library-and-museum, which the President had built with his own funds and the contributions of friends. Several years before his death, he began shipping crates of his personal and public papers and the bewildering assortment of mementos, souvenirs and gifts he'd collected in three terms at the White House. All told, the library now houses 100 tons of documents, and the

museum bulges with 8,000 items, enough to fill one floor of the Smithsonian Institution and as hard to classify as the contents of a New England attic. Most of this material is still unsorted. "It may take years to get through it all," says Fred Shipman, who manages the building for the archivist of the United States.

Roosevelt, himself, kept an office here, planning to write and to arrange his papers when he retired from public life. Today, historians are busily at work in the stacks, making notes for the first tentative biographies of the President, and solemn college students are struggling through their masters' theses on such subjects as "Franklin Delano Roosevelt on International Affairs between September, 1939, and December, 1941," and "An Appraisal of the Campaign Speaking of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover in the 1932 Presidential Campaign."

While the library is closed off to browsing visitors, the museum is jammed with people crowding the display cases. The museum officials are always explaining to indignant travelers why the gold watch fob or the hand-carved book ends they gave the President eight years ago are not on exhibit. "There's only so much room," Mr. Shipman tells them, spreading his hands unhappily. "We try to keep changing the exhibits, and maybe next week your gift to the President will be on display."

But any week, the display is bewildering. In one case are drafts of a fireside chat, with the ghost writer's words crossed out and amended in Roosevelt's writing. Near by are Fala's harness and gear, greeting cards sent to the Scotty on his birthday and several cartoons of Fala that the President liked. The relics range in size from an ivory acorn with a thimble inside, presented by Mrs. Emily Russell Daniels, of Glen Rock, New Jersey, to a birchbark canoe given F.D.R. by the Passamaquoddy Indians. There's a statue of Winston Churchill, carved from a native Brazilian nut; a Kiksadi totem pole, sent down from admirers in Alaska; the framed heads of Roosevelt and George Washington, pieced together from canceled postage stamps; and the heads of two buck deer which, according to the engraved plaque, were found "locked in mortal combat on the hunting reserve of Monroe M. Redder, near Hendersonville, North Carolina."

Tributes to the Honored Dead

In the hemlock-hedged garden between the museum and the home, the President lies buried. At the grave, people stand bareheaded, some reading from prayer books, some with their heads bowed, some staring at the white stone marker with its inscription:

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
1882—1945
ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
1884—

Now in April, there will be ceremonies at the grave and people will come with wreaths and flowers. Recently, a group of Brazilian citizens requested a handful of earth from the garden to place in a monument they're building to Roosevelt. Last year, the American-Hellenic Union of Athens brought soil from the Acropolis and Parthenon to sprinkle on the grave. There have been many foreign visitors—the delegates to the United Nations General Assembly; former Ambassador and Madame Wei-Tao-ming of China; Dr. Anna Mazačová-Procházková of Czechoslovakia; President Mariano Ospina Pérez of Colombia; Charles Comeau, mayor of Saint Lambert, Canada.

Collier's for April 10, 1948

But most of the flowers were brought by plain people, an old woman with a bunch of lilacs, a child with wilted violets clutched tensely in her hand. Some have left calling cards—"In memory from an admirer from Flatbush"; "In loving memory to my dearest brother, Staff Sergeant Andrew G. Macro, who was killed on Guam."

Last summer the entire congregation of the Abyssinian Baptist Church of Harlem came with flowers and stood by the grave, chanting an old-time ballad:

*"When I was young, I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue-tail fly.
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away."*

(Copyright 1944 and 1945 by Leeds Music Corp., New York, N. Y.)

"This isn't like Mount Vernon," Frederick Rath observed. "These people remember the President and none of this seems like history. A lot of them ask where Fala is and we say that he's with Mrs. Roosevelt, who has a cottage two miles from here."

The visitors, Rath maintains, are unusually respectful toward the property. "Even so," he said, "with the crowds coming, we had to put up barriers at the doors, because we couldn't take a chance of losing anything. And we've fastened down some of the things pretty firmly, just to be sure. But you won't find folks like this at most of the public parks. After all, this is the greatest souvenir-collecting nation in the world—and all we've lost since we opened are a silver candle snuffer, a metal plate from inside one of the doors and the case of the thermostat in the hall."

Rath, who holds a master's degree in history from Harvard University, is now frantically scrawling notes on the Roosevelts of Hyde Park.

"People who knew the President are still living," he said, "and we've got a chance to talk to them. But we've got to work fast."

Rath and George A. Palmer, superintendent, are also gathering history with a wire recorder, interviewing the Roosevelt servants and old friends of the family. "We're still experimenting," said Palmer, "but you've never heard history like this. Each person we interview tells the story in his own voice—you get the inflection, the tone and not just the words."

Palmer put a spool of wire tape into the recording machine and turned on the switch. Robert McGaughey, the butler, was talking. "He was in very poor condi-

tion when I first came here. He tried to walk with his crutches and steel braces. They were clamped around his waist and attached to his shoes. He tried to walk through the front hall and he tried it outside. . . . Me and Mr. Depew, we'd help him get into his car. We'd get our hands under him and carry him out, and he'd put his arms over our shoulders. . . . Yes, I'd wheel him around the library while he fixed his books. 'Robert,' he'd say to me, 'do you mind this?'"

Recalls Beauty of "Mrs. James"

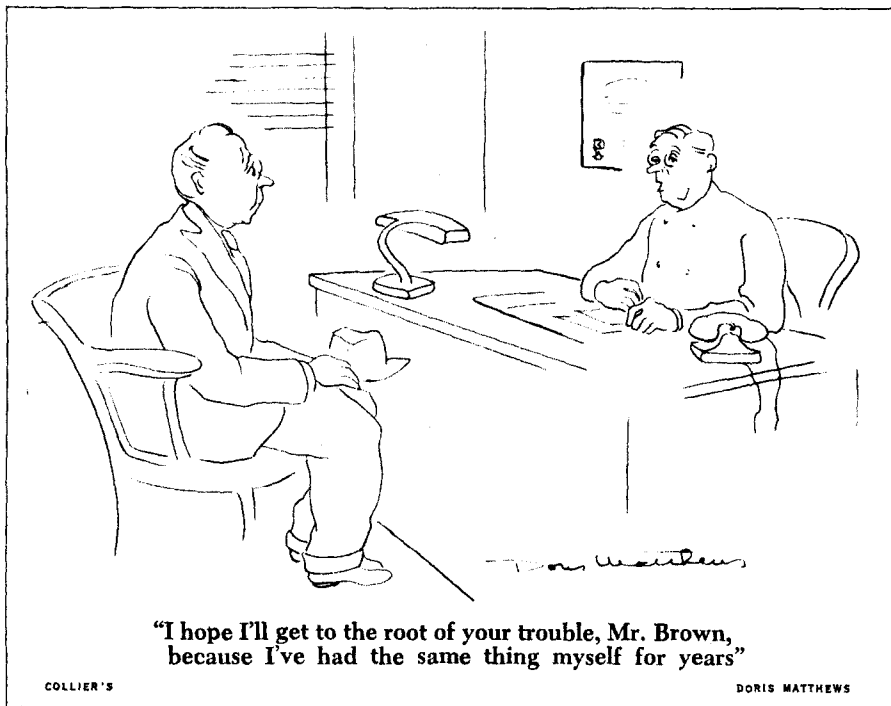
Mr. Plog, the seventy-nine-year-old caretaker for the estate, talked into the wire recorder in the greenhouse, where he was cutting roses. "I came out here in 1897 to work for Mrs. James. She was a very beautiful woman, about six feet tall. She generally laid out all the work and what she laid out I done. . . . When you were sick, the family always helped out. They paid for my wife in the hospital that time, and when she came back, why, Mrs. Franklin would come in and take care of her."

Hyde Park village echoes of Roosevelt. The new high school on Violet Avenue was named for him, and the St. James Episcopal Church posts a sign outside for visitors, saying that Roosevelt worshiped here. In the summer months, parishioners are assigned to show tourists through the church and point out the Roosevelt pew.

Even during Mr. Roosevelt's lifetime, Hyde Park saw more important people than any town its size in the country. The villagers say it began with the king and queen of England, who drove through town with the President back in 1939 and ate hot dogs and ice cream at a picnic on his estate. Later, there were always prime ministers and diplomats, senators and congressmen boarding trains at the village depot.

And now, among the cavalcade of tourists on their way to the Roosevelt place, there are still important people. Not long ago, Ed Curran, proprietor of the Hyde Park Inn and gas station, looked up from his newspaper to see a convoy of big black limousines. A half-dozen uniformed men jumped out of the cars and began inspecting his cafeteria from all angles. At length, one of them nodded and a squad of plain-clothes men marched into the cafeteria with Vyacheslav M. Molotov between them. While the rest of the party ordered hamburgers, cheeseburgers and bottled beer, the foreign minister of all the Soviets sat alone in a booth with his prepared lunch of borsht, squab and Russian black bread. Ed Curran got his autograph.

THE END



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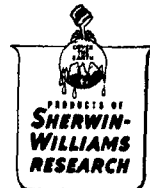
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MADAM PRESIDENT

CONCLUDING A STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

The Story:

MIRANDA BRUCE, attractive widow, has been elected Vice-President of the United States through the clever political maneuvering of young reporter ARTHUR URN, who is falling in love with MARY SMITH, Mrs. Bruce's secretary. When, a few weeks after the inauguration, the President becomes mentally ill and is unable to discharge the duties of his office, Miranda becomes President.

Among those scheming to remove her from office are Senator JAMES HUNTOON, treacherous Party boss who wants a rubber-stamp Party man in the White House, and Secretary of State ALEXANDER HARRISON, who thinks that a woman's place is in the home. Harrison stands to succeed Miranda under the old law of succession which Congress has recently re-enacted.

Huntoon throws every obstacle in Miranda's way, and finally asks outright for her resignation. In reply, Miranda makes a cryptic promise that within two weeks she will resign the Presidency and take Harrison out of the Cabinet. Then she asks Huntoon to take the post of Secretary of the Treasury, next in line to the Secretary of State in the Presidential succession.

Huntoon, thinking that he has Miranda on the run, plans to open up a smear campaign to blacken the names of both Miranda and Harrison.

ALL in!" Bill Donelson called, to open one of the most memorable press conferences since Pearl Harbor.

"Madam President," began the Portland Express, "have you considered the possibility—"

"Just a minute, May," Mrs. Bruce interrupted. "Before there are any questions, I have a couple of announcements to make:

"First of all, Princess Margaret Rose of England will come for a visit to the White House this June. It will be extremely pleasant for me to have her as a guest, and the king and queen were kind enough to say that she might come. It's not a state visit, of course, just a personal visit from a very charming girl to a country where she will always be welcome."

"Is the king coming with her?" asked the Chicago Tribune.

"No, Walter," Miranda replied. "She will come by herself and she will be my guest. I know that you will all be happy to meet her."

"Will she hold a press conference?" asked I. N. S.

"I think I'll spare her that," the President said, "unless she wants one."

"Are you going to give a party for her?"

"I plan to, Nellie," the President

replied. "I thought a dinner followed by a small dance would be nice but I'll have to wait until she gets here. She may have other plans. I know she wants to see something of America outside of Washington."

"Madam President," this was the Wall Street Journal, "you said that you had two announcements. What is the other one?"

"Nothing as exciting as the Princess' visit, I'm afraid, Kenneth," the President said. "Only that I've accepted the resignation of Secretary of the Treasury Nearing."

The ironic hand clapping was quickly shushed by the soberer journalistic minds.

"Have you picked his successor?" asked the New York Times.

"I have, Bert. I have nominated Senator James B. Huntoon to take Mr. Nearing's place," she told him. "Senator Huntoon is a very able man and I'm sure that the nation's finances will be capably administered by him."

"Does Huntoon know you've nominated him?" asked the P M correspondent.

"Of course," said Miranda. "The senator's an old friend of mine. I want him to be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Nearing has completed his work in that department."

"Have you any plans for a change

Huntoon and Nearing stiffened as two familiar voices flooded the room. "You can't use it," Huntoon insisted. "I'll deny it, and so will Nearing"

in the State Department, Madam President?" This was the Portland Express again. "I mean, are you planning to ask Secretary Harrison for his resignation?"

"No comment!" snapped Miranda.

"Is there any connection between the visit of the princess and Nearing's resignation?" asked the Chicago Tribune, still hunting for a ringing headline.

"No comment, Walter," the President insisted.

"Really," she added, "that's all the news there is today. I should think it would be enough."

"Thank you, Madam President," intoned the head of the White House Correspondents Association, and led the rush for the doors and telephones.

Mary Smith fought her way across a choppy cross sea of struggling correspondents until she reached the President's desk.

"Miranda!" she exclaimed. "I have wonderful news! Arthur's shoulder is healed. We can get married next week and Arthur knows the most heavenly place in New England where they have apple trees and lilacs and a brook that doesn't talk politics, only he doesn't think we should leave you just now."

"Nonsense!" the President laughed. "Did either of you by any chance take notes on the press conference?"

Mary looked embarrassed. "I'm frightfully sorry," she admitted. "I was going to, but just then Arthur came with his news and, well, we both forgot. I just got here for the end."

The President shrugged her slender shoulders. "For Heaven's sake, dear, hurry up and get married and have your honeymoon and come back when you've brushed off this star dust. Neither you nor Arthur is worth a darn to me right now."

"Oh, Miranda, I'm so sorry—" Mary began penitently.

"Nonsense, darling. Your marriage is much more important than all these politics. Really. Do you still want me to give you a reception?"

"Of course," said Mary. "But Arthur won't let us get married until he's sure you don't need us."

"I'll have to speak to that young man," the President said.

THE President exclaimed, "Heavens, what a pretty bride she is!" and unashamedly dabbed her eyes as Mary tossed the bridal bouquet to her maid of honor, Captain Susan Bowen, and retired upstairs to change into her going-away dress.

"She's a very pretty girl," Harrison agreed, as they rejoined the guests in the East Room of the White House, "but I do wish you'd tell me why you—why women—cry at weddings. I thought this was supposed to be a happy occasion."

Miranda turned to the Secretary of State. "And you're a politician!" she remarked. "Well, if women marched off to marriage the way men march off to war, the streets would be lined with cheering crowds. It's so much braver the way it is—to go one by one. All that valor, loyalty and innocence happily offering itself in the service of life, not death. Oh, I know, Alex, that you men can't see it, but that's the way it really is."

Harrison considered for a moment



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before responding to this uncomfortably emotional statement. He didn't quite know what to say.

"Young Urn's a good boy," he remarked at last. "He's going into it with both eyes open. Marriage isn't much fun from a man's point of view these days," he added, "but he'll take good care of her."

The President smiled mischievously. "I should say he will," she agreed. "He's the most practical bridegroom I've ever seen. He won't even tell me where they're going. He says that he won't take a chance on letting politics get mixed up in his honeymoon. All I know is that, after the usual deliberate false start which fools nobody, they're taking a plane to Boston. Arthur insists that no honeymoon is legal without starting with fish chowder at the Copley Plaza. Trust a New Englander to drag his stomach into romance. After that, I gather from Mary, they are driving off in a borrowed car to some remote place and will spend a couple of weeks among either the arbutus or the fried clams."

Harrison grinned. "Either way sounds all right to me," he remarked. "Would you like to dance, Madam President?"

The President turned her fine eyes on the Secretary of State.

"Gracious, no!" she thanked him. "I'm much too old and cautious to be seen cavorting with you in the presence of Arthur's newspaper friends. It's not Presidential—and besides just look at Emma Corradio and General Shenck! Really! Anyhow, I'm too tired. Mary's been like a daughter to me these last months and it was no small thing to get her all wrapped up and delivered to her husband. Let's just sit and wait for the young couple to make their departure."

UPSTAIRS, Arthur Urn tried for the third time to put his left foot in his right shoe, then gave it up and sat with a puzzled frown on the edge of a chair which General Grant had considered right stylish. "Have you got the tickets?" he asked again.

Gus Myers chuckled. "And you're the guy that covered the landing at Iwo Jima?" he inquired. "Listen, boy, people have been marrying each other for years with no fatal results. You might even call it a habit!"

"It's not one with me," Urn replied. "Have you—"

"Once and for all, Art," his best man assured him, "everything is all right. I have your tickets. I have the money. I even packed your suitcase for you and, oh, yes, I slipped in an extra-special wedding present which may come in handy someday, all tied up with white satin ribbon—"

"I wonder if Mary's ready," the bridegroom interrupted him. "I'd hate to—"

"Listen, you oaf," Myers said, "it's lucky for you I'm a friend or I'd spill this to the public. Try putting that shoe on the other foot and it will work better. All right, all right. I've got everything ready. I'll give the money and the tickets to you whenever you think you can manage to get your coat on."

There was a tap on the door. It opened to admit Frank Mulcahy. "Are you near ready, Arthur boy?" asked Miranda's political secretary. "Miss Susan just passed the word that Mrs. Urn was—"

"Here!" Arthur demanded. "What are you dawdling for, Gus? Give me those tickets and God knows I'll need the dough."

"You wouldn't be letting me know how to reach you?" the Irishman wheedled. "It would be a bad thing if we couldn't find you, and we need you."

Urn shook his head. "If there's any kind of real emergency, I've told Susan Bowen what to do. No, she doesn't know where we'll be, either, and don't you turn the Secret Service loose on us or Mrs. Mulcahy will be a widow. This is one time when even a newspaperman is

entitled to privacy. We'll get the papers and I'll phone if I see anything important. We'll be back in two weeks."

Myers looked at Mulcahy and grinned. "If this is what getting to the White House does to a guy, I'm just as glad my boss didn't win the election. Not that Susan isn't a good argument . . ."

"Susan!" Urn whirled and confronted his best man. "I knew I'd forgotten something. Of course, why don't you marry her yourself, Gus? She thinks you're—"

"Oh, quit maundering!" Myers objected brusquely. "Get on with your honeymoon!"

"Sure now," Mulcahy said tactfully, "it won't do either of you any good at all if you keep the ladies waiting."

"Here are your tickets and the cash," said Myers. "Have a good trip."

Urn turned and gripped his hand. "Thanks for everything, Gus. Now come along and let's get rolling."

AS THE official limousine, with raucous police escort, left the White House portico, bearing Arthur and Mary Urn off amid a shower of confetti, Frank Mulcahy took the fair Captain Bowen by the arm.

"It's no time to be asking you this, Miss Susan," he said, "but before Arthur left he said he'd told you what to do in case there was any trouble here. Now I'm wondering what he meant by that."

Miranda's military aide turned to the rabbit little Irishman. "Search me, Frank," she said. "All I know is that last night before the bachelor party, Arthur said if anything went wrong for me to get in touch with Gus Myers."

Mulcahy watched the slow warm blush that tinted the captain's cheeks.

"He wouldn't be playing Cupid now, would he, Miss Susan?" he asked. "Myers is a good man, for all that he's not on our side."

Susan looked hard at the political secretary. "Oh, go jump in the lake, Frank. He's a good man. Period."

Mulcahy shrugged his shoulders. "Well, then, let's hope nothing happens," he said. . . .

That night, Frank Mulcahy said to his wife, Kate, "If it's a boy we'll be calling him Bruce."

Kate smiled a patient smile in the dark. "We'll do no such thing," she said. "We'll call him Francis, after his father, and if he's a girl we'll call him Theresa on account of my mother—"

The telephone rang and Miranda's political secretary picked up the instrument of torture.

"Mulcahy? . . . This is Charlie Bascom of the Record. Art told me to get in touch with you if anything serious developed. Do you ever listen to the Fun in Hollywood show?"

"I do not. Should I?"

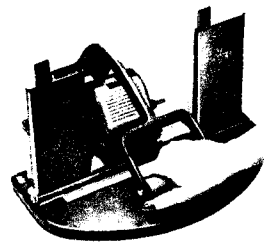
"Tonight you should have. You know that would-be funnyman they have emceeding for their soup operas—Harry Hines?"

"Sure, I know him and he's not funny to me, Mr. Bascom."

"Well, what he pulled tonight isn't at all funny for your boss. You know that sort of raised-eyebrows leer he puts into his voice. Well, tonight he said, 'Flash! Washington! The State of the Union'—and the way he said 'Union' was practically libelous—'Madam President and her Secretary of State'—and then they cut him off the air. It's murder. Ten to one, if there's a studio checkup all it will show is that he started to ad-lib a legitimate news item and was choked off automatically. Perfectly innocent but it sounded like hell on the receiving end."

"What else do you know about it, Mr. Bascom?" Mulcahy was cautious.

"Well—I know that Hines' sponsor is a friend of Senator Huntoon. And this afternoon my city editor phoned to say that there are some new red-hot Alex and Miranda gags going the rounds in New



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York. To me, it adds up to a smear campaign."

"Thank you, Mr. Bascom," Mulcahy told him. "The FCC will be looking into it, no doubt."

"To hell with the FCC! It's happened. About three million radio fans heard that and they'll start jumping to conclusions. It will be all over the place by morning. You know what they've been hinting about your boss and Harrison up at the Capitol. Well, this Hines gag is clear out of this world, all done by tone of voice and then silence, as though he had barely been stopped from spilling the dirt."

"Thank you, Mr. Bascom," Mulcahy repeated. "I'll take care of it."

In spite of his assumed calm, fifteen minutes later he was at the White House. The President hadn't yet gone to bed, and Harrison had been located working late at his desk in the State Department. They listened quietly while Mulcahy told them of the broadcast and the gossip.

"Mr. Bascom's saying it's a deliberate political smear," he concluded, "but we'll have a hard time proving anything."

Miranda considered for a minute. Then she reached for the telephone and told the White House operator to get her the British ambassador. After a few minutes the bell rang.

"David?" the President asked. "Would you mind coming down here at once? Something rather serious has happened. . . . Yes, in the main part of the house. We're upstairs."

When Fyffe-Percy had joined them, Mulcahy repeated his report of the radio broadcast and the new wave of sex-angled smears.

"What nonsense!" the diplomat exclaimed. "It's nasty for you both, Madam President, but I don't see what I can do about it. The only thing is to ignore it. This kind of thing happens to everybody in public life."

"Oh, that's not the point," the President assured him. "It's Margaret Rose I'm thinking about. I believe we'd better call off the arrangements for her visit. I wouldn't want to cause a moment's embarrassment to her and her parents, and you know as well as I do that a story like this will spread."

"H'm!" Fyffe-Percy pondered. "It's very good of you," he remarked, "but since there's not a word of truth in it, I'm sure that the king and queen would feel only too glad to show their complete confidence by letting the visit take place as planned. After all, it's been officially announced in both countries."

"You're a good fellow!" Harrison said simply, "but I agree with the President."

This is just the beginning of a smear campaign against her and myself. It's politics, of course, and I think I know who's responsible. He won't stop here. It won't help friendly relations with the Empire if the princess steps into a tough political squabble over here, with a dirty story as its basis. I wish you'd report to the Foreign Office and tell them we suggest postponing the visit. God knows your diplomats can dream up plenty of convincing reasons for anything they decide to do."

Fyffe-Percy shrugged his shoulders. "Naturally I'll do as you suggest, Mr. Secretary," he replied, "but I'll also add my own recommendation, that the visit take place as planned. If the royal family show their solidarity with you, Madam President, believe me it will help you deal with this unpleasant situation on both sides of the Atlantic."

"What's your opinion, Frank?" Miranda asked.

"I agree with the ambassador," Frank Mulcahy said. "Once you start retreating on account of a smear campaign, there's no end to it. Stand firm and this thing will run its course. Give them a couple of weeks and there will be something new for the country to talk about."

Harrison shook his head. "That's just it, Frank. They'll give us something new. They won't let it stand at this and a little barroom gossip. This is only the beginning. I don't think we should ask the princess to come over here while there's this kind of talk about the President and the Secretary of State. And I don't think the British public would like having her even remotely tainted by association with these unpleasant stories."

"Perhaps you're right," the ambassador agreed, "but if you don't mind, I'd rather wait a few days to see whether there are any further developments before I recommend action to my government. You both have my sympathy and I know that you'll come out of this with flying colors."

AFTER Fyffe-Percy had returned to the embassy, Miranda turned to Harrison. "Well, in any case, it's a comfort to know that the British Empire is with us, Alex."

"They don't vote in this country," he reminded her. "I'll get Huntoon for this," he added savagely.

"What can you do?" she asked.

"I could resign and leave Washington," he suggested.

"No!" Miranda and Mulcahy answered simultaneously.

"No, Alex," she repeated. "That



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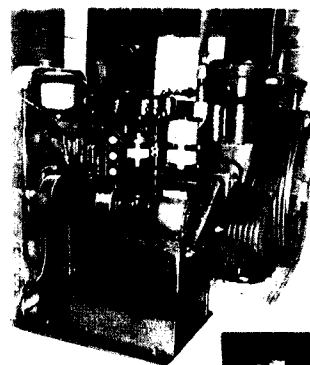


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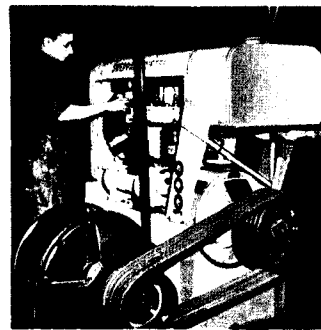
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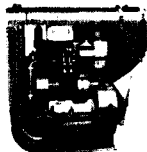
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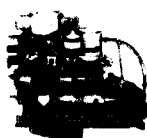
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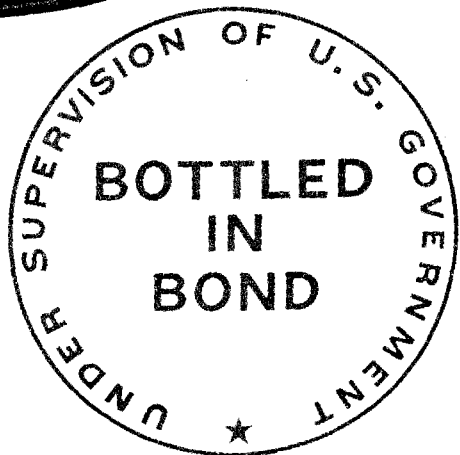


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wouldn't solve anything. It would only lend color to the stories and clear the way for Huntoon."

Harrison nodded. "Guess that's so," he agreed. "Well, I'll go on home and sleep over it. Perhaps we'll have some ideas in the morning. Good night, Miranda. Good night, Frank. Thanks for moving so fast on this. At least we are up with the radio audience."

As the door closed behind the Secretary of State, Miranda turned to Mulcahy. "This is bad, Frank," she said quietly. "This is very bad. We can't hit back without making it worse. I do wish that Arthur were here. He might have an idea. But he wouldn't tell anybody where he and Mary are going."

Mulcahy reflected. "He told Susan Bowen that if there was bad trouble, she should get in touch with that Gus Myers."

"Myers!" the President exclaimed. "Why, he's on the other side!"

"He's a good friend of Arthur's, Madam President," Mulcahy said. "But I was thinking that maybe Arthur knew he was sweet on Captain Bowen and was helping them."

The President frowned and shook her head. "Arthur was so wrapped up in getting married to Mary he wouldn't have recognized Romeo and Juliet if they were right under his nose."

"There's nothing like trying, is there?" Mulcahy asked and went to the telephone.

FIFTEEN minutes later Gus Myers was located, dancing at the Shoreham Hotel.

"Mr. Myers? . . . This is Frank Mulcahy at the White House. The President would like to speak to you." He handed the instrument to Miranda.

"Yes, Madam President?"

"Mr. Myers. I wondered whether you knew where Arthur took Mary for their honeymoon. Something rather serious has come up, and he told Susan Bowen to get in touch with you in case of emergency . . . What's that? . . . Where is it? . . . What did you say? Dynamite? In his suitcase? Yes, I know he was. You couldn't explain that two and two are four and have him take it in . . . Yes, thank you, Mr. Myers . . . You are very kind."

She turned back to Frank, her eyes sparkling. "Myers says that he gave it to Arthur as a wedding present. Wrapped it up in his pajamas while packing his

suitcase. He says it's dynamite and we don't need to worry."

"What's dynamite?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He wasn't too specific, except to say that it's what we need."

"And we not knowing where he is," observed Mulcahy.

"Here," said Miranda firmly, "is where we can use the F.B.I. We know that they were to leave Boston this morning by car. They aren't likely to have motored more than 200 miles and they can't drive east without getting into the ocean. Frank, you're from Boston. Where would they be apt to go?"

Mulcahy was already at the phone, explaining to Eddie Burke that Arthur Urn must be located at all costs.

"Tell the President," said the deputy director, "that we will find him before morning."

"Frank," the President directed, "you get Mr. Myers on the telephone and ask him to come here at once, if he will."

Mulcahy smiled. "And him courting Miss Susan," he murmured, and proceeded to obey instructions, catching Myers in the middle of a rather dreamy tango with a rather dreamy Wac captain.

"He'll be down, Madam President," he told Miranda. "He asked if it was all right if he took Miss Susan home first, but I said to bring her here. It seems she's not in uniform but I was telling him that you did not object."

The telephone rang. It was the deputy director of the F.B.I.

"Tell the President, Mr. Mulcahy," Burke said, "that Mr. and Mrs. Urn checked out at the Copley Plaza at ten o'clock this morning. They are trying to locate the doorman who was on duty at the time to see if he can give a description of the car or made note of its registration. We're sending out a six-state alarm for them."

"Poor Arthur!" the President sighed. "His honeymoon! I wish we didn't have to."

There was a knock at the door, and Jones announced, rather disapprovingly, "Captain Bowen and Mr. Myers, Madam President."

The cause of his disapproval was evident when Susan appeared in a rather revealing black-lace evening dress that was at complete variance with etiquette for White House military aides.

"I'm sorry to break in on your evening, Mr. Myers," the President told him. "Susan, you look ravishing. I won't

keep your young man long. But I must know what he put in Arthur's suitcase. There has been a rather unpleasant development, Mr. Myers, and I'd rather not bring him back from his honeymoon unless it is absolutely necessary."

"Can I speak in confidence?" Myers asked, glancing around the room. "You see, Arthur and I have been up to something rather illegal."

"Of course," the President assured him. "What happens on the second floor of the White House is private and privileged."

THE telephone rang: Eddie Burke again. "The doorman didn't get the license number, Mr. Mulcahy," he said, "except to notice it was a Massachusetts car. He gave us a good description of the vehicle and says that it headed out toward the Fenway after leaving the hotel. That helps. We're sending out a general call over all New England radio stations for Mr. Urn to get in touch with Washington. If the car has a radio, perhaps he'll hear it. Or somebody that knows him at his destination could hear it and tell him when he arrives."

Mulcahy frowned. "They'll be sleeping at this hour, Mr. Burke," he said. "Like Christians," he added, thinking of his own Kate and his warm bed.

"Well, Madam President," Myers was saying. "Art and I arranged to set up a wire recorder to pick up what happened in Senator Huntoon's office. My chairman authorized it, but naturally we don't want to be caught at it. One of my staff was in Counterintelligence during the war and is pretty smart at snooping. After a number of blanks, we picked up a really hot talk between the senator and Secretary Nearing. When I played it back to the chairman, he said, 'This is it!', so I wrapped it up and stuck it in Arthur's suitcase as a wedding present from the National Committee. Naturally, he wasn't to use it unless it was absolutely necessary. As I said, I tried to tell him about it at the time, but he was all dithered over getting married. Perhaps I should have kept it until he got back," he concluded, "but I didn't want to leave it kicking around my office. The fewer that know about it the better."

"And what was in that conversation, Mr. Myers?" Mulcahy asked.

"It was something about a smear campaign against the President and Secretary Harrison," Myers said. "There was something about a radio program and a man named Hines—"

"Hines!" Miranda exclaimed. "That's it, Mr. Myers. Well—if only Arthur had told somebody where he is!"

The telephone rang. It was Eddie Burke once more.

"They stopped off for lunch at Concord," he told Mulcahy. "The doorman recognized the car and the couple from the description and says that they asked about the road to Keene, New Hampshire. We'll hope to get them any minute now, Mr. Mulcahy. That is, if it's the right couple and the right car. So far, we've had three couples picked up by mistake all the way from Portland to Hartford."

"Where's Emma?" asked Susan Bowen suddenly. "She might know. She and Mary have been pretty close these last few weeks."

"She's probably out with General Shenck," Mulcahy suggested. "And that would mean the country club, if you ask me."

And he was absolutely right, as it took the White House operator only five minutes to discover that the general and Lieutenant Corradio had just left by private car to return to Washington. The Secret Service was called into action, to locate and intercept.

"Goodness!" Miranda laughed. "This is becoming ridiculous. Frank, don't you think we ought to tell the F.B.I. to wait until morning. I can't have everybody disturbed like this. Mr. Myers, you'd

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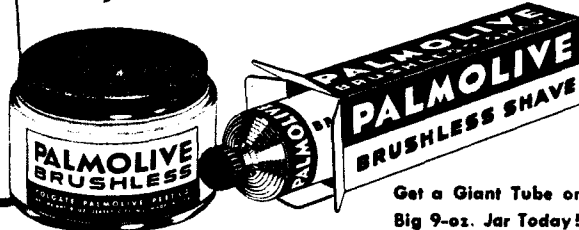
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better take Susan back to the dance or take her home. And I'm not forgetting your kindness. Please thank your chairman—"

The door opened, this time without the aid of the scandalized Jones, and Lieutenant Corradio appeared, saluted, sat down and beamed at the gathering. "Just a minute till I catch my breath, Madam President," she said, "and I'll do my stuff. You don't need to send the Secret Service for me to show that you can't get on without me."

"Emma, we've been trying to locate Arthur and Mary," the President explained. "Susan thought you might have an idea of where they went. We've got to get in touch with Arthur as soon as possible."

The White House naval aide looked around the circle. "Why, if you'd only phoned me," she said. "Mary told me before she went away—just in case. It's a place called Tallow Falls, New Hampshire. I don't know the telephone number but it's listed in the name of Jenkins—A. B. Jenkins, I think it is."

Mulcahy grabbed the telephone, which suddenly appeared as the shortest way home to his Kate and their growing family.

THE road was a pale ribbon under the dark pines, as they topped the last hill and slipped down under the marching stars toward a little fold in the mountains. There was a scent of apple blossoms in the cool evening air, and above the hum of the motor they could hear the cheeping frogs, and the clatter and brawl of a stony mountain brook. Arthur brought the roadster to a halt.

"This is the place," he said.

"It's lovely," Mary said. "Where's the house?"

"Just around the curve. There, where you see that light."

The car moved slowly ahead and came to a halt in front of a snug, white clapboarded house, with gables and dark shutters. There was a light by the door and a penciled note signed, "Hattie," thumbtacked to the front door to say that there was food in the icebox, and the fire had been laid in the south bedroom and she would be by in the morning to get breakfast. "P. S. Don't forget to turn off the lights.—H."

"Oh, I love it!" said Mary.

Arthur lifted her across the threshold into the hall. "There!" he said. "And you can smell the lilacs, too."

She flung her arms around him.

"Darling! You are good to me."

"Wait a minute and I'll get the bags," he said, "and then we'll explore the ice-box."

"I'm not hungry," she said.

The telephone rang.

"Shall I answer it?" she asked.

"Let it ring!" he said. "It's probably a wrong number."

"No," she insisted. "That wouldn't be neighborly."

"Just so that it isn't the F.B.I., Smith, it's okay by me," he said.

When he returned from the car, bearing his two shiny new suitcases, he found her looking at him with a strange haunted expression.

"It's for you, darling. Washington calling. The White House."

"No," he groaned.

"Arthur!" It was Miranda Bruce's voice. "I'm dreadfully sorry to bother you..."

There was a sudden pounding at the door, and a young man, neatly clad in a dark blue double-breasted suit, walked into the hall.

"You Mr. Urn?" he asked. "I'm Special Agent Brown of the F.B.I., Boston office."

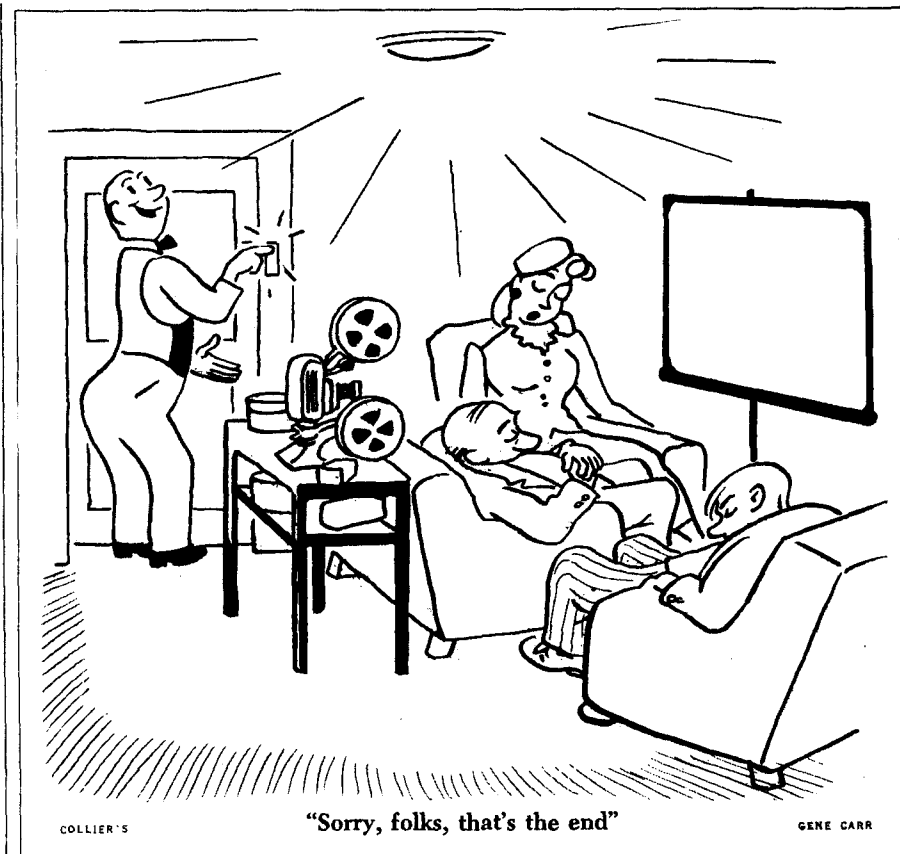
"Gracious!" Miranda turned to the others. "I never thought Arthur would say such a thing to me."

"No, Miranda, I didn't mean you," came his contrite voice. "It's just that we've got a G-man on our honeymoon now. What have I done? ... Oh, that? ... I didn't bother to open it ... Wait a minute ... Yes, it's there ... It's a spool of wire. Yes, of course ... Yes, I will ... I'll hurry down and then come back to Mary..."

"He will not!" Mary's voice replaced his on the phone. "I'll come with him. I guess I deserve it for telling Emma where we'd be. No, of course not, darling. At any rate, this time they haven't hurt his shoulder ... We'll be down tomorrow."

Urn turned to Special Agent Brown and shrugged his shoulders. The G-man smiled sympathetically.

"We'll be in plenty of time if we start about six tomorrow, Mr. Urn," he said. "I've got a fast Army plane waiting at a private flying field about ten miles north of here. That's how I got here so fast myself. We'll be in Washington by ten tomorrow if the weather holds fair. Do you mind if I bed down on the sofa here? I'll call you in plenty of time. Might



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Mary walked up to the F.B.I. agent and shook his hand. "You're an angel, Mr. Brown," she said. "Make yourself comfortable and there's food in the ice-box. See you in the morning. Come on, dear," she said to her husband. "I'm going to bed."

SENATOR HUNTOON, busily engaged in the serious business of lining up votes for his confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury, could see no obstacle between him and the Presidency.

So he was somewhat startled to be called off the Senate floor in the middle of the afternoon by an urgent summons to the White House. He was even more surprised when he found Bill Nearing waiting there, too, in Frank Mulcahy's office. They were not kept waiting long before they were ushered suavely into the President's study. There they found Arthur Urn and Secretary Harrison, as well as Miranda herself.

"Good afternoon, Senator, good afternoon, Mr. Nearing," the President greeted them pleasantly. "It was good of you to come."

"Good afternoon, Madam President; afternoon, A.H.; hullo, Urn—thought you'd left town," the senator replied affably. "There was a good reaction to the nomination, though some of the senators wondered about Bill Nearing here. Have you anything in mind for him yet?"

"Not at the moment," she told him. "The other day you said something about giving me two weeks to make up my mind, Senator. Well, I've made it up, or rather it was made up for me. You see, there was a rather unpleasant radio reference to Secretary Harrison and me last night."

Nearing said nothing but his face reddened slightly and he crossed his haunches the other way.

"It was so unpleasant in its implications, Senator," the President continued, "that I have asked the British government to cancel the princess' visit. Politics is bad enough without having to embarrass a nice girl and a friendly government."

"I heard about it," Huntoon said, "but I hope you don't think that I had anything to do with it."

"Absolutely not!" Nearing was emphatic.

"I'm not guessing," Miranda told him. "I have something I want you two gentlemen to hear. Are you ready with the wire recorder, Arthur?"

Urn nodded and pressed the switch. The study was suddenly flooded with two familiar voices:

"... pile it on, Bill, and we'll use it to smash her for keeps ... that guy Harry Hines on the Hollywood network show ... Good work ... I'm going to get Crossman to raise the question on the floor of the Senate, naming both of them ... That ought to fix Harrison ..."

When it was all over, Miranda looked steadily at Huntoon. "Any comment, Senator?" she asked.

"You can't use it, of course," the boss replied. "Wire tapping's against the law and you've exposed yourself to serious charges."

"I didn't do any wire tapping," the President said. "And neither did the Secretary of State. I won't tell you where we got this recording but I promise you that it won't hurt me or my Administration."

"But you can't use it," Huntoon insisted. "I'll deny it and so will Nearing. We'll say it's a fake."

"I don't believe that you will, Senator," Miranda told him, "because we can prove that it is not a fake—prove it by first-hand evidence," she added.

"What are you going to do?" This was Nearing, red-faced and sweating. "Hell, Jim, they've got us dead to rights."

"I am planning to call in the legislative

leaders of both parties in the House and Senate, the members of my Cabinet and the Supreme Court," the President said. "I shall play this recording to them and tell them how it came into my possession." She paused. "Unless—"

"Unless?" Huntoon echoed, a grayish pallor stealing like mist across his impassive face.

"Unless you stop this smear campaign and keep it stopped," she said.

The boss nodded. "When do I get the recording?" he asked.

"Never!" snapped Harrison.

Huntoon considered. "You won't want me in the Treasury, I suppose."

Miranda smiled. "I'll have to think about that, Senator," she told him.

Harrison turned to the President. "If he comes into the Cabinet, I quit!" he said.

"We shall see, Alex," she replied calmly.

"And what about me?" Nearing was plaintive. "Jim, you got me into this—"

"I'll have to think about that, too, Mr. Nearing," the President said.

The plump Nebraskan was woebegone. "So long as she has that record, Jim, we're both of us no better than—than captive balloons."

"You should have thought of that," said Harrison, "but if anybody thinks I'm going to stay in the same Administration with a man who—"

"Alex, we'll not make any final decisions just yet," the President interrupted him. "This thing's quite scandalous enough without hurting the Party by a lot of resignations and public explanations. What I ask of Senator Huntoon now is that he put a stop to this filthy rumor that he started about us."

Huntoon rose. "Thank you for thinking of the Party, Madam President," he remarked with bleak dignity. "You know, of course, that after this you'd be justified in not resigning. I'll gladly release you from any commitment you have made me."

"We shall see," Miranda repeated. "Anyhow," she added, after Huntoon and Nearing had left, "now you can tell Fyffe-Percy that we've won."

The Secretary of State grinned. "Shucks, Miranda, I did that before the meeting. I was lucky enough to reach him before he'd cabled London. By the way," he added, "there's a federal judgeship coming up in Oklahoma. I think we owe it to the Opposition on account of they saved our hides. But I tell you one thing, here and now. No matter what, I'm hanged if I stay in the Cabinet with Huntoon."

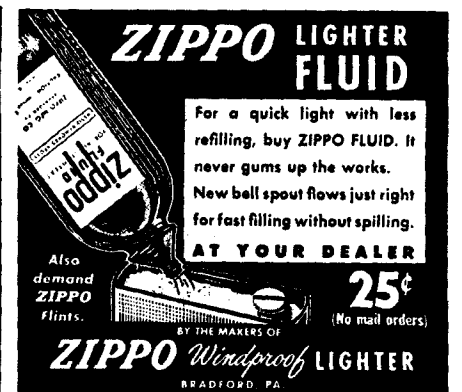
"We'll talk it over," she answered vaguely. "Now, Arthur, you get back to your bride. The plane's waiting at the airport and you'll both be back in Tallow Falls in time for supper. I can't tell you how sorry I am that I had to interfere with your plans. 'By.'"

AS THE door closed behind Urn, the President looked up from her desk at Harrison. "I don't know about you, Alex," she said, "but I've had enough of this job for the afternoon. Let's go upstairs and talk this over without all these official papers staring at me. Emma Corradio's due to show up with cocktails any time now."

Upstairs in the Lincoln Study, she leaned back in the easy chair and relaxed. Harrison looked rather uncomfortable in a handsome sort of way.

"I won't stand for Huntoon," he repeated stubbornly. "I'm sorry, but I can't go along with you on that. He ought to be run right out of Washington. It's either he or I, Miranda."

The President sighed. "You make things so difficult, Alex," she argued. "Don't forget that I have promised him to resign and I like to keep my word. You were right. This is no job for a woman. The country understands me and supports me, but the politicians are



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living with one foot in the cave and the other on the skids—and that makes for trouble."

He leaned forward seriously. "Miranda," he told her, "you simply cannot resign. I don't care what you promised Huntoon. You owe it to the American people, who believed in you and voted for you—millions of them—not to leave the White House with your job undone."

"I never said I'd leave the White House," she murmured, but he paid no attention.

"Now this Human Rights Bill of ours," he continued. "That makes a good issue for the next Congressional campaign. You just sit tight, darling, and we'll win."

Miranda, startled, shrugged her shapely shoulders. Her dress was not calculated to conceal the fact that the President was an exceptionally attractive woman.

"That's one of the reasons I'm going to resign, Alex," she said. "I was always taught to tell the truth and keep my word—and I can see that you were right all along. Woman's place is in the home, and American politics is a man's game."

"But you can't quit now," he argued. "You've got them on the run. Huntoon would break his word to you any day in the week, Miranda. You ought to treat him the same way that he would treat you—only do it first. That's the golden rule of politics."

She looked at the flushed and earnest Westerner speculatively. "Then you don't think that Huntoon would make a good President, Alex?" she asked. "I thought he was the one man who could control the Party. That's pretty important, you know."

"Huntoon a good President!" he exploded. "Aside from the way he's treated you, he'd be the worst President since Grant. Three months after he stepped into the White House the country would be ripe for revolution and I'd be ready to lead one."

"Then if you were President you'd call for his resignation from the Treasury?" she asked. "I promised not to—in writing."

"Sorry, but you've got to choose between him and me," he insisted. "If you keep him, I quit. There's a limit to what I'll stand in the name of politics."

"Well, Alex," the President said, "it's up to you. I've said that I'll resign, and I mean it, and I've said that I'll get you out of the State Department, and I mean that. Huntoon will become President then unless you block him."

"You mean that you'll get out and make me President. Is that it?"

"That's the only way I can keep my word to Huntoon and not break faith with the people, Alex," she said simply. "If I resign and you become President, that will take you out of the Cabinet, as I promised. Huntoon was so fascinated with himself as a Presidential possibility that he never thought of that."

"The first thing I'd do would be to call for his resignation," he grated. "Second thing I'd appoint a good man as Secretary of State so as to nail down the succession to this job."

"Would you?" she asked. "I shouldn't think that would be necessary. So long as we have that recording he'd have to do as we say, wouldn't he? Or be absolutely ruined in public life. What was it Nearing called himself? A captive balloon? We could keep Huntoon in and make him work for us, no matter what his backers want. And if we send Nearing to Brazil, we'll be able to take over the Party machinery. I know it's not noble or dramatic, Alex, but it seems the sensible thing to do. Or am I being too sordid and practical?"

THE Secretary of State shook his head. "You can't do it, Miranda," he said. "I know what you've had to take in this thankless job. I know we don't agree on lots of things but I've tried to help you win this fight and I'd give my life—yes, I would—to help you do your job. It's made me sick to see the dirt and stupidity banking up against you. But I can't see you quitting and I don't aim to help you quit. You're too—well, Miranda, you're too fine for anything less than nobility."

The tears started into her eyes. "Why, Alex," she said shakily, "that's the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me. But if you were President, I wouldn't have any doubt about my program. You'd see it through."

"I'd do my best," he agreed, "but without you in the White House, half of the power behind it would be lost. You see, this Human Rights program isn't smart politics, but it's right. It's the sort of big idea that makes its own politics as it goes along. Now, I'm not much of a dreamer but I do know something about the practical side of these things. I kind of hoped that you'd stick it out and I could help and," he added with a grin, "maybe stick a few of my own ideas on taxes into the picture."

"I never said I wanted to leave the White House," Miranda objected; "merely that I was going to resign as President for the good of the country. If you'd only co-operate—"

"I'll co-operate," he said, "but you

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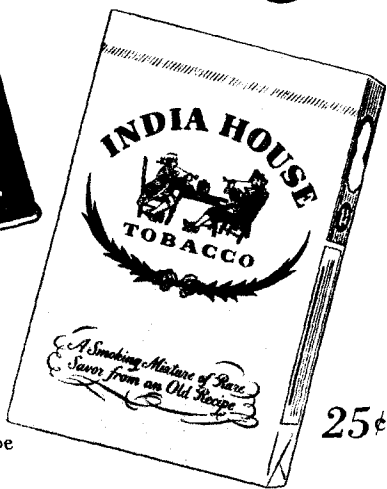


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couldn't stay on here with a new President, you know."

She laughed helplessly. "Alex," she murmured, "I tremble to think that you are in charge of our diplomacy."

Harrison stood up, white-faced and serious.

"I've tried to help you," he said, as slowly as though each word were a pint of blood. "I don't know how to say these things, I guess. As I told you, I don't know much about women. But you're kind and you're good and—God knows I'd like to marry you, but you don't have to do that to get me to work for your program. I'd carry the ball for you, not only because it's for you, but because you stand for the kind, clean things. You can have me, if you want me, but not under false pretenses, Miranda, we both rate something better than that."

"Alex," she said, turning her head away. "I know I've thrown myself at your head, but—this is a terrible, lonely job. These few weeks have seemed endless. I couldn't bear to leave you alone with it, too. I—I think I could help you if you're not too proud to let me."

He looked at her with a twisted smile. "I thought love was supposed to be so wonderful," he said. "This hurts."

"Yes," she answered. "It does hurt."

"Are you sure this is how you want it?" he demanded. "This way you have it both ways. You resign but stay in the White House. I marry you and become President, and Hunkton is the victim of the biggest double cross in American history. Sounds more like a political deal than a romance to me."

Miranda felt very small and weak. "I know it must seem like that, Alex," she whispered, "but I couldn't imagine anything else that would make you understand—"

"Understand what?"

"That we love each other," she gasped.

"Oh, Alex, it's dreadful for me to be so shameless but I had to let you know."

He leaned down and pulled her up so that she stood facing him.

"Why—why, you low-down, conniving, double-crossing politician!" he accused her.

"Me, Alex?" she asked. "Is that a compliment?"

"It's not right," he said. "I'm too old for you."

"Oh, is that all?" she asked, brightening. "Come here, dear, and let me—"

"Damned if I'll let you kiss me," he objected. "I'll do my own kissing."

"It's only your necktie," she explained. "It's crooked and shows your collar button. There! That's much better!"

"Taking unfair advantage—" he began, and seized her.

"Oh!"

"Told you I'd do my own kissing," the Secretary of State remarked a few minutes later.

"And I'll do mine," she replied with spirit, and proceeded to do so.

THERE was a knock at the door. They sprang apart guiltily and turned in the direction of the intruder.

"Ready for your cocktails, Madam President?" asked Lieutenant Corradio. "This is a special effort: Great Emancipators with a touch of absinthe—I was thinking of calling them Mirandas."

The President laughed uncertainly. "Come on in, dear. We need a drink," she said. "Heavens! What shall we do about the invitations?"

"What invitations?" asked Emma.

"Oh, you know," Miranda explained. "It will offer a new problem in official etiquette for poor little Jones. Alex, you'll have to call in your Protocol Division to help him. All I can think of is something like this: 'You are cordially invited to the White House to attend the marriage of the President of the United States and the Secretary of State.' You know, Alex, that sounds almost like secession."

"More like annexation, darling," he rejoined.

"Oh!" Emma said coolly. "I suspected that weeks ago. It was written all over both of you. Well, let's drink to it anyhow in Mirandas. To the First Lady," she added, "whoever he or she may be."

"Why quibble?" Harrison demanded.

"Lieutenant, to your very good health! Glad to see you on board, and will you kindly get the hell out of here! I have unofficial business to discuss with your Commandress in Chief."

THE END



"You should try to get indoors more often"

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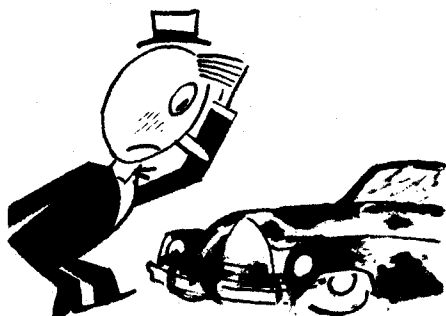
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SPARE-TIME STATESMAN

Continued from page 21

heterogeneous hodgepodge is reputed to be his excellence as a "production man"—the name for a business type who reorganizes things for better efficiency and who (according to legend) can untie Gordian production knots which have stumped the experts, merely by getting on the phone and issuing instructions.

Before Wilson went to work on the problem, there were some frightful indications of how the GE appliance business had just grown untended, like Topsy. The cabinet of a refrigerator, for instance, was made in Erie, Pennsylvania, the compressor unit in Schenectady, New York; and the control mechanism in Lynn, Massachusetts. The refrigerator was then assembled in Erie, and sold from Cleveland.

Waste Motion Is Reduced

Under Wilson, each appliance came to be made and distributed in a single place. Now, for example, refrigerators are made *in toto* in Erie; electric irons in Ontario, California; garbage disposal units in White Plains, New York. Before Wilson, all of the huge switchboards, transformers and turbines for electric power plants were custom-built for each purchaser. This necessitated an extra outlay of as much as \$100,000 for custom-built spare parts to fit each piece of equipment.

Wilson started the first movement toward standardized heavy equipment and standardized parts. He shouted so loudly about cutting down the usual nine-month schedule for the manufacture of a single turbine, that former GE President Gerard Swope once remarked at a meeting, "It's a good thing Charlie Wilson doesn't set up production schedules for the making of babies."

It was this same reputation as a production man that caused Franklin Roosevelt to yell for Wilson to become operating head of the War Production Board. It was September, 1942, and the United States was deep in crisis. Not only were we in danger of losing the war, but the military was throwing body punches at Donald Nelson, head of the WPB; and the Army, Navy, Air Force and Merchant Marine were engaged in a wild melee over who had priority on the nation's raw materials. Roosevelt tossed Wilson into this mess, principally because he was acceptable to the generals and admirals and because a "production man" was sorely needed.

Wilson (who gave up his \$175,000 GE salary for the \$8,000-a-year government job) began producing immediately. First, he heaved out most of the congressmen's relatives working in the agency. Then he discovered that one of the biggest battles was over aluminum extrusions, the slender powerful aluminum beams necessary in the framework of all aircraft. Gigantic presses were needed for the manufacture of these extrusions, and there only were a few such presses in the entire country. Up until then the major effort had been directed at increasing the production of the available presses. But Wilson said, "Why can't we make more presses?" Apparently no one had seriously considered that before.

So Wilson commandeered a plant in the Middle West that was manufacturing a small machine tool, and by means of some industrial hocus-pocus, the plant was converted to the manufacture of the huge extrusion presses. In a few months, there were so many extrusions available that small boys were using discarded ones for fishing poles.

When the Truman Senate War Investigating Committee was keeping watch on war production, Wilson was the man who was called on most often to testify for the WPB. Once he set a Capitol record

for candor when a senator accused him of hiding evidence in his files. Wilson shrugged. "What you want," he said, "is in such-and-such a drawer in such-and-such a file. Send a boy over to get it if you like."

By the middle of 1944, Wilson was chairman of the Production Executive Committee and the Aircraft Production Board, two subagencies which had all but superseded the WPB. He sat with generals and admirals like Somervell, Clay and Vickery and kept materials flowing where they were most urgently needed at the particular time—into planes, tanks, landing craft, aircraft carriers and the Manhattan Project (the atom bomb). He was, according to Admiral Samuel M. Robinson, "a better umpire than Bill Klem." In addition to this, Wilson spent part of every month shuttling around the country teaching war plants how to untangle production snarls.

Once, Senator Truman was about to haul a Fort Worth, Texas, aircraft plant onto the Congressional carpet, because month after month the company had failed to meet its production schedules. "Before you expose them to the bad publicity of an investigation," Wilson said to Truman, "let me see if I can help them get straightened out." Truman said okay, and Wilson flew down to Texas for just three days. That month the plant met its schedule for the first time and kept on meeting it until the war ended.

There is some controversy as to whether Wilson deserves the lion's share of the credit for this monumental production job, or whether he merely capitalized on the momentum generated before he arrived on the scene. The majority opinion is summed up by another major wartime figure, Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg, who said, "America reached miraculous heights of production from 1942 to 1944, while Wilson was doing most of the driving, and the driver generally deserves credit for what happens while he is at the wheel."

A Brief Appearance in Politics

Wilson left the WPB in 1944 when he was accused of slowing down reconversion in order to prevent competitors from catching up with his own company. Just before that, he popped up on the national political scene when his name was mentioned at the 1944 Democratic National Convention as a dark-horse Vice-Presidential candidate.

When Harry Truman became President, he remembered the man who had been so co-operative before the Senate War Investigating Committee, and Wilson found himself deluged with appointments to part-time government jobs. Some of these came as announcements in the newspapers, with the Presidential tag line, "This is a case of public service where no one can refuse to serve," and as Wilson said, "To refuse to serve when it's put like that is like hissing the Star-Spangled Banner."

The most important of Wilson's post-war assignments were the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training (known in the newspapers as the UMT Commission), and the President's Committee on Civil Rights.

On the UMT Commission, Wilson was the representative of American industry, and he and Chairman Karl T. Compton, the president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, played major roles in making the basic decision—whether or not push-button warfare was far enough advanced to render large foot armies obsolete. The commission's answer was no. Wilson was visibly upset over his decision to send young men into the

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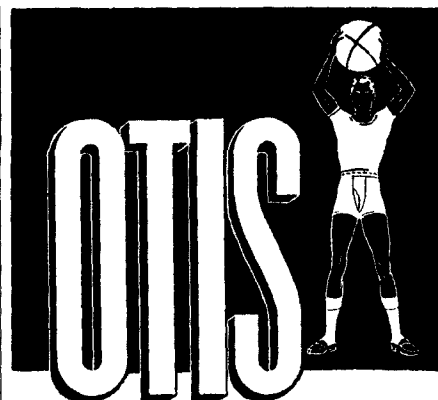


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Collier's for April 10, 1948

armed forces and almost immediately afterward he joined five other members of the commission in issuing another less publicized statement urging universal disarmament.

On the Civil Rights Committee, Wilson really stuck his neck out. Even his bitterest enemies admit that it took courage for a conservative businessman to sign his name to a document advocating such things as nondiscrimination in employment for reasons of race or religion; non-segregation of whites and Negroes in the armed forces and in education; a powerful Civil Rights Section in the Department of Justice and in the F.B.I.; a powerful FEPC; the elimination of the witch hunt in the Federal Loyalty Program; public housing to counter discrimination in private housing developments; a public health program; and legislation against lynching, the poll tax, the white primary, restrictive covenants, and Jim Crow laws in Washington and the South.

The immediate reaction to this was threats of cancellations of orders by some of General Electric's biggest customers, and mutterings on some GE levels that "the boss is getting to be a Communist." Nevertheless, Wilson stuck to his guns.

All of this startling activity, plus Wilson's anguished outcry that he didn't "want to be a merchant of death" when the government asked GE to run the Hanford (Washington) works for the Atomic Energy Commission, has caused a multitude of raised eyebrows. The answer apparently is that Wilson still is a deeply religious man and one of his greatest pleasures of a Sunday morning is to ascend the guest pulpit of a Baptist church and heave punches at the Devil, Sin and Intolerance.

The record backs up his hatred of intolerance. He is vice-chairman of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and recently The American Hebrew magazine presented him with a medal for his tussles with bigotry in 1947. Wilson estimates that he has been a guest at so many communion breakfasts and other early morning religious activities, that he automatically rises daily at 6 A.M. and reaches for a somber churchgoing suit.

Aside from churchgoing, Wilson's principal diversions consist of lugging his 200-odd pounds around a golf course, or plunking them down in a ringside seat at Madison Square Garden, where he has been observed bobbing and weaving in time with one of the characters in the ring. For two weeks every winter, Wilson seeks out the company of Mr. Gene Lowe and fishes with him off the reefs south of Miami. That is his only vacation.

The rest of the year he spends with Mrs. Wilson (a neighborhood girl whom

he married during his Hell's Kitchen days in 1907) in a modest home in Scarsdale, New York, from which he travels to New York on a regular commuters' train every day. Despite his \$175,000-a-year salary, Wilson merely rented this house for years, and didn't buy it until the landlord threatened to toss him out at the height of the housing shortage.

Because of this background, Wilson has been called "The Al Smith of the West Side." Like the New York governor and Presidential nominee who was raised in New York's East Side slums, he also has been called other names, some of them unprintable. Wilson's critics say that he is a loud talker but a shallow thinker, and that his reputation is based on the work of a lot of other men.

Contrary-Minded Opinions

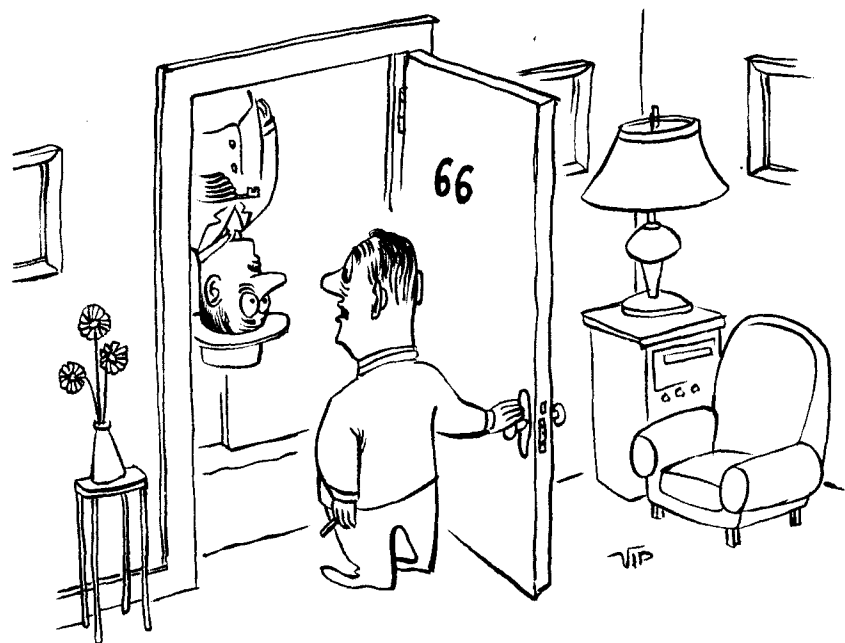
Henry Wallace has implied that Wilson is a spokesman for the "warmongering Wall Streeters" who surround President Truman; and a few top labor leaders say that he has the mistrust of working people. Many GE workers claim that their labor-management relations were much better under former president Swope and that Wilson interferes in bargaining and treats them like infants by distributing comic strips to explain such things as the Taft-Hartley law—a procedure which the C.I.O. has also found useful. They commend his civil rights pronouncements, but they are waiting to see if he will put them into effect in his own plants.

On the other hand, C.I.O. President Phil Murray has stood up in meetings and openly defended Wilson against charges that he is antilabor and a strikebreaker; and high-ranking Roosevelt Democrats like Anna M. Rosenberg say, "He has the tendencies and desire to be a liberal—much more so than practically any other industrialist in the country."

One thing which upsets most attempts to classify Wilson as a stock industrialist is his affection for Franklin D. Roosevelt, a point of view which is regarded by most big businessmen as a malady akin to leprosy. During the WPB era, Wilson and F.D.R. spent many lunch hours swapping lies about fish which each claimed he had caught in Florida waters.

One day, after Wilson had used a White House sofa to indicate the length of an alleged Wilson-subdued tarpon, the President said, "All right. After the war, we'll go down to Florida together, and we'll each fish a different side of the same boat. Then we'll see who's the better fisherman." When Wilson goes out fishing today, he still finds it difficult to look over to the other side of the boat.

THE END



"But this isn't apartment 99"

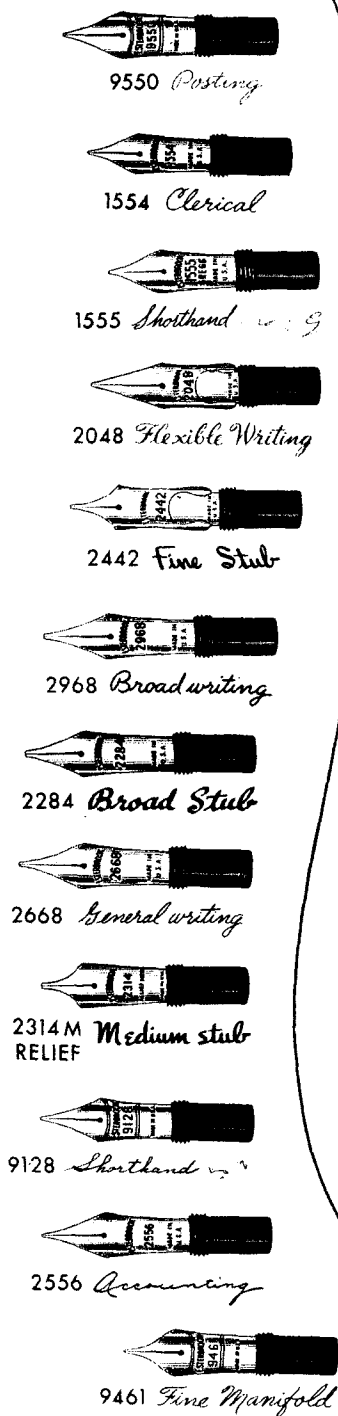
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... THAT SOMEBODY'S KIDDING SOMEBODY

ON JUNE 30, 1908, something from somewhere out in space hit the earth with a tremendous wallop in the wild Tungus region of Siberia, digging a crater of enormous size and sending seismic shocks twice around this planet. Scientists since that time have assumed that the thing was just an uncommonly big meteor.

Now, however, Reuter's News Agency reports from Moscow that a Russian scientific writer named A. Kazantseven has offered another theory. Pointing out that the missile left no traces of itself in the ground, Mr. Kazantseven says that it must have been a space ship from the planet Mars, some 50,-

000,000 miles distant from the earth; that it probably was uranium-powered and carried enough fuel to take it back to Mars; but that its Martian navigators' calculations somehow went wrong and the ship was demolished on landing.

We don't know who Mr. Kazantseven is, and hope he's more than a figment of some ingenious reporter's brain. But it's a theory which touches a match to your imagination. Suppose it's true. That would mean, of course, that Mars was inhabited by beings of some sort, and that they were some fifty years ahead of us in atomic science.

This in turn would argue that they were far

ahead of us in other aspects of civilization. If they were as persistent as human beings are, you'd expect them to try, try again at this business of reaching the earth by space ship. And if they were as fighting a race as we are, you'd expect these efforts at interplanetary travel to have some military objective, like some of our more imaginative warriors' dreams of installing a space-control base on the moon sooner or later.

But this kind of speculation could go on and on, in any direction. On second thought, we rather hope Mr. Kazantseven was just having a wild dream in public, or is a reporter's dream himself.

... You can't keep a good man in: We keep thinking of the Civil Aeronautics Board's \$10,000-a-year chairmanship and how it went begging for quite a while after James M. Landis left it. What made it unattractive to several very capable men was that same \$10,000 a year—minus, of course, income taxes.

There have been too many similar cases in recent months for the U.S. government's health. Dean Acheson quit as Undersecretary of State (\$12,000) to make more money in private law practice.

Same as to James C. Caffrey, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission for quite a while at \$10,000.

Daniel W. Bell resigned as Undersecretary of the Treasury (\$10,000), after thirty-four years in government service, to become head of a financial firm at \$35,000.

And so it goes. We're losing good keymen in government at a faster and faster clip because, though the government spends billions on all manner of things, it does not pay big enough executive

salaries to attract the top talent. In wartime, of course, it can take its pick of industrial and other wizards at \$1 a year. In peacetime, few of such men will work for peanuts; and we can't say we blame them, especially when you consider the incurably political Washington atmosphere in which they have to perform.

Congress last year voted itself a pay increase. This year, we wish it could find time somewhere along the line to revise a lot of government executive salaries upward—sharply.

... That Combs has something here: Into the Congressional debate on extending the community property principle throughout the federal income tax system, there blew the other day a fresh and invigorating breeze from Texas. It arrived on the wings of Representative J. M. Combs, Democrat (needless to say) from the Lone Star State; and what it boiled down to was that most wives deserve credit for at least half of their husbands' earning powers,

what though the pay checks are made out to the men exclusively.

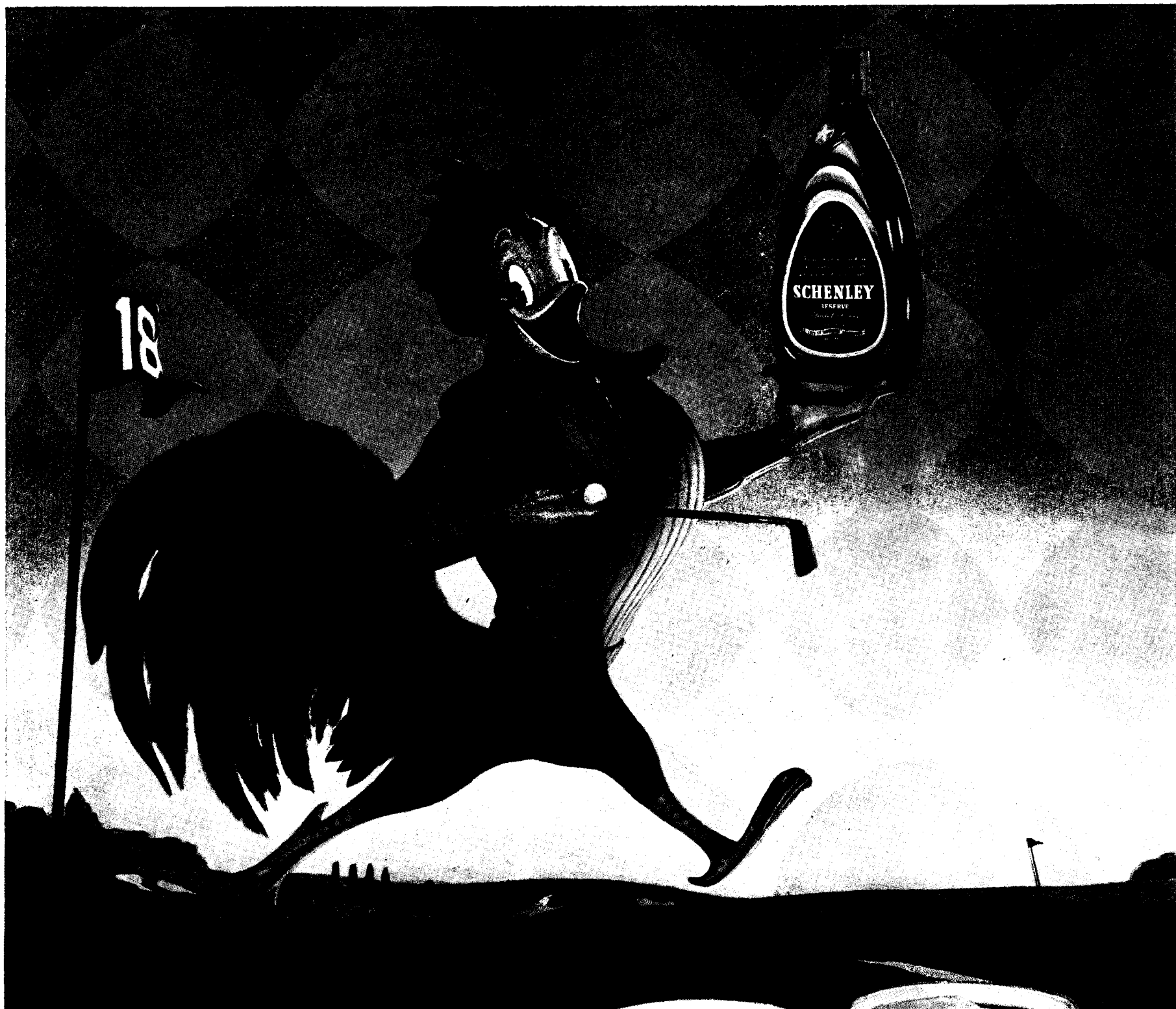
American wives by and large, trumpeted Representative Combs, maintain homes where men can be reasonably peaceful and comfortable during their hours of ease, and thereby recharge their batteries for the next day's battle with the job.

And that is only the half of it: "Even if our wives did not work at all," added the honorable member

from Texas, "they would still be entitled to 50 per cent for putting up with us. On second thought, I had better amend that. On that basis, some of our wives would be entitled to 90 per cent."

Check. And we have a feeling that if the Combs philosophy could percolate generally through the American male consciousness we'd swiftly acquire a still higher percentage of happy homes than we have now.

Collier's for April 10, 1948



**Next round, enjoy the luxury of
Sunny Morning Flavor!**

Mellow and golden as morning sunshine,
Schenley is especially created for your luxurious
enjoyment. Schenley's unmatched blending
skill and rare whiskey reserves make every
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Pre-War Quality Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.



Drive Refreshed... Have a Coke

You remember a pleasant custom on the highways. It's a way to avoid getting tired and drowsy. Stop at a friendly service station where you see the familiar

red cooler. Get your feet on the ground. Stretch. Enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola... and you're off to a fresh start.

